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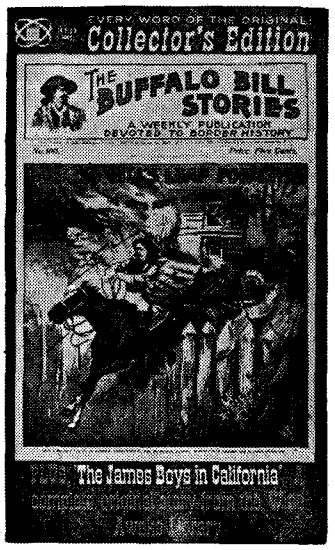

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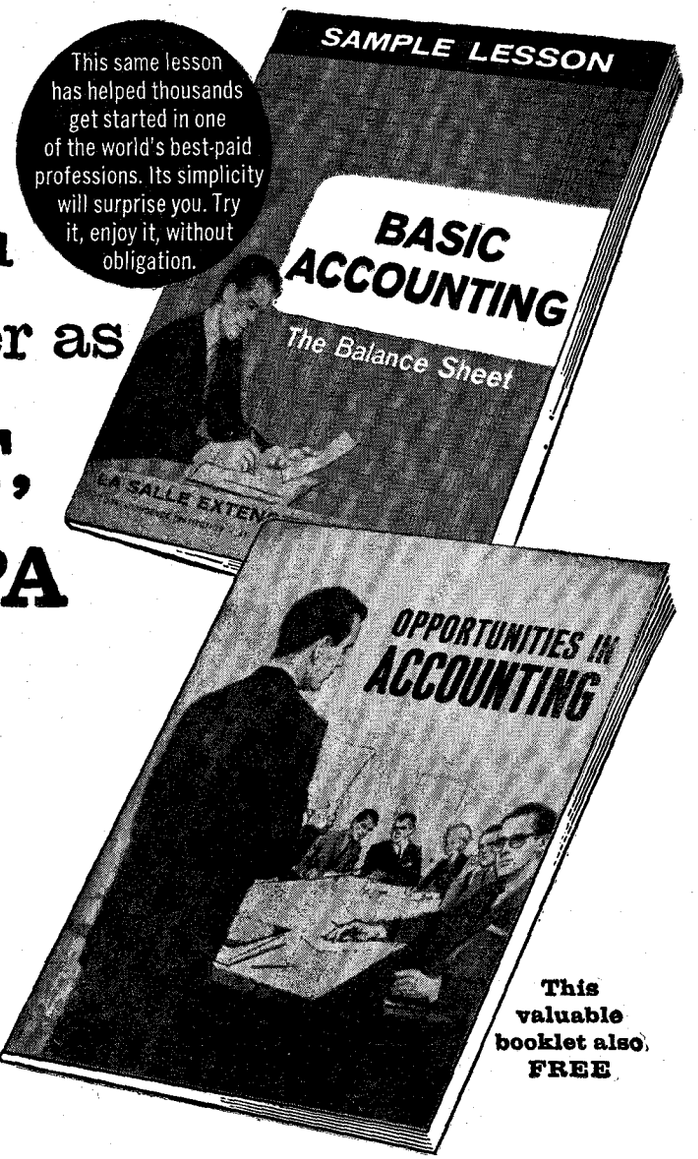
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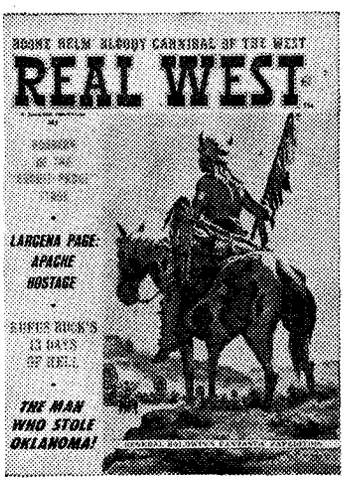
Volume VIII Number 42
July, 1965

IN THIS ISSUE

As usual, this month's issue brings you true tales of the American frontier, stories of the outlaws, lawmen, promoters of the old West. But Real West also gives you insight into the lives of the ordinary people who struggled in this colorful era. No, we won't call them ordinary, for each man and woman of the rugged West possessed unique strength and faced conditions never to be repeated in our history. Fortunately, many of their stories were recorded in one way or another and we present them to you as they actually happened. In many cases, photos taken at the time offer visual proof of the events. We search hard for these authentic pictures. This month, we thank the following sources for the dramatic pictures on our pages: Lenore Dils, Oklahoma State Historical Society, Smithsonian Institution, Darrell F. Clarke, Harry Chalfant, provincial Archives of Victoria B.C., L. C. Lehman, Joe Koller, Arizona Pioneers Historical Soc., Kansas State Historical Soc., Montana Hist. Soc., Ray Collection, Robert E. Eagan Collection, and many others.



THIS MONTH'S COVER

Resplendent in full battle dress, a Cheyenne warrior stoically oversees the passing of an army wagon train. In a moment, the sentry would be dead, and in the battle to follow, blood would flow freely on the Texas plains and trickle into the pages of history. For the interesting tie-in story, see General Baldwin's Fantastic Expedition in this issue.

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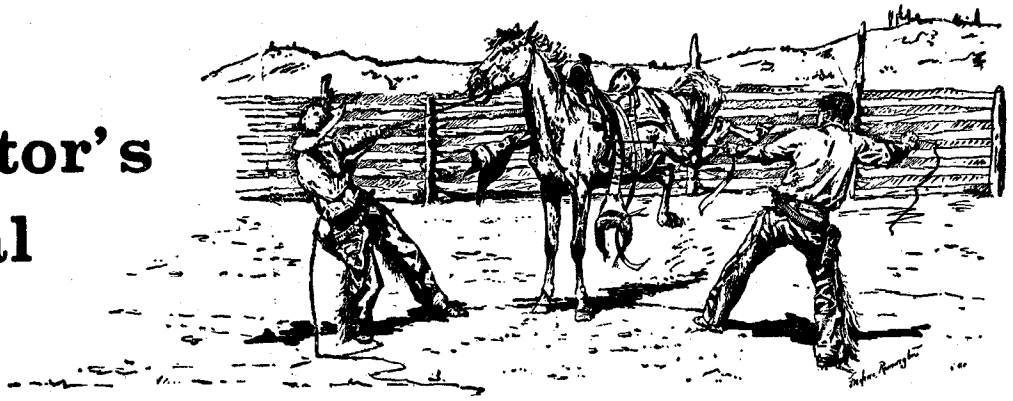
The Editor's Corral



When the editor read the story of the RAZZLE-DAZZLE RAINMAKERS, a lot of memories come back to him about his childhood on the prairies of Kansas. Rain was the one commodity we never seemed to get at the right time, and then when it started to rain it would never stop. About all that surplus did was to wash the subsoil away. But during droughts we had rainmakers, all types and kinds. This was around the turn of the century, and for some reason there always seemed to be a religious angle to the work of these miracle rainmakers. I remember as a child most of our town going out on the prairie to pray while the miracle maker would go through his tricks, which were quite silly, and there would always be the booming cannon. The only trouble was that all this fandangle seldom brought any rain.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

There seem to be a lot of questions being asked by the readers about that alleged picture of Billy the Kid. It has always been the contention of many authorities that this wasn't a picture of the Kid and that the Kid never had a picture taken. Read Mr. Palmer's letter in the MAIL ROUNDUP and you'll get some new angles on what the Kid looked like and Mr. Palmer has some very definite ideas about that picture. All this brings to mind the many different theories over the years about this picture. First it was supposed to be the picture of a Texas lad who went by the name of Billy the Kid. Then another theory popped up. It was a posed picture by somebody that looked like the Kid. This theory didn't last long. Others followed, one about every two or three years. Equally, as regularly as the different stories about this one picture of the Kid has been the announced discovery of a real picture of the Kid. Most of these alleged finds turned out to be fakes, and today nobody can say for sure whether this one picture is of the Kid or not. Anyway, without a picture, Mr. Palmer's description of him will give you a good idea what the Kid looked like.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

We have received the sad news of the passing of C.V. Tench, the well known Canadian western writer. Readers of this magazine will recall many of his interesting and exciting stories. We never had the privilege of meeting Mr. Tench, but from his writings and his letters we got the picture of a man of unusual intellectual ability, a natural born writer, and a man of sterling honesty, which is a very necessary requisite for a historical writer. His type of western writer will be greatly missed and his contribution to the history of the great northwest has been great.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

It has been a long time since we first introduced bibliographies at the end of each story, and we are proud to announce that we still are being flooded with letters congratulating us on adding this important research information. Most of the writers say that these bibliographies give them greater confidence in the story and that they like to check back to get additional information on the subject that can be found in the research sources given. It is almost impossible in an article of four to five thousand words to include every angle of a subject. Also we get a large number of requests from high schools and some colleges for additional information and we try to supply all that we can.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The response we got from the picture story on the archeological excavations in Kansas shows the deep interest of our readers in the prehistoric life of the American Indian, or whatever tribe preceded the Indians as we know them. These Kansas excavations showed that the Indians living there centuries ago were far more interested in agriculture than the Plains Indians found by the white man when he first crossed the Mississippi River. These Indians did have the advantage of the horse, given them by the Spanish, and with horses, hunting was far easier than when the buffalo had to be hunted on foot. That may account for the Plains Indians turning to hunting and neglecting agriculture. Whatever the reason, the prehistoric inhabitants of the prairies were more stable and given more to raising food crops than the Plains Indians.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

And along the same line, we still get letters from readers complaining they can't get their copies of REAL WEST on the newsstands because the stands sell out in a couple of days. As we have told you before, we have a simple solution for this problem. Just sit down, write a check for $1.75 for a year's subscription to the magazine, mail it to CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC., Derby, Connecticut, and you get your copy of REAL WEST in the mail, guaranteed, regularly and you won't have to worry whether the news dealer has a copy for you or not.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

Mrs. Gillis Monroe of Springfield, Illinois wants to know if it is true that many of the Mormons made the trip to Salt Lake City from their camps in Nebraska with carts pulled by hand. They did. These Mormon vehicles, called by the Mormons "The Divine Handcarts," were modeled after the famous Red River carts, which for half a century carried much of the trade in the Red River country along the northern border of Minnesota.

These handcarts had certain advantages over the oxen or mule-drawn wagons. They were balanced so perfectly on the two wheels that a woman could pull a large load without much trouble. There were no animals to feed, no necessity to take up usable space to carry feed for the animals, and carts pulled by women didn't tempt Indians as much as those drawn by oxen or horses or mules.

Most of the carts were pulled by the women, which made it difficult when they were sick. The fact that hundreds perished from the snowdrifts cannot be blamed on the carts. The Mormons used no judgment whatever when they started across the plains, and many started so late in the fall they were soon smothered under great snowdrifts. In the drifts the carts were unmanageable and the women trying to extract them from the snows would be caught in the wheels and die of freezing.

But death didn't seem to deter these Mormons. They had a song,

And should we die,
Before our journey's through
Happy day. All is well."

Of the first 800 who started from Nebraska pulling the handcarts, less than three hundred arrived at the appointed paradise in Salt Lake City. The other five hundred died in snowdrifts, of cholera, or from accidents. There was no record that the handcarts were attacked by Indians.

* * *

Q. My friend's grandfather said he had a gun that had two barrels, one on top of the other. The top barrel was rifled and the lower barrel was smooth bore, obviously for buckshot. What gun was this? John Burke, 1336 Rodman Street, Philadelphia.

A. From your rather incomplete description, it is possibly a Le Mat revolver, which is very rare. The Le Mat was made in France, was a .40 calibre single action percussion. The gun had two barrels, as you describe, the top one rifled for nine shots and the lower smoothbore barrel was .68 calibre. The confederacy purchased a number of these guns from France, and after the war a few did get West but the number was very small.

Mormon women usually pulled the "Divine Handcarts" on the long pilgrimage.

Q. Can you tell me the hand Wild Bill Hickok held when he was shot? I understand it has been called, "The Dead Man's Hand." Harry W. Stevens, St. George, New Brunswick, Canada.

A. There are many stories about Wild Bill's hand, and the most dramatic is that it was "The Dead Man's Hand." Actually, the version of this hand most generally accepted is that Wild Bill wasn't holding any cards when McCall fired the bullet through his head. Captain Massey, who was at the poker table with him, was starting to deal the cards when the bullet crashed into Wild Bill's head. It went through his head and lodged in the wrist of Captain Massey.

Q. Can you tell me anything about the religious worship among the pioneers? Leonard Hensely, General Delivery, La Follette, Tenn.

A. In the early days of the West, religious worship was conducted by the ministers who braved the perils of the West. In the mining camps, there were few women and the men were rough and away from the restraining hand of the social life they had left, and they had few institutions. But these ministers and Catholic fathers conducted services and contributed much to the lonely lives of the miners. The early settlers on the prairies brought churches with them and often even before a schoolhouse was built, a church was hurriedly constructed.

Q. Was all the loot of the James boys and the Youngers recovered? Is there anything to the legend of the cave with their buried gold? Kenneth G. Cunningham, Jr., 715 Sleepyvale, Houston.

A. If the James boys and the Youngers had this gold hidden in a cave, you would think both Cole Younger and Frank James would have lived in ease. They didn't. Cole Younger, when he left prison, lived from help by relatives and old friends. Frank James was always on the verge of bankruptcy.

(continued on page 66)

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SCALPED!

It was terrifying to watch the bloody scalping of young boys, but brave men were unable to help. Today, other children play on the same site of this tragic event.

by Harry Chalfant

Digging his heels in, young Charlie Everhart urged his small pony eastward across Monument Creek, up the high rutted bank, and on toward the open prairie. He had often made the trip from his home near Colorado City, rounding up his father's cattle that were grazed on the future site of downtown Colorado Springs, and herding them across the creek. But he probably never made the ride as hurriedly, or with as many sideways glances, as he did on the afternoon of September 3, 1868.

During the preceding week, nearly every outlying ranch in the region had been raided by Indians. Horses had been run off, cattle pin-cushioned with arrows, and a number of settlers had been killed. Several families had abondoned their ranches and moved to Colorado City, a shoddy frontier settlement at the foot of Pikes Peak. Aware that hostiles had been encountered within a few miles of the settlement, Charlie Everhart was anxious to reach the cattle and get safely home.

As the seventeen-year-old youth was hurrying along, a band of Arapaho suddenly swept up out of a draw to the north and thundered straight at him. Frantic with fear, Charlie turned his pony and fled back toward the rutted creek bank. Against the swift Indian horses, he had no chance. A rifle cracked! The pony buckled and he sprawled on the prairie.

Stunned and gasping for breath, Charlie raised his head and looked up into a scowling face. The Arapaho's cheeks were streaked with vermilion, his dark eyes sharp with hate. His arms and shoulders were bare, his chest covered with a bone breast plate. Two ragged eagle feathers dangled in his stringy black hair.

The Indian raised his war lance, uttered a piercing shriek, and plunged the iron-pointed shaft into Charlie's body. For a moment the boy shuddered with the agonies of death, then lay still. The Arapaho jerked the lance back, stuck the bloody tip in the ground, and slid from his horse. Crouching over the body, he drew his knife, at the same time grasping the longer top tufts of the boy's hair with the other hand.

Rolling the heel of his palm toward the back of the head, the Indian raised the skin and jabbed his knife under the flesh just above the forehead. Blood oozed from the cut, and by the time he had circled the scalp with the knife, his hands were smeared with gore. He then gave a violent jerk and literally tore the scalp from the skull!

Standing erect, the Arapaho held the grisly trophy high, a defiant howl boiling from his throat. Leaping on his horse, he grabbed up the lance, stabbed the point through the scalp, and waving it aloft rode southward with the band of Indian raiders.

Watching the gruesome spectacle, even from a distance, was a horrifying experience. Several settlers, attracted by the sound of the shot, saw it happen from the shaggy foothills west of Monument Creek. The initial shock that swept the settlement was soon swelled. Swinging east, some of the Indians had killed two smaller boys—George Robbins, eleven, and his eight-year-old brother, Franklin.

Remembering the tragedy long afterwards, pioneer settlers laid out a small park around the spot where Charlie Everhart was killed and scalped. Later, they erected a monument, a large boulder bearing a bronze plaque, in memory of all three boys. Today, children of another era romp and play in the elm-shaded park, scarcely aware and not understanding the tragic event that took place there nearly one hundred years ago.

RW

BIBLIOGRAPHY:
Files of the Colorado Springs Gazette.
Files of the Pioneers' Museum, Colorado Springs.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

Cynthia Ann Parker, the white girl captured by the Comanches in their attack on Parker's fort in Texas has always been a woman of considerable mystery in the West. This mystery has been due to the many different versions written about her. So we are glad to be able to print this letter written by the great-grandnephew of Cynthia Ann Parker, a letter we believe will clear up many of the puzzling aspects of this girl's case.

Dear Editor:

Re your Volume VIII No. 39, January 1965 issue of REAL WEST, "Ask Your Questions" section, concerning the question about the mother of Comanche chief Quanah Parker from O.B. Knight, 1406 E. Thompson, Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

Cynthia Ann Parker was the sister of my great grandmother Orlena Parker O'Quinn. So much misinformation and inaccuracy has occurred in the published work on this frontier lady and her famous son, Quanah Parker that I have been prompted to write the story of their lives in completeness and correctness. The manuscript which I am writing is approximately three-fourths completed.

Now, to correct your answer. Fort Parker, built by my great-great grandfather Elder John Parker and his son and my great-great grand-uncle Silas M. Parker is located between the present towns of Grosebeck and Mexia, Texas in Limestone County and has been completely restored. Silas M. Parker was Cynthia Ann's father. It is near the Navasota River. Cynthia Ann Parker was recaptured by a detachment of Texas Rangers under command of Captain L. "Sull" Ross on December 18, 1860. She was taken to the home of her Uncle Isaac Parker where she was very discontent and griefstricken over the loss of her sons that she was sent to live with her brother Silas M. Parker, Jr. in Van Zandt County, Texas. Her baby daughter, Prairie Flower, died two years later and with her continuing grief and begging to return to her Comanche Indian people she was sent to live with her sister Orlena Parker O'Quinn in Anderson County, Texas. The Civil War had begun during this period, and my great grandfather and grandmother {James Rufus O'Quinn and Orlena Parker O'Quinn} promised Cynthia Ann that they would take her back to her people in Oklahoma as soon as the Civil War ended.

Life wasn't that kind to Aunt Cynthia Ann and she died at the age of 37 in the year 1864 of a completely broken heart over the loss of her baby daughter, Prairie Flower, and her husband, Chief Peutaknonne {commonly called by those who do not know "Nocona"} and her two sons, Pecos and Quanah. She {Cynthia Ann} was buried in Anderson County, Texas in the old Foster Cemetery in the Fosterville Community just south of the town of Poynor, Texas, which is just inside Henderson County. In later years, Chief Quanah Parker made several visits to the home of my great grandparents, "Ruff" and Orlena O'Quinn where his mother had died.

Chief Quanah wanted the remains of his mother moved to his homeland in Cache, Oklahoma. {I have pictures of Chief Quanah standing next to his mother's casket at this time.}

He adored and loved his mother very much and it made him very happy that she had finally returned "home." He made the remark that since his mother had returned "he was through with his work." He also stated that when he died he wanted to be buried next to his mother. Chief Quanah's death was soon approaching, as he died only three months later on February 23, 1911 and was buried next to his beloved mother, Cynthia Ann, on February 24, 1911. Due to the expansion of the missile range of Fort Sill, the army took over the balance of the Comanche lands near Cache which included the Old Post Oak Mission Cemetery. Therefore on August 15, 1957 the great chief Quanah Parker and his mother were reburied at the Fort Sill Military Cemetery, where they now lie in rest and peace.

We have an annual Parker reunion which meets alternately between restored Fort Parker and Camp Eagle of the Fort Sill Military Reservation. In 1965 it will be held at Fort Parker. Some five to seven hundred whites and Indians {related} attend this annual event. I'm enclosing a copy of my remarks at our meeting just completed. I would appreciate your printing this in honor of Chief Quanah Parker and in behalf of the Quanah Parker Foundation.

Yours very truly,
Eugene G. O'Quinn
760 South Beckham
Tyler, Texas 75706

BILLY THE KID

Dear Sir:

I would like to make a few comments on your cover picture of the Kid. I am now in my 70's and was a "Teen-ager" in the Dime Novel era, and like the others who walked about with one in their hip pockets I had a great interest in all the "Heroes" and still retain some interest in the historic facts, which your magazine is doing a great job trying to record as they really are.

In my younger days I talked to four different people who are now undoubtedly long dead. One in Las Cruces. One in Silver City, one in Mesilla, N.M. and a Basque woman who saw them ride by her father's camp on their way to Glazers Mill. They were all credited with having seen or contacted the Kid under various circumstances. Much of what they said has now been long forgotten but they all agreed on one thing – his appearance.

He was a "Shorty." He had pro-

(continued on page 71)

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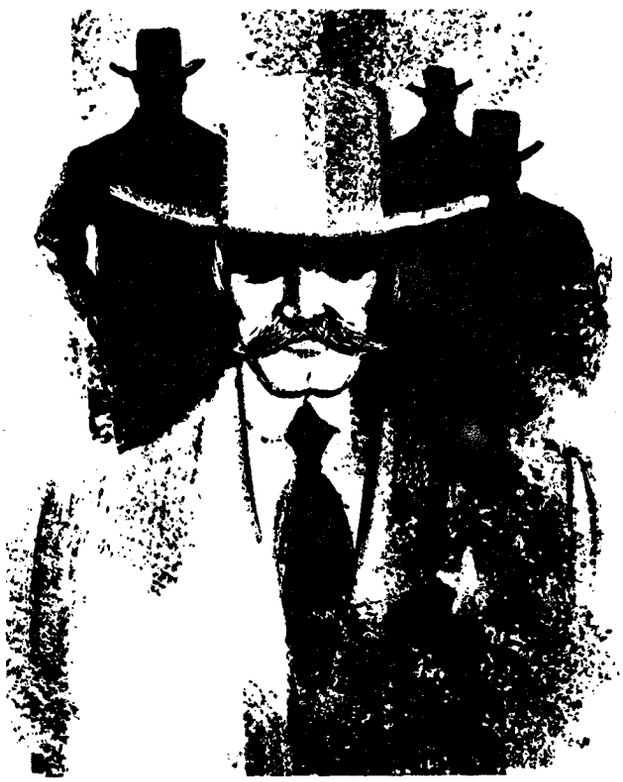

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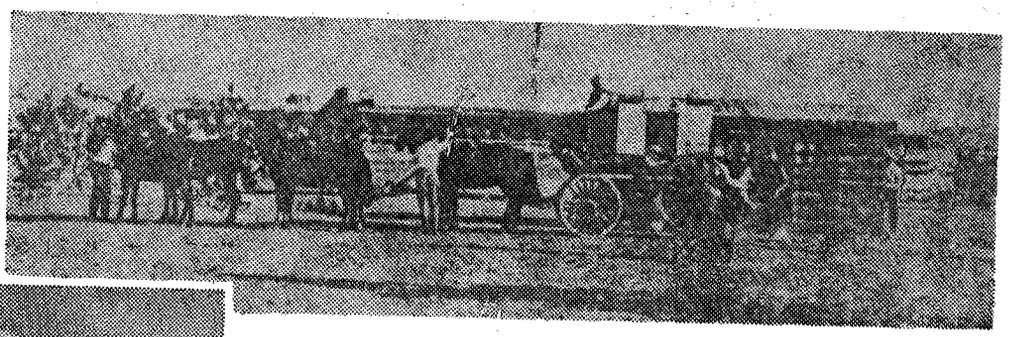
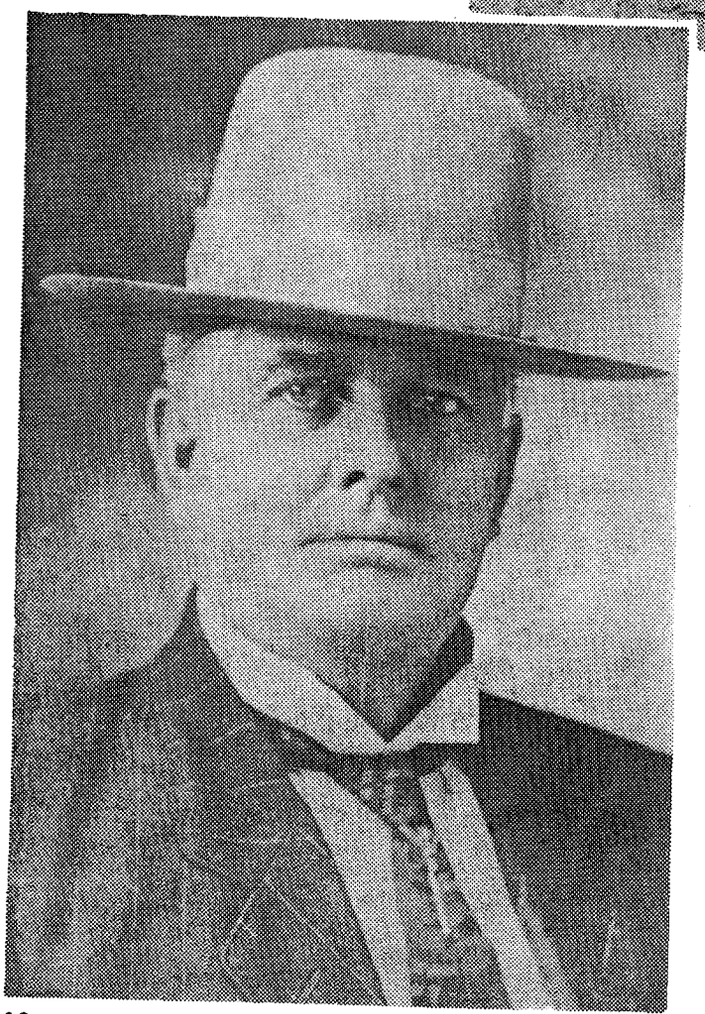
ROBBERY OF THE "BANDIT-PROOF" STAGE

The "Monitor" was the forerunner of the armored car, until it was "sunk" by outlaws on the Wyoming prairie.



Right: The treasure coach at Canyon Springs. Below: Scot Davis, Capt. of the Guards on the Deadwood stage, who pursued the killer-bandits.



by Joe Koller

Big Gene Barnet gave the four horses pulling the stage the whip and a loud "Hi-o" as the stagecoach pulled out of Ice Box Canyon across the South Dakota line into Wyoming. Ahead loomed the Canyon Springs station. The Ice Box Canyon, with its high rock walls and caves, had always been the ideal place for road agents to ambush a stagecoach.

But Big Gene and all others on that stagecoach had little worry about road agents. The boyish looking Gale Hill, riding shotgun alongside Big Gene, seemed very little concerned. Inside the stage was a strong box with $46,000 in gold, but Scott Davis, the tough old frontier veteran peace officer, who was inside the stage, was also unconcerned. The same applied to Bill Smith and Hugh Campbell, an army telegrapher and only a passenger.

This stage was known as the Iron Clad Stagecoach, nicknamed the "Monitor," after the steel-hulled ship of the Civil War. In 1877 the job of getting the valuable gold shipments out of the Black Hills of the Dakotas got so precarious and so uncertain because of road agents that the express companies refused to insure these shipments.

It was then that Jim N. Voorhees, superintendent of the stage company, devised the road-agent-proof stagecoach -- the iron clad vehicle. Its armor was bullet proof and behind the steel protection guards lay, ready to pick off any road agents foolish enough to try to rob the stagecoach. There

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was a shotgun rider, as on all stagecoaches, but he had little to do when the road agents appeared.

The road agents tried to hold up the iron clad coach, but the guards inside picked them off like sitting ducks. The road agents changed tactics and attacked at night. They were no more successful. There were some running fights when the stage left the hilly country of the Dakotas for the flat Wyoming prairies, which were called "Robber's Roost," but here the road agents got the worse of the running fight and no gold.

So a year had passed without the loss of one gold shipment, and it was generally believed the iron clad coach was a great success. At least, this is what Scott Davis, in charge of the coach, believed. William Ward, Deadwood agent, had left the coach at Deadwood. Scott Davis had been raised on that frontier, had fought road agents and Indians, and was a well known peace officer.

As the coach rolled into the Canyon Springs station on that afternoon of September 18, 1878, Big Gene brought the horses to a stop. Gene Hale stuck the shotgun in his boot and got off the stage. He looked around for Stuttering Dick, the tender, but didn't see him.

Then came the shot. It was a quick explosion. The bullet hit Gale in the chest and he went staggering back. Inside the iron clad coach Scott Davis, Smith and Campbell had not heard the shot. They opened the iron doors and started to get out. A barrage of bullets cut through those two openings. One hit Campbell in the head and killed him instantly. Another cut through the chest of Bill Smith and he started to yell in pain.

Scott Davis was on the off side of the iron clad door. He grabbed a carbine, rolled out of the stage, landing on the ground on the far side of the stage. Running on his hands and knees, he got to a fallen pine tree, leaped behind the trunk which gave him perfect protection.

He could see the movement of legs through the underside of the coach. The road agents had emerged from the station house, excited at the success of their coup. Davis sent a bullet at the legs. The door on the station side was slammed shut as the road agents darted back into the station house.

Smith, sprawling on the seat, terrified by the spurt of blood, was crying: "I'm shot. My god, they're killing me."

Gun thunder sharpened Scott Davis' fighting instincts. The road agent's shouts of triumph brought a man from the barn. At sun glint from the tree he stopped short, leveled rifle and fired. Chips of bark fell down on Scott's hat. He had lined sights and triggered a split second later. The man staggered a few steps and fell. Davis jacked another cartridge into the chamber. A man started to come around the rear end of the coach. Davis watched the movement of his legs. The bullet intended for him zinged off coach iron as he ducked back to safety. The legs moved together behind the coach as the renegades went into a huddle.

Davis surveyed his surroundings. The nearest tree coverage was some distance downtrail where jackpines grew. Everything had happened so suddenly, so unexpectedly. Bill Smith's lamentings sounded too lusty for a dying man. Davis called to him, saying, "Smith. Smith. Stop yelling. Fall out and play dead."

The voice cut through the woodland stillness and Bill Smith heard Davis. It had a reassuring effect. Smith cast off the panic that seized him. He observed the door had been shut on the station side and he wriggled over Campbell's form and fell out on the ground where he lay in an inert heap.

Scott Davis wanted to obtain more view behind the coach. He discovered Gale Hill crawling, slowly, painfully back alongside the building. If the road agents had observed him they must have considered him out of the fight. But game little Gale Hill, leaving a trail of blood behind him, was making one desperate effort. Davis saw him grip the corner end of logs and pull himself erect. Davis sent two shots under the coach to break up the huddle. The men fired back. The bullets chipped off bark and thudded into the heavy tree trunk.

All this time Big Gene sat on the coach, frozen with fear, holding the keys to the situation in his hands.

Davis yelled at him. "Gene! Gene! Drive off. Run the coach out of here."

The harsh command penetrated fright stupor. Gene turned his head. He seemed relieved to discover Davis behind the tree. The road agents had heard Davis too. As Gene started to lift reins, a bullet plucked the hat off his head. A man ran forward to grip hold of the leader's reins. Gene was ordered to come down or be shot down. Gene did as he was directed.

Peering from behind the tree Davis saw Gale Hill bracing against the building and leveling his pistol. He fired and the man holding the horses sagged, like a suddenly spent balloon, to the ground. Gale Hill also collapsed.

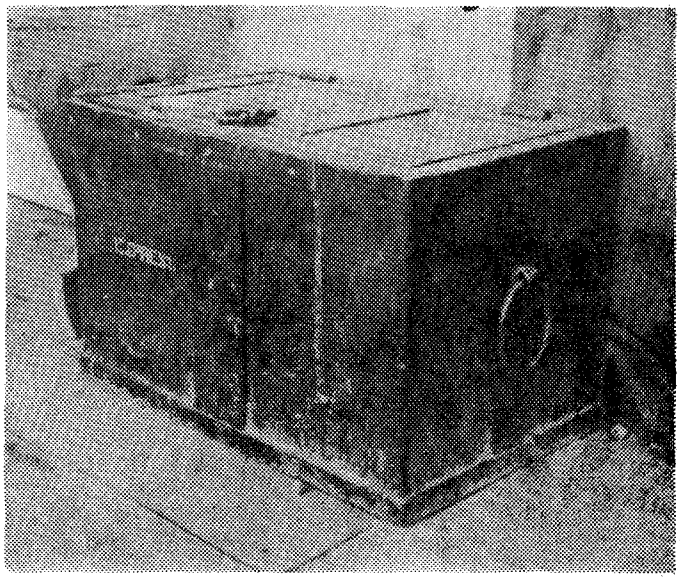
The gang leader, with neckerchief over his face, pushed Big Gene into view around the end of the coach.

"Don't shoot," Big Gene begged of Davis. "There's a gun at my back." Gene flinched at the jab of steel that urged him onward. "For God's sake! Don't shoot, Scott."

"Stop where you are," Davis commanded, his carbine leveled on the pair.

Gene stopped despite the prod of pistol from behind. "Please don't shoot, Scott. You'll kill us both."

The Treasure Coach strongbox is now a museum exhibit.



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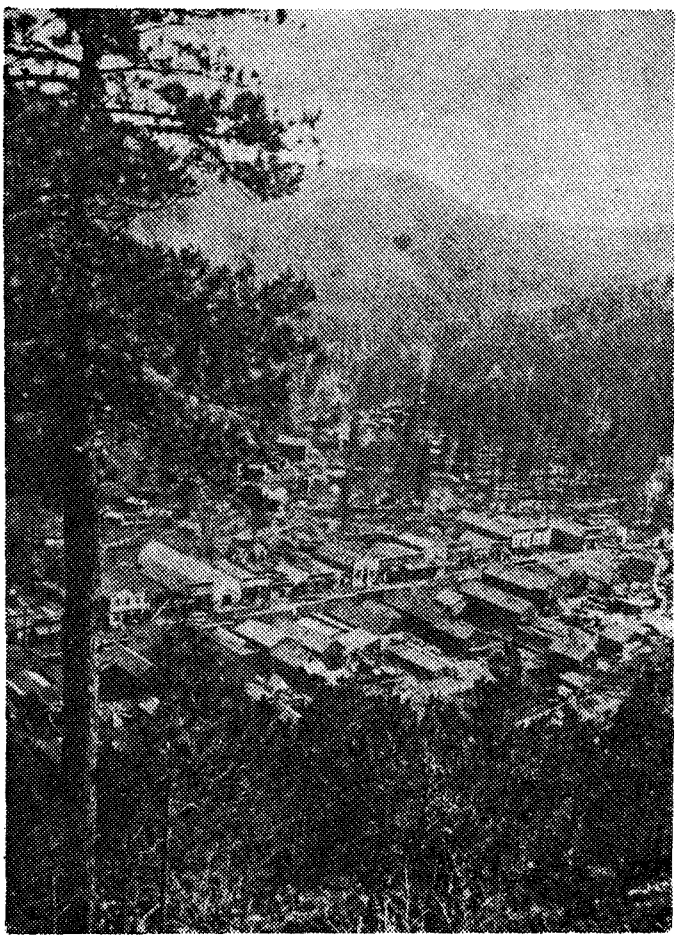

Deadwood 1876, a lucky stopover for agent Ward.

"You damn know I will," was the grim reply.

In this situation a man opened the door of the coach, picked up Campbell's body and dumped it out the door. The dead man fell on top of Bill Smith. Another man climbed on the coach to control the team.

The gang leader spoke to Davis through the black silk kerchief that hid the lower part of his face, saying, "Why kill more? We got what we want. Clear out."

"And be shot in the back?" Davis challenged.

"Not at all," the fellow offered in a drawl that sounded familiar to Davis, but which he could not place. "Some one must tell the story of this robbery and we think it ought to be you. I'm giving you your life. If you kill me you're a goner. Clear out, we got work to do."

The offer irritated Scott Davis. If he was spared it might look like he was in league with the road agents. On the other hand if he lived he would have a chance to hunt the gang down in retribution.

"Please –" Big Gene begged. The tan had washed out of his countenance.

"Your driver don't want to die," the outlaw argued. "What right have you got to forfeit his life?"

Such logic was hard to discount. "Don't anyone move," Davis warned with decision. "I'll walk backwards and keep you covered with a cocked rifle."

He retreated from the pine tree, exposing himself and half expecting a shot. But no bullets came. The gang were more interested in the gold shipment than in shooting Scott Davis. He kept backing away. The distance between them lengthened to pistol shot limit and Davis suddenly turned and raced for the grove of jackpines. There were taunting yells and a few shots that kicked up dirt on both sides of him. Upon reaching grove coverage Davis turned to take on any pursuers. No one followed him.

Eleven miles south was Beaver Creek station. Scott Davis made it in a two hour hike. His plan of action was formed. Two horses were saddled. Davis sent the station tender to Custer City to report the robbery to the proper authorities. He mounted the other horse and rode back to Canyon Springs.

Davis felt the cargo was safe. The vault makers had assured Luke Voorhees that it would take a man with tools at least twenty-four hours to break into the treasure chest. The chest was welded to the iron frame of the coach and it could not be carried off. The vault, fitted with a dial lock, was set when it left Deadwood and could not be opened until the coach reached Cheyenne. No one on the coach had the combination. The coach could not be hidden like a chest. Before twenty-four hours expired posses would be on the road agents' trail, if Davis did not wipe out the gang before they arrived.

The stillness of a starry September night lay over the Black Hills. Canyon Springs station was dark. Davis dismounted and lit the outside lantern. By its light he found Campbell's body left in the roadway. Smith's was gone. Gale Hill still lay where he had collapsed. He was unconscious but alive. The man that Hill had shot was missing. What had become of Big Gene Barnet?

When Davis called loudly for Gene there came a weak reply from inside the station. The speaker was Bill Smith who had crawled into the station as night came on.

A lamp was lit, coffee put on the fire, and Davis gave what aid he could to Hill's and Smith's wounds. He inspected the holes made by chinks knocked from between logs which allowed the road agents to fire on the coach riders from inside the station. What had become of Stuttering Dick and Buck Zimmerman? Zimmerman, who lived in Custer, always joined the coach at Canyon Springs.

Davis picked up the lantern to make further search. He found a bloody splotch where the man lay that he had shot from the tree. The body was missing. In the barn Davis came upon the tender and Zimmerman. Both men were gagged and tied securely to the manger pole. Neither was hurt. Davis hastened to release them. Over coffee the group tried to piece the story together.

Dick said that two riders stopped to visit and ask questions. He was made prisoner and more men arrived. Zimmerman walked right into a trap. There were seven men in the gang. Zimmerman could place only one, Doug Goodale, who had left Custer for richer diggings up north. Bill Smith, playing dead, did not dare look at the men. From their talk he learned that "Spears was dead" and "McBride was wounded." He had also heard the names "Chuck" and "Hawk." The gang took Big Gene with them.

Campbell's presence and Ward's absence had to be explained to Dick and Zimmerman. Campbell, a telegrapher, was needed at Fort Laramie and Ward had permitted him to ride the coach on a military order. There was not enough

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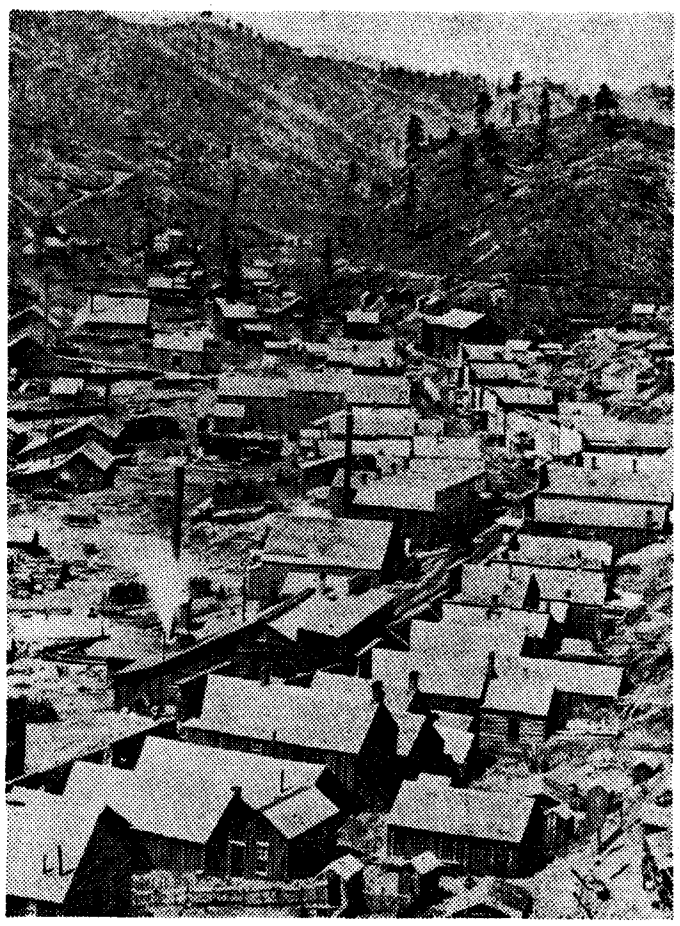
A Black Hills stagecoach with shotgun rider. Coaches carried mail, express, passengers and, sometimes treasure.

seat room in the coach for five men, so Ward left the coach at noon stop to make place for Zimmerman when he joined the crew at Canyon Springs. Had Ward stayed with the Coach he might now be dead.

With the first light of day Scott Davis started to track down the coach. Its weight left ruts and tire scars on sandstone. The trail led down off the divide into a rock-bound cove two miles from the station. Here horses had been waiting. The wrecked coach had been left behind.

The outlaws again slipped away in Galena City, 1877.



Davis found Big Gene, bruised and exhausted, tied in spreadeagle form on one of the coach's back wheels.

William Ward, the Deadwood agent, brought along a wagon and a doctor who took care of the wounded messengers. Ward trembled with indignation as he reported that the lawmen on the Dakota side had refused to come to Canyon Springs as it was in Wyoming where they had no authority. The sheriffs were rounding up all suspects in the Black Hills on the Dakota side to cooperate with the stage line's superintendent.

Dr. N.C. Whitfield, with a delegation of excited manhunters, rode in from Custer City. Scott Davis broke the bad news. The vault had been knocked apart in three hours of pounding with a sledge.Big Gene had done much of the pounding. The loot had been carried off on a pack horse. Gene was spared death as the gang leader had promised in return for the hammering done on the vault. Some of the gang had wanted him killed.

Gene, given treatment by Dr. Whitfield, was soon able to report on other members of the gang. The leader was Charley Carey, the taxidermist at Deadwood. Others were Long Yank, Frank McBride, Douglas Goodale, Hawknose George, Red Laughlin, and Tom Harris. Al Spears, the dead man, was buried nearby.

To the east spread a vast panorama of dark, timbered hills. Rocky peaks jutted up along the Harney Range. Into this raw wilderness the outlaws had fled.

Pressing on by the fury of frustration Scott Davis discovered where a breakfast stop had been made. Here the loot had been divided and the trail split up. Three horses had headed southward, the larger group continued eastward toward Harney Peak, north of Custer City.

Scott Davis, Dr. Whitfield, and Ray Coney took the trail south. Most of the manhunters dreaded riding into a trap and, for one reason or another, decided to go back. William Ward, more apprehensive than he cared to admit should the shipment be lost, pressed on with a few followers. A

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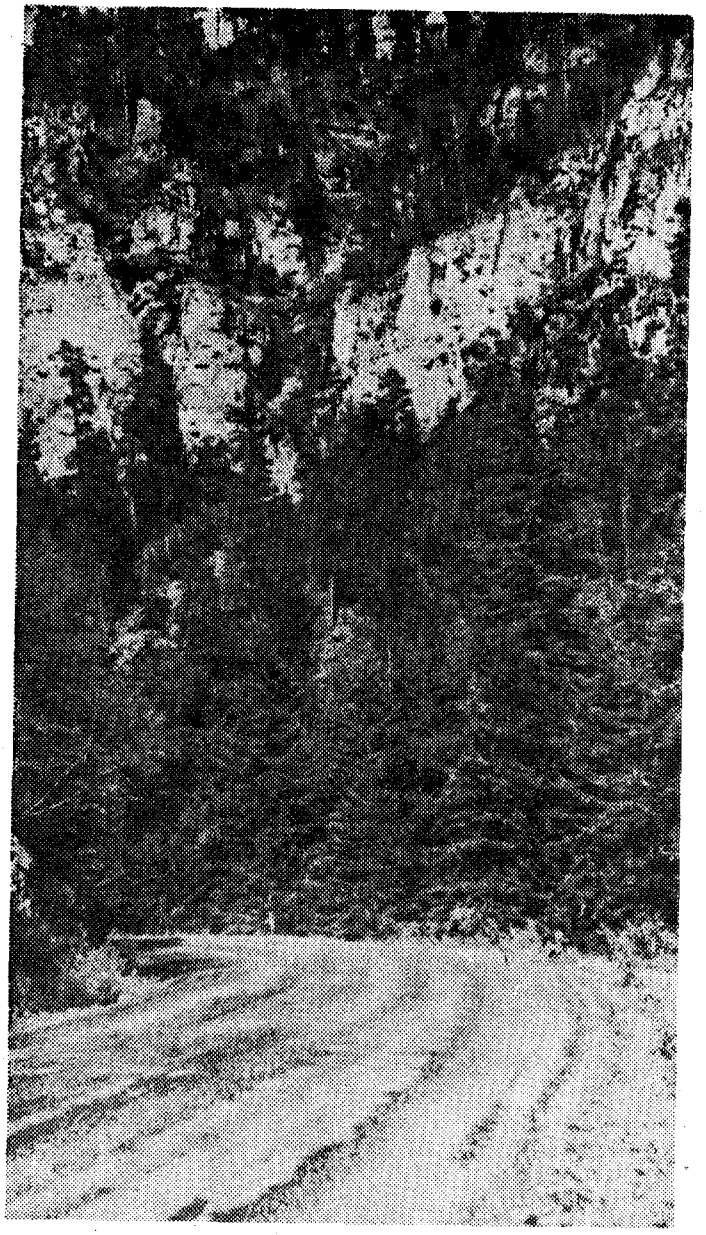

Icebox Canyon was a favorite ambush for road agents.

bloody handkerchief implied that the party ahead was handicapped by the wounded man. McBride and Carey were friends in Deadwood. Carey would be at the head of this party.

This deduction was verified the next day when they came to the Minnesota Mine and learned that Carey had bought a wagon and team to haul a sick friend east to a stage line. The poor fellow wanted to die amongst his home people.

Ward lost the wagon trail when it turned into the much traveled telegraph line road between Custer City and Deadwood Gulch. Ward hired Uri Gillette, a frontiersman, to guide them eastward out of the Black Hills.

At Rockerville, the last mining camp, the wagon tracks detoured around the placer diggings and at lower level turned into the Sidney Stage Road. Ward rode into Rapid City, eastern gateway to the Black Hills, and learned from Ed Cooke, stageline agent, that Carey's party had bought an extra horse and supplies and headed across the prairie for Fort Pierre, river port on the Missouri.

William Ward, on a fresh mount, was sided by Ed Cooke, Sheriff F.P. Moulton, Deputy William F. Steele, and a force of volunteer manhunters. They rode across the rolling rangeland on a wide front. The prairie was streaked with tracks made by goldrush invaders and the overland freighting outfits. Carey's wagon kept apart from the travel routes. One evening a westbound freighter told Ward of a wagon party making camp in a gulch among the Cheyenne River breaks. Scouts discovered the camp and Ward's party surrounded it for a dawn surprise. When they moved in they found the wagon deserted and the men and horses gone. Carey had again taken two mounts to escape capture. The volunteer manhunters, on exhausted mounts, turned back home. Ward dared not return emptyhanded.

It was past noon when Ward discovered Carey's trail had divided. Two riders had made a swing back toward the Black Hills. Ward, Cooke, and the sheriffs analyzed this situation. "What a dumbhead ox I am," Ward declared excitedly. "We should have searched the camp area back there. They left the gold behind. Carey had doubled back to recover the loot."

They rode back, heading straight for the area where the wagon had been left. In the after-gray of sundown the gulches that wrinkled the Cheyenne River breaks all looked the same. While mounts rested and grazed Ward climbed high points to survey the area. He discovered a lone campfire.

The posse moved in guided by the glow of embers. Two men wrapped in blankets were pounced on. "Surrender, or I'll blow off your damned heads!" Ward commanded harshly. The two men were handcuffed before they were fully awake. The fire was stirred into a blaze to view the prisoners. Ward gulped as he recognized Dr. Whitfield and Ray Coney.

The explanation was made. The trail south had also divided; Whitfield and Coney took one and Scott Davis the other. Whitfield lost his trail when it hit the Sidney Stage Road and it appeared the two riders might have turned eastward to rejoin Carey's party. They met the returning manhunters and got the location of the deserted wagon which they made by nightfall and decided to camp there.

The morning search proved fruitful. A patch of wilted sod marked the cache. When sod was removed two bullion bars were revealed. Their value was about $12,500. In lifting out the loot a rifle shot echoed and Ray Coney's arm was broken by the bullet. There were no more shots and the point of firing could not be detected. Evidently it was one of the road agents who had seen the Whitfield camp the night before and kept this distance until they moved on. Dr. Whitfield, Deputy Steele and Ray Coney carried the gold back to the Black Hills.

Ward, Cooke, and Moulton reached Fort Pierre after the Rector, a river boat, had headed downstream with a miner and a sick friend aboard.

Ward was in the telegraph office alerting officers downriver to take the two into custody. At the sound of shots on the waterfront Ward dashed out and arrived in time to see Sheriff Moulton and Cooke take a prisoner who was making a run for the ferry. He was carrying weight around his midriff. The warning shots caused him to halt and surrender. This was Red Laughlin. Ward identified the

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gold dust bags hung around a money belt under his clothes.

The sick miner, McBride, was put ashore at Fort Thompson Agency, for emergency medical attention. The Indian Police discovered he was wounded, not sick, and placed him under arrest. He had no gold with him and, like Laughlin, refused to talk.

Carey or Goodale managed to elude the U.S. Marshal's search party at Yankton.

Weeks later, when the trail had become cold and the sensational treasure coach robbery was no longer in the news, William Ward discovered a bar of gold bullion on display in a bank window at Atlantic, Iowa. It belonged to Goodale who had recently returned from the Black Hills. The bullion was impounded and Doug Goodale placed under arrest.

The highly respected Goodale family were resentful of the implication. At a hearing Doug Goodale stated that he had sold a mine in the Black Hills and, due to shortage of currency in camp, he had taken bullion in payment.

The suspect's father and his attorney accompanied Ward and the prisoner when they took the train for Cheyenne. En route Doug Goodale managed to escape. Ward accused the father and the lawyer of collusion in the matter but could not prove it.

The first night's pursuit on the trail that led south brought Scott Davis to the brink of Hell Canyon. This rock-rimmed gulch was too hazardous for a night crossing. The next morning, while searching for a way down, Davis was seen by observers on the other side of the canyon. A shot accompanied by a rebel yell brought a swift rise of anger in Scott Davis. The yell reminded him of the Hat Creek holdup.

Dr. Whitfield passed Davis the hunter's telescope. The lenses, brought to sharp focus on the three men across the canyon, informed Davis he was trailing Long Yank, Hawknose George, and another man whom Whitfield said was Tom Harris, a character chased out of Custer City.

It was noon by the time Scott Davis found the spot where Long Yank had made camp the night before. Their trail was found, lost and rediscovered. They had headed down the Custer stage road, then doubled back and turned southward over the prairie. At Spring-on-the-Hill campground the trail forked. One lone rider had angled to the southwest in approach of upper Red Canyon. Davis took this trail alone.

Red Canyon runs north and south. To the earlier gold rush invaders of the Black Hills, Red Canyon, the first gateway route, developed into a ten mile ambush trap. The canyon's cliffs were red, its soil was red, and the history of its use was stained with the blood of ambushed victims. The canyon, now abandoned as a travel route, was still the shortest cut to the Dakota-Wyoming prairies beyond the South Fork River.

The horseman ahead left cleancut prints in the red soil. He had stopped for some time at a waterhole. The man had dismounted. He made wide-spaced tracks in various directions and always returned to the point where his horse grazed. The wide tracks had been made by a tall man -- Long Yank, the rebel, who had probably been a renegade raider during the Civil War.

Scott Davis advanced cautiously into the canyon. He scanned rock, bush, and tree from rim to rim, keeping the carbine ready for use. The crack of a rifle and a rebel yell echoed from wall to wall.

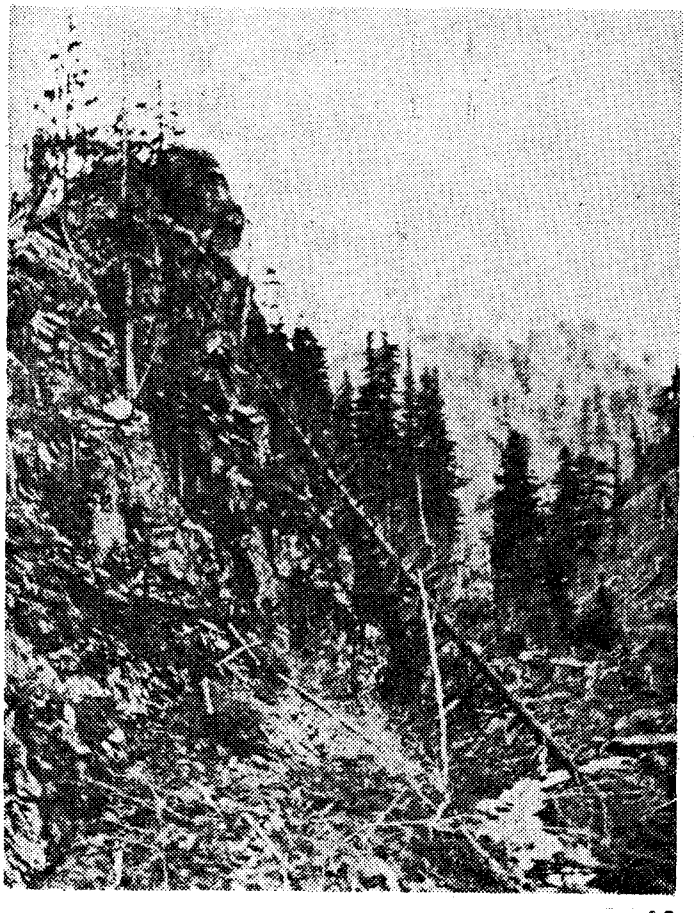
The horse under Davis doubled up like a jackknife. Davis kicked boots out of stirrups before it rolled on its side with legs jerking in death spasm. Davis dropped flat behind the horse with carbine leveled for return fire. A second shot plunked into saddle leather inches from his hands. A wisp of smoke bloomed from a clump of cedars up on the canyon slope. That gave the ambusher's position. The cedars were not bulletproof and the third shot fired into the clump brought Long Yank into the open. His rebel yell was silenced by Scott Davis' fourth shot.

No gold was found on Long Yank. The roadagent's freckled gray mare was left hitched in a grove of yellowing aspens. There was no gold on the horse although there was the dent of a gold bar which had been carried in a saddle pocket. Where had Yank hidden it?

Taking the freckled mare Scott Davis rode back to the waterhole. All the next day he searched the vicinity for a burial spot -- an old cottonwood tree, the sagebrush bottoms, the tree clumps, the rocky ledges and the muddy bottom of the pool itself. Nothing was found. If Yank made note or map to guide him back to his loot later on, Davis failed to find it. Davis decided to rejoin Whitfield and return for a search later.

He spent hours in trying to make contact with Whitfield and Coney, then decided to venture alone up South Fork

Area in Deadwood Gulch where the killers escaped.



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River into the Robber's Roost country. He came to a ranch on the old trail at the South Fork's crossing. A stocky man was playing with a colt in a pole corral.

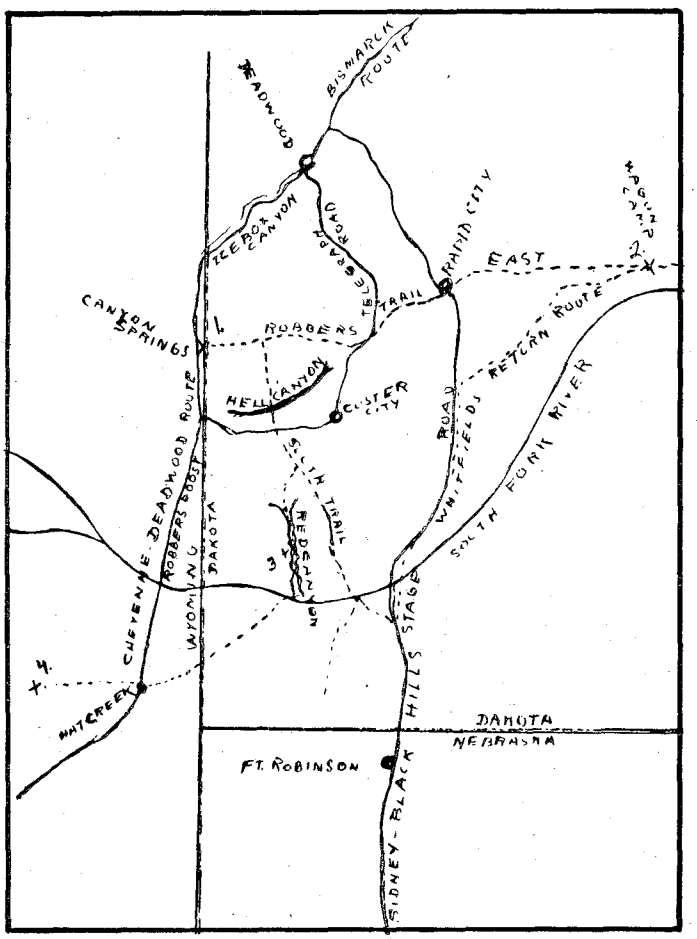
"Yer late," was his greeting to Davis. "Yer pardners shoved off this mornin'. Waited most two days fer yer."

"Pardners?" Davis probed warily.

"Sure. They bought my old mover-wagon and outfit and four sacks of oats. They're goin' to scout fer homesteads."

"How do you know they were waiting for me?"

"Yer horse. B'fore they pulled out Hawk says, if that



Map of Canyon Springs and Black Hills stage routes.

ranny on the flyspecked horse shows up, tell him to go to hell."

Davis gave a nod and added, "Hawk had his mind set on a ranch in them Nebraska sandhills."

"They didn't go that way. They went down the old Hat Crick trail."

"Then I got riding to do. So long."

Scott Davis realized there might be a dragnet across the Wyoming frontier that renegades would try to avoid but which a pair of land-hunting homesteaders, in a covered wagon, might penetrate through sheer brazenness.

When Davis reached Hat Creek trading post he learned that such had indeed been the case. The two homeseekers had bought supplies at the trading post and a Cheyenne detective stationed there advised them to locate in the North Platte Valley. The covered wagon had headed westward.

Scott Davis borrowed a new horse at the station yard and galloped after the renegades. The wagon left the stage road to travel overland in a westerly direction. He sighted the white canvas-topped outfit and soon he was also discovered.

The sacks of oats were piled up across the rear of the wagon and from behind this breastwork one man started to shoot rifle slugs at Davis. The driver whipped the team into a race over the prairie.

Scott Davis kept to one side until he was abreast of the wagon and out of the rifleman's view, then he turned his horse in a charge directly for the wagon. When the canvas was slit to show Tom Harris where he was that black-bearded road agent met a pistol blast that hit its mark. Davis could have finished off Hawknose George then and there, but he did not. He ordered George to stop. The men had no gold in the wagon. George insisted they were homeseekers. Scott Davis ordered George to open the grain sacks, and handed him a sharp-bladed hunting knife.

George slashed open the top sack. Oats spilled out but revealed nothing. The prod of the pistol caused George to slash another sack. Davis leaned closer to see if there was any sign of bullion to be seen. As he did so George made a swift slash at his throat. Davis stepped back and let him have it. He rolled George off the wagon and slashed the bottom sack and there he found two bars of bullion.

About 85 per cent of the gold cargo was recovered. A long search in Red Canyon failed to find where Long Yank had hidden his share of the loot. Pioneers of the region still believe it is hidden somewhere in the ambush death trap and legend has made it part of Red Canyon's frontier history.

The road agents captured were sent to prison. Charley Carey, who masterminded the treasure coach holdup, was never captured, nor was Doug Goodale ever seen in the Black Hills again.

The vault on wheels ended up on a scrap pile. No iron-clad coach was ever built after the robbery at Canyon Springs.

Gale Hill, Bill Smith and Scott Davis all returned to shotgunning stage line services that thrived until the railroads built into the Black Hills and put the lines out of business.

Scott Davis lived in the Hills region for years and proved helpful in recording the exciting period of America's last frontier in writings now treasured as rare books.

RW

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For twenty-five years I lived within five miles of Red Canyon and, about 50 years ago, we used to go exploring and berry picking and deer hunting up Red Canyon, but always we talked about and looked for the brick of gold that we heard had been buried in the canyon by an outlaw killed after a stage robbery.

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APACHE TERROR OF LARCENA PAGE

by Homer Wilkes

The tragic story of Larcena Page, captured by the Apaches, shows how distorted such cases can become. Writers have let their imaginations soar to fantastic heights when describing what happened to this unfortunate girl. To set the record straight we asked Homer Wilkes, a well known authority on Arizona history, to get our readers the real truth about Larcena Page. Assisted by the great nephew of Larcena Page, who is now 97 years old, Mr. Wilkes has come up with the true facts about the experiences suffered by this young girl.

Larcena Page, twenty three, sat in her tent near the mouth of Madera Canyon, Arizona Territory on a chilly March morning in 1860. Outside, her twelve year old Mexican servant girl, Mercedes, idled away the time. Larcena's dog dozed by the campfire.

Suddenly the dog barked furiously as though badly frightened. Then he gave an agonized yelp. At the same time Mercedes screamed.

Larcena lunged for the revolver her husband had left on the bed. An Apache came through the tent door. Grabbing the revolver before Larcena could cock the hammer, the Indian grasped her by the arm and shoved her outside.

The sight there almost was beyond belief. The scene of a happy servant girl, a drowsing dog, and a cheerful campfire had changed in an instant. She noticed the dog first. The little animal lay on its side, dead, an arrow protruding from its chest.

Armed with bows and arrows, the Indians were naked except for breech cloths and moccasins. Dirty and greasy appearing, they also stank.

One of the savages held Mercedes by the arm. The little girl was dumb with terror.

Pointing to a saddle he carried one of them told Larcena in Spanish, "Vuestro hombre estar muerto!"

Larcena believed him, though realizing at the same time it wasn't her husband's saddle.

Stricken by panic Larcena shrieked, "Help! Help!"

Thrusting his lance point against her throat the Spanish speaking Indian ordered, "Quiete ustedes!"

The terrified woman obeyed.

And then as she watched incredulously, the savages wrecked the tent and broke her rocking chair. Next they smashed or ripped open all food containers and confiscated her featherbed. They also took their captives' hats.

The camp destroyed to their satisfaction, the Apaches moved off toward the northeast at a brisk dogtrot with their prisoners. About three minutes had elapsed since Larcena's faithful dog had barked his last warning.

Larcena Page was a Pennington. This first American family to settle in Arizona originally came from South Carolina. From there they had migrated to Texas where they had resided 15 years. And there Mrs. Pennington died leaving 13 children, nine girls and four boys.

Feeling restless after the death of his wife the father,

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Elias G. Pennington, had sold out and with his family joined a California bound emigrant train. When the emigrants reached Fort Buchanan, Arizona Larcena had been ill of a fever, therefore the family remained at the fort.

While the girl was ill, Indians had run off all the Pennington livestock. Making the best of the situation, the men found employment cutting hay for the government while the women sewed and washed for the officers' wives at the fort.

Gradually the family had accumulated more animals until they were prepared to start farming somewhere. Deciding to settle in Arizona they moved, in 1858, to an abandoned Mexican ranch on the Rio de Babasqui, two miles north of the Mexican border.

In addition to farming they had opened a lumber business, for the government paid 25 cents a board foot for lumber. While thus engaged the family became acquainted with a young Tucson, Arizona bachelor named John H. Page, another lumberman.

By this time Larcena, at 21 years, had become a beautiful young woman. Her hair and eyes were brown, her complexion fair. Slender and erect of carriage, she weighed about 115 pounds and was about five feet four inches tall.

Mercedes, the Indian girl, captured with Larcena.

Speaking with a well modulated voice and moving with a natural grace, Larcena was a girl that would attract the attention of any single young man.

From the acquaintanceship of John H. Page and Larcena Pennington there had evolved a courtship. This was terminated by a proposal of marriage which in turn became an engagement.

Hence John and Larcena had been married in December of 1858. Making their home in Tucson, they were as happy together as any young couple could hope to be.

Ostensibly to get away from the fevers of the valley, in March of 1860 Larcena persuaded her husband to take her along on a trip to his mountain logging camp. In addition to the Pages, the party included John's business partner Captain Reynolds and Larcena's servant Mercedes.

Travelling with a team made up of five yokes of oxen and three wagons, the little group had made its way south along the Santa Cruz River. On the third day they turned east toward the Santa Rita Mountains and camped in lower Madera Canyon. (The logging camp was in the upper canyon.)

Next morning John had ridden his saddle horse up the canyon to meet some teamsters he was expecting. Reynolds had gone hunting. Thus the camp was protected only by Larcena and the six-shooter and the family dog. (The only explanation Larcena ever had for this situation was the men had seen no Indian sign and had become careless.)

But as the men left camp they had been watched by five Apache warriors. Soon they were so far from the camp that they could neither hear the females scream nor the dog bark.

Silently the warriors had formed a tight little file and slipped up on the camp from the downwind side. Then, bursting from concealment the savages had captured the camp. And now Larcena and her servant were captives of a band of ferocious savages.

The Indians maintained a brisk pace. The brute that carried her featherbed decided the thing was too awkward to pack on a fast trip, therefore he ripped it open and threw it away. It was then that Larcena fully realized her plight. Until the destruction of her featherbed it all had seemed a dream, but now the torn covering and the scattered feathers made her realize the precariousness of her situation.

Therefore to aid her rescuers she began tearing small pieces from her clothes dropping them as trail makers. While attempting to tell Mercedes to do the same the Indians accidently discovered her plan. Promptly they forbade the captives speaking to each other.

It now developed that the Indian who had her pistol was the squad clown. Sprinting ahead, he would hide behind a tree. When the other Indians and the prisoners approached he would point the gun at them and shout, "Bong! Bong!"

During this horseplay, which the Indians thought extremely funny, the Spanish speaking warrior told Larcena she was the slave of the ugliest of the five Indians.

Repelled by the mere thought of being owned by such a vile appearing brute Larcena shouted, "No! No! Help! Help!"

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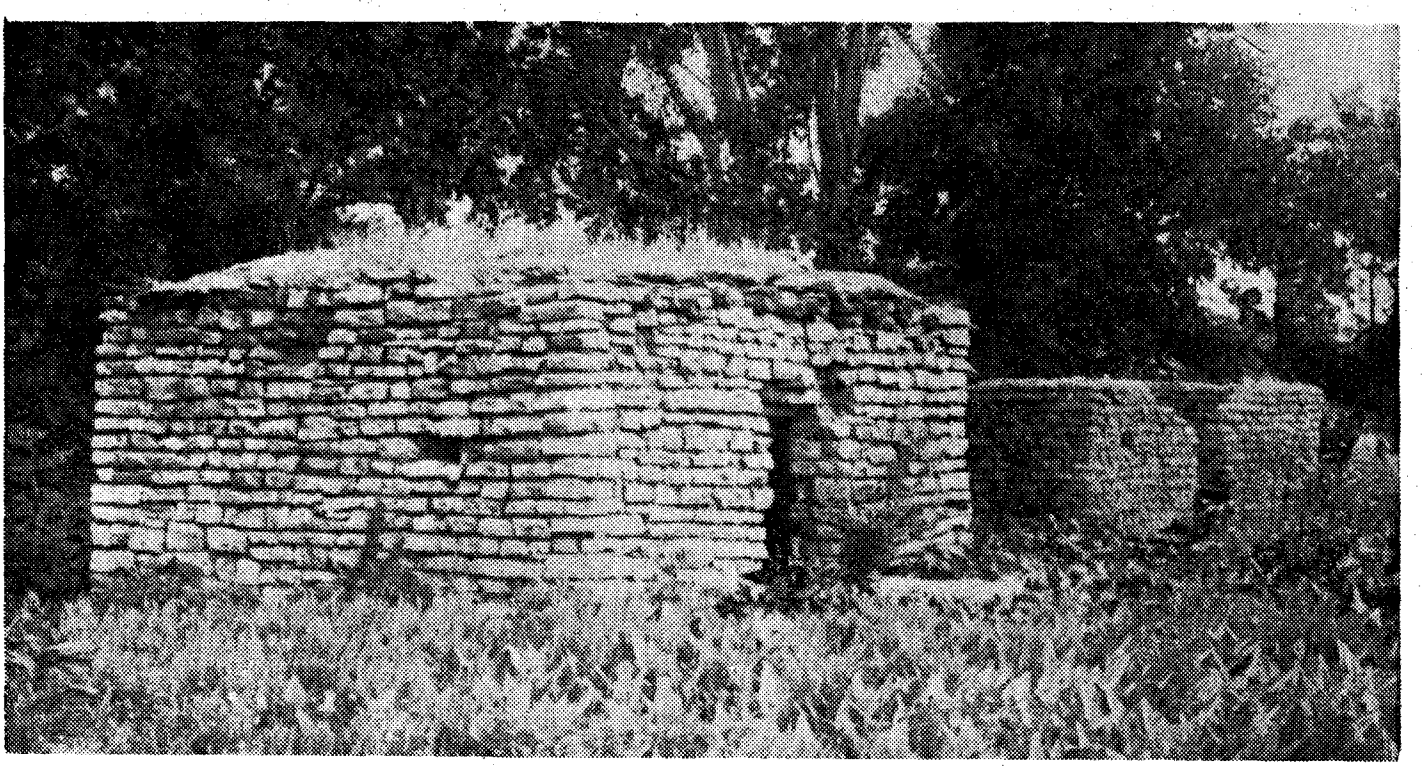

Old Pennington stone house. Note small porthole for observation and shooting. Photo taken about 1900.

The now familiar lance point pressed to her throat and the command, "Quiete! Quiete!" prevented further hysteria.

The country over which they travelled was rough and mountainous. Used to running about in the mountains, the Indians could cover from 50 to 60 miles a day in them without becoming unduly fatigued. However, Larcena and Mercedes weren't used to such exertion and before long they were having difficulty maintaining the grueling pace.

While the usual procedure on a raid was to slay all captives that couldn't keep up, the Indians didn't kill the two females for a couple of reasons. If they could get them to their rancheria it would be an exploit they could brag about forever. Also the beautiful White-eye woman and the English speaking Mexican girl would make good wives once they understood the impossibility of ever escaping.

In order to get the utmost speed from their captives, the Indians showed them some consideration. Their hats were returned to them. And they were permitted to quench their thirst by eating snow. Noticing Larcena was encumbered by clothing, the savages made her remove her heavy woolen skirt and spenser.

On the numerous steep ascents she literally was pulled up over the rocks and brush by the Indians. At the same time one of them would carry Mercedes piggyback.

By sundown they had traversed about 35 miles (as the crow flies) across innumerable canyons large and small and over rough bushy, rocky ridges. While climbing a ridge, the Indian on rear guard duty ran up to inform his companions the Americans were close behind on the trail.

"Viner! Tener prisa!" Larcena was told.

But she couldn't hurry any faster and after a few minutes she halted from exhaustion.

"Vamos!" ordered an Indian as he lanced her in the back.

Startled into action by being wounded Larcena leaped forward, lost her footing and fell down the steep ridge side. The savages then decided to kill her.

As she tumbled and slid down the slope she felt the Indians' lances penetrating her body, and arms and legs. They also threw rocks at her head, however several of the rocks missed.

Satisfied that the woman's skull was crushed so that her ghost wouldn't haunt them, they pulled her behind a tree. And then after removing her shoes, the Indians continued their flight.

Barely conscious, she heard the rescue party approach. As in a dream she heard the creaking of saddle leather and the sounds of the horses' hooves striking the ground. She could smell the animals and she could hear men conversing in English.

She heard her husband shout, "Here it is boys! Over here!"

She tried to call out a greeting but couldn't make a sound. she tried to move but her arms and legs were as lead. Semi-conscious, she awaited rescue.

The men now were directly above her. Again she tried to shout. She couldn't.

Then in silent despair she heard them pass by and hurry on up the ridge. Somehow her husband had been misled. And then she lost consciousness.

John Page had been tricked by one of the oldest stunts on record. The Indian that had removed Larcena's shoes put them on his own feet and left a false trail. Hence John had assumed Larcena was wearing the shoes whose tracks he followed.

Afterward Larcena reckoned she laid semi-conscious by the tree three days before regaining her senses. From certain landmarks in the area it has been ascertained that she was just east of the present town of Helvtia, Arizona. The elevation of the place was about 6,000 feet above sea level.

There were patches of snow on the ground. The days

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were chilly, the nights cold. Larcena's clothing consisted of undergarments, petticoat and stockings.

And she was badly wounded. The Indians had lanced her 16 times. All these wounds were either on the back of her body, or on the backs of her arms and legs. Her head was battered from having been struck several times by rocks and she was suffering from concussion. In a strange and miraculous way none of the wounds had bled enough to cause death and none had crippled her.

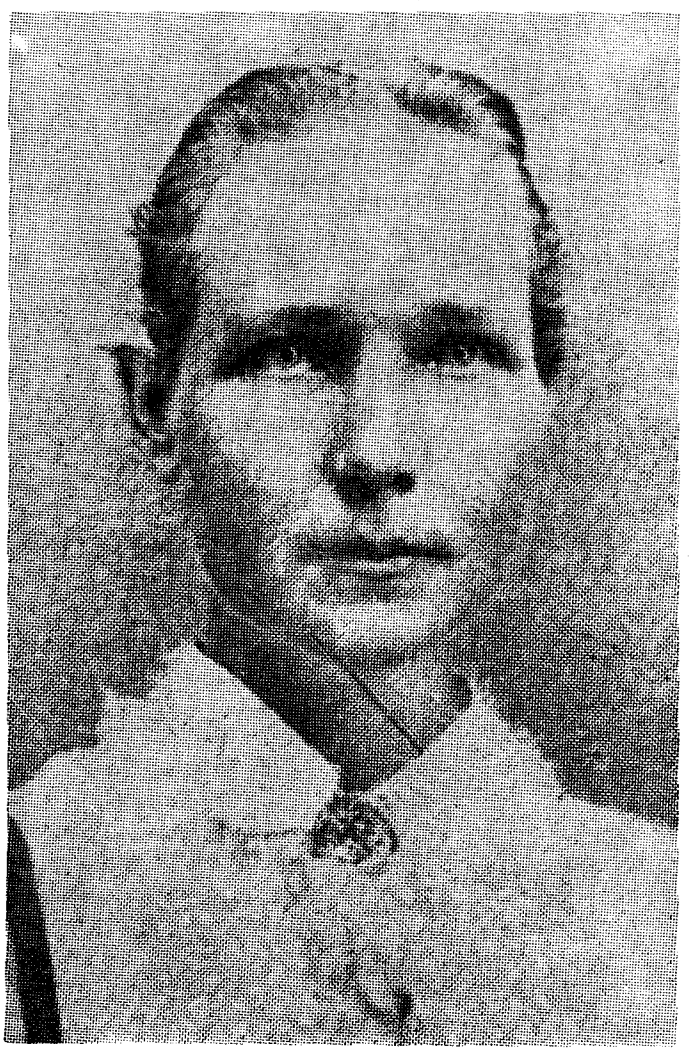
On regaining consciousness Larcena found herself alone, without food, severely wounded and tortured by a raging thirst. After eating snow for some time her thirst lessened and she went about getting her bearings. She discovered that although she didn't know where she was, she could find her way back to her camp.

Forcing herself to travel by sheer will power, Larcena slowly made her way toward the place from which she had been abducted. Her head ached terribly and she was both weak and drowsy. Barefoot as she was, the rocks and brush made her progress a form of torture.

Food was a pressing problem. She ate wild onions, wild potatoes and a variety of herbs.

Nights almost were unbearably cold. Nearly naked, she burrowed into the deepest available declevity before darkness arrived and covered herself with leaves or pine needles. Yet no matter what she did there was no keeping warm nights.

Jane Pennington, Larcena's sister. Photo about 1870.



One afternoon she found an empty bear's den. It would be a warm and comfortable place to spend the night but her fear of bears kept her from crawling into it.

To add to her misery the wounds were so located that she had to sleep either on her stomach or face downward in the fetal position. Her head, too, ached all over and was so sore that it even hurt when she laid down, although she pillowed it in a pile of leaves.

Late in the afternoon of the fifth day of the return trip Larcena reached the rim of Madera Canyon above her former camp site. Far below near her old camp she spotted two teams of loggers repairing a wagon that had broken down. Their voices floated up to her as did the noises of their hammering and chopping. She nearly went mad with joy.

She yelled at them but couldn't make them hear. Then she tore a piece from her petticoat and tied the cloth to a stick. For some time she waved the cloth and cried for assistance. But her voice was weak because of her physical condition and the men were intent on repairing the wagon. Thus they failed either to hear or notice the famished woman who waved and shouted on the canyon rim above them.

Next morning Larcena started toward the camp hoping to arrive there before the men departed. Weak, drowsy and footsore, she was two days reaching the bottom of the canyon. There she discovered the men had moved on.

Scraping the dirt from the ashes of the men's campfire, Larcena found a few live coals. With the aid of some twigs and a great deal of blowing of her breath, she soon had a fire.

"Tonight I'll sleep warm," thought she.

While searching for food she found, in her old camp, small quantities of flour in the corners of the sacks the Indians had ripped open. Gathering about half a pint of this flour, she went to the water and made a dough cake.

Returning to the fire, she spread the dough on a smooth stone and placed it near the fire. Directly the dough started turning brown she pulled it from the stone and ate. It was so hot that her lips and the roof of her mouth were burned but the dough was delicious.

Having eaten, she became sleepy. She just couldn't hold her eyes open. Falling asleep at sundown, she awoke shivering at sunup.

The fire had gone out, therefore her dough cake was eaten cold at breakfast. Then searching her old camp area, she gathered all the flour she could find and tied it in a piece of sack. Then she started crawling up the canyon toward her husband's logging camp.

And she was reduced to crawling for her feet were so cut and bruised by the rough terrain that she no longer could walk. Progress was further impeded because she had to search for food also even though her diet now was supplimented by the flour.

Late in the afternoon of the third day of crawling up the canyon Larcena heard someone chopping wood. The "Whack, a-whack" of the axe striking wood was a most encouraging sound to the desperate Larcena.

The next day (the fourth) she travelled all day without hearing the sounds of human beings. She commenced to

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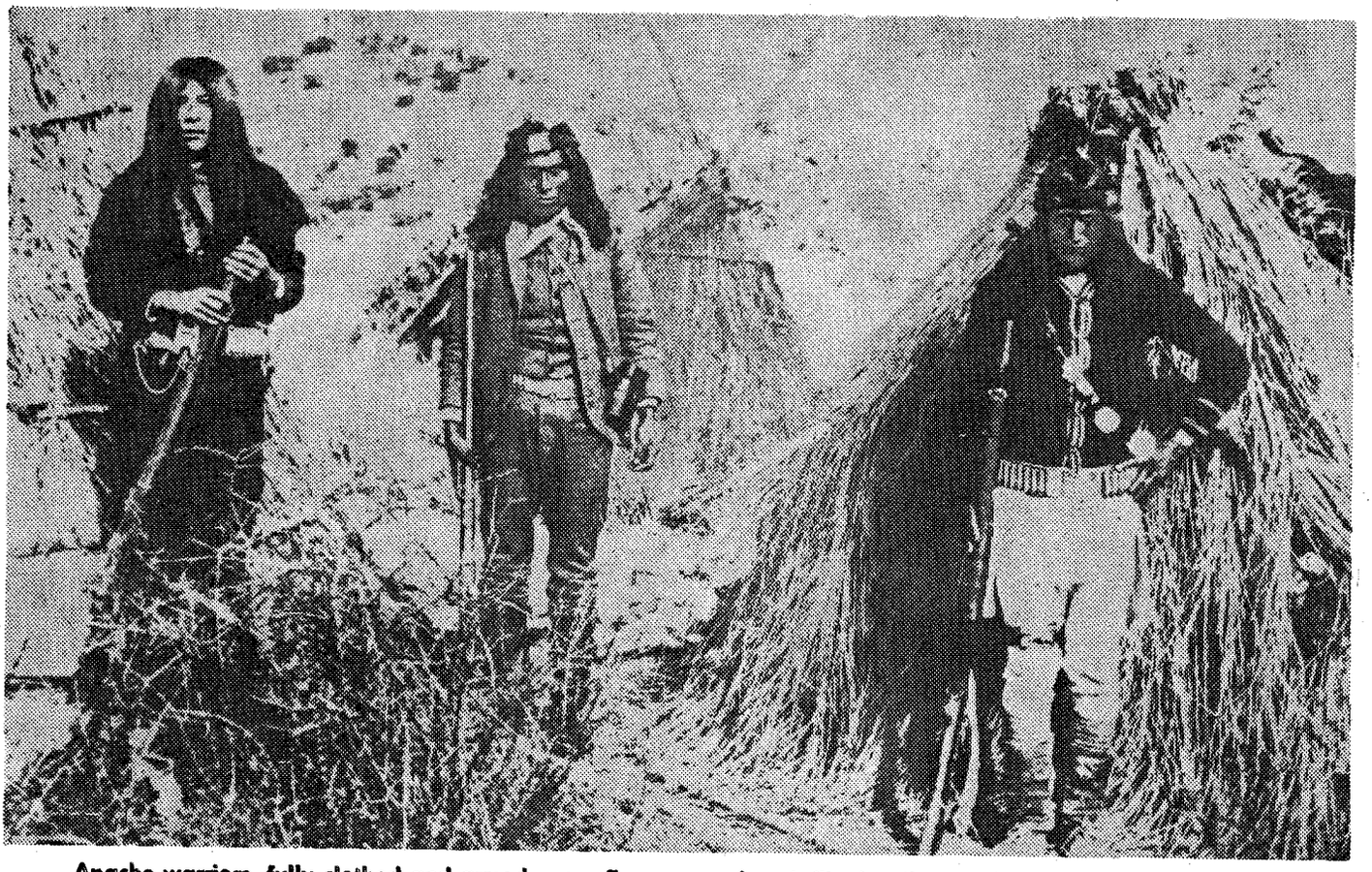

Apache warriors, fully clothed and armed, were fierce enough to inflict humiliating defeats on the U.S. Army.

doubt she really had heard the sounds of the preceding day. But on the morning of the fifth day she was awakened by the sounds of an axe hitting wood. And, in the distance an ox bellowed.

Quickly eating some cold dough, Larcena crawled on. By mid-morning she sighted her husband's camp. Painfully, she made her way toward it.

She was quite near the camp (about 300 yards) before she could attract anyone's attention. And when she did, to her extreme wonderment and dismay, instead of coming to her assistance the men ran for their rifles. For they thought she was an Indian woman being used by the Apaches as a decoy in an attempt to trick them into leaving their camp.

Alert and frightened, the men watched the creature that had alarmed them. Moving as though extremely weak, the strange apparition continued creeping slowly toward them. At 200 yards they became aware it was saying something, but the voice wasn't strong enough for them to distinguish words.

At 100 yards the bloody, dirty, nearly naked woman could be heard saying, "I'm Mrs. Page!"

Immediately she was brought into camp and given every attention. An express was sent to John Page who was in Tucson fitting out for an attempt (his third) to rescue his wife from the Apaches. But one man, an Irishman, wouldn't go near Larcena because he thought she was a ghost. Two days later John Page started for Tucson with his wife.

Within a month Larcena was fully recovered from her ordeal. Although there were 16 lance scars on her arms, legs and back none of them showed when Larcena wore ordinary street clothes. Her face was free of scars since all the head wounds had been above the hair line.

Soon the terrible Civil War days came and all federal troops were moved out of Arizona. Both Larcena's husband and her father were killed by Indians in 1861. By the end of the war the Indians also had killed three of her four brothers.

In 1871 Larcena married William Scott, of Tucson. She had two children; Mary Page, born in 1861 and a son Robert, by her second husband. Making her home in Tucson for the rest of her life, Larcena died there on March 31st, 1913.

The servant girl, Mercedes, was exchanged later for some Apache prisoners. When grown she married Charles A. Shibell of Pima County, Arizona.

RW

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MYSTERY OF THE LOST PACIFIC TRIBE

We may never find the lost, unwritten chapters of this strange race that left weird stone carvings and then vanished mysteriously into eternity.

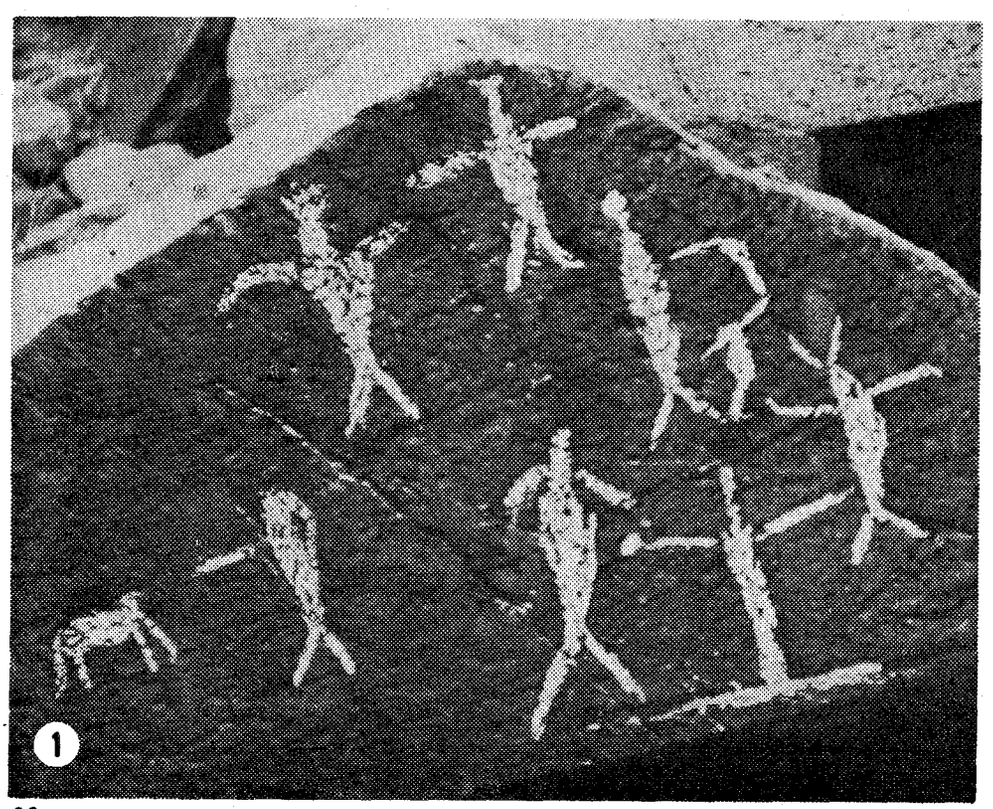
by Professor Lowell Terrill

Lost is their actual name in that eerie land of towering canyons where once they harvested the wild berries and fished for the mammoth sturgeons. Elusive are the fragmentary legends about this obliterated pre-Columbian tribe whom contemporary Indians of the Pacific Northwest can identify only vaguely as the River people.

Who were these strange wanderers forging their arrows and pitching their camps along the banks of the Snake and Salmon Rivers in present-day Oregon and Washington? What are the meanings of the strange petroglyphs or stone carvings they left on the edge of bluffs overlooking the Snake River?

This writer has made for REAL WEST an exclusive investigation of the two groups of carvings. One is found at Buffalo Eddy near a place called Captain John, eighteen miles upstream from Clarkston, Washington. The second collection can be seen at Silcott, Washington, eleven miles downstream from Clarkston. In addition many other petroglyphs, some worn by weather and time, have been discovered over an area bounded by the Snake and Columbia Rivers and extended into Oregon.

The River People were not xenophobes but entered into relationships with other Northwestern tribes. One of the most striking glyphs shows a number of Indians gathered



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together possibly for a council meeting. (Figure 1.) The tribes as such are indistinguishable in the shadowy drawings. But if we accept a theory of some anthropologists that these carvings are more than eight hundred years old, we can conclude that these mysterious folk parleyed with ancestors of surviving tribes like the Blackfeet and the Nez Perces, and other Northwestern Indian stocks have been in this area from time immemorial. And from a canine looking animal in the same picture, we may believe that the River clansmen had domesticated dogs and used them as aids in hunting.

Buffalo Eddy, the site of this glyph, may have been a favorite council seat of the tribes. Game, particularly wild goats and sheep, must have abounded for the weapons of the hunters. (Figure 2.) The "artist" who left this record of his people was much better at drawing animals than humans. But in the glyph, one can see men advancing upon the wild creatures with arms upraised in order to stampede them over cliffs. Thus, also, before the introduction of firearms, did Indians exterminate herds of buffalo.

Camp life of the River People is portrayed in another of the pictures at Buffalo Eddy. (Figure 3.) They are playing games which involve the uses of lances or clubs shown in the upraised arms of several tribesmen. A tame goat or sheep is shown at the far left of the picture indicating that the People were possibly in the first stages of becoming a pastoral community like the Zunis and the Hopis hundreds of miles to the south in New Mexico and Arizona.

Symbolic geometric figures indicate that the vanished folk had developed a fairly high degree of "medicine" or symbolic religion. Triangle, circle and cross are shown in the symbiology of this rather complex scene – all have mystical connotations in many pre-Christian religions.

Materially, the triangle may also have represented a three-cornered tepee – in this drawing there are two such triangles, a large one superimposed over another, each embellished with dots or circles which are symbols of death among the Northwestern tribes. Perhaps the triangles represent a mortuary: a large and a small one. The cross is unexplainable except that Columbus found it as an emblem among aborigines of the Bahamas and Cortez was astonished to see it as a common image among the Aztecs of Mexico. Certainly it could not have represented any early Christian influence among the River People.

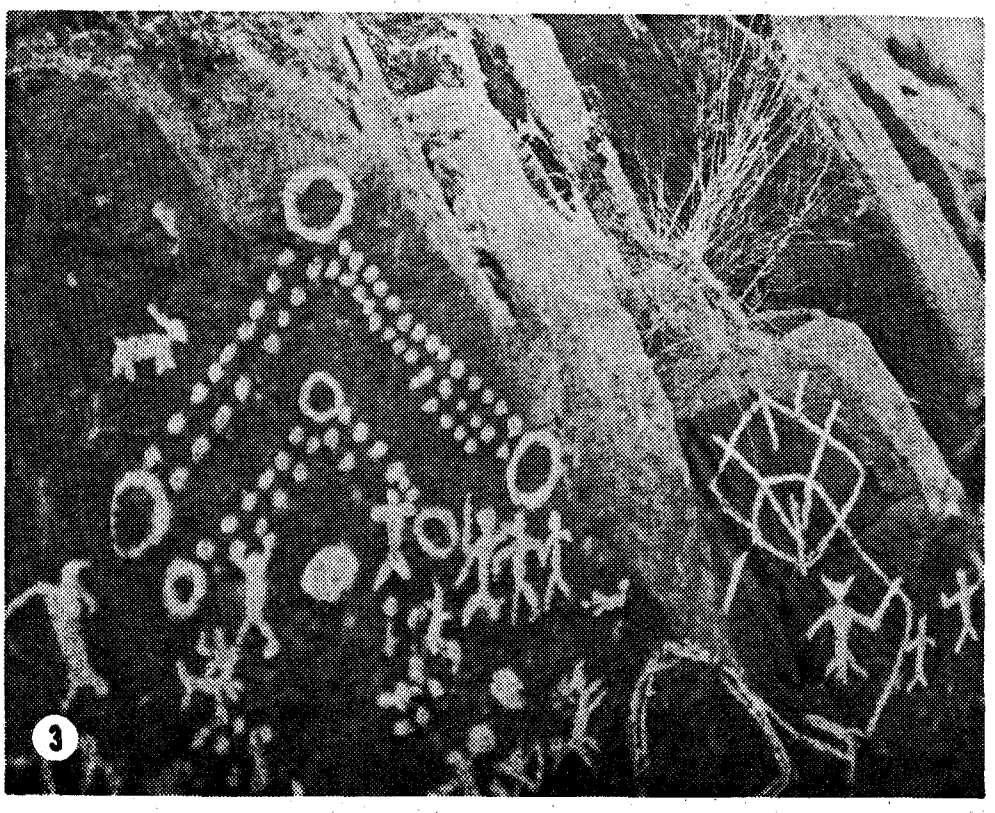
One interpretation of this picture may be that the People are celebrating deliverance from an epidemic. One of the attenuated traditions of them is that they were all but destroyed by contact with a neighboring tribe suffering from a plague.

War games are shown in Figure 4. Within the second of three panels men are shown drawing weapons for practice in the area of fighting. So we can believe that the River People maintained themselves in a state of constant preparedness against tribes contesting their right to hunting and fishing preserves.

A mystical figure in a shape of a circle penetrated by a semi-triangle is to be found in this glyph. Children and pets are also shown. The River People must have had a pretty direct and natural attitude toward warfare yet tempered by regard for the children they bore and the animals they tamed.

The camp of the big council sessions is evidently depicted in Figure 5. The rows of dots indicate stones where the warriors and lesser chiefs sat during the palavers. The two large triangular looking objects are symbolic of the great stones that were the honor seats of the principal chiefs and councillors.

This is the easiest of all the glyphs to make out. The final one shown in this survey (Figure 6.) is the most baffling. Just what is it supposed to mean?



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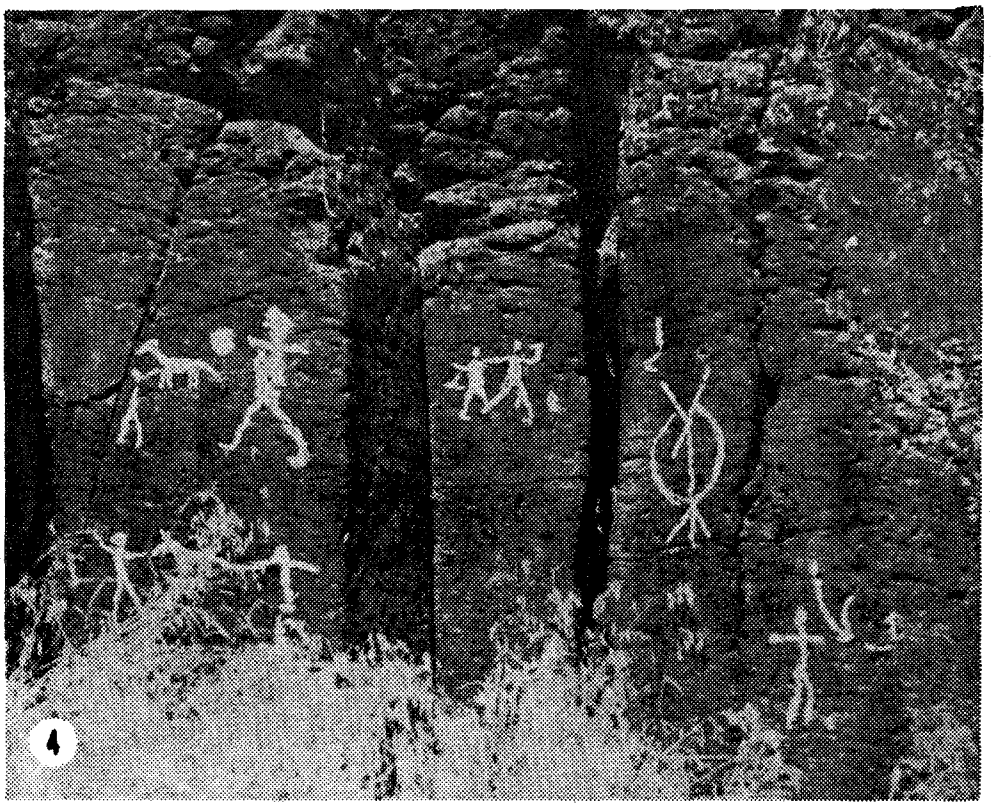
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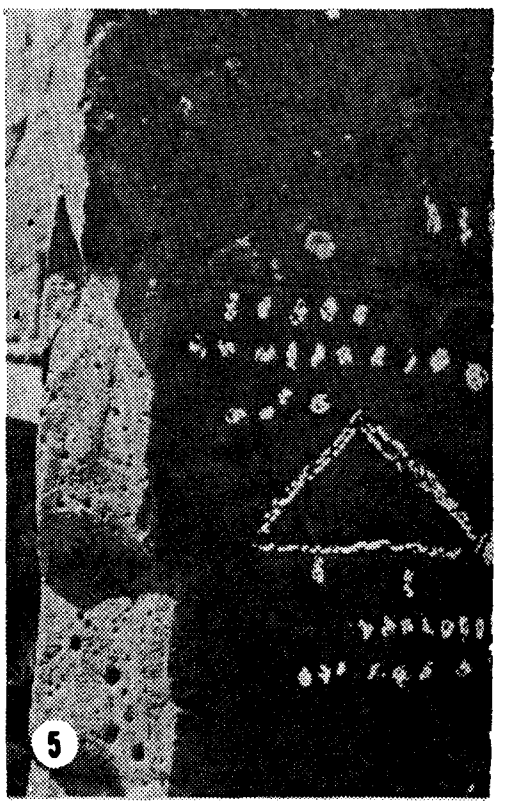
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My personal interpretation is that it is intended as a "signature" of the artist. A man is shown facing the bluff as if in the act of drawing. His hand is reaching back as if to fetch material for his work. An animal, which could be either a lamb or a puppy but poorly drawn, is watching his labors. At the far right of the picture there is a crude representation of what could either be a flower or a star with only four points.

For generations to come, authors and scholars will probably wrangle over the identity of the people who left these baffling mementos of themselves. Excavations of sites near the glyphs turn up nothing which can permit us to associate them with any other known tribe of this region.

Many artifacts and many bones have been dug up at Captain John where the River People seem to have maintained a large campsite. Nothing distinctive is to be found in the artifacts which are so many primitive tools without unique design or ornament. Crumbling skeletons, centuries old, indicate that the River People were tall and big-boned. Some pictographs, however, show chunky folk with squat, muscular legs. These are either drawings of another tribe or of a secondary physical type among the People themselves.

According to a disputed finding of the Smithsonian Institution, quoted by the Washington State Guide, the drawings are three thousand years old and the work of the extinct Basket Maker Indians who once flourished in the American Southwest. The Basket Makers were originally prosperous farmers who built a pre-civilized society in what is now the Texas-Oklahoma panhandle with possible earlier branches existing in the Southeast.

Between 1000 and 1200 A.D., their contained, peaceful world was destroyed by a combination of drouth and a sudden invasion of the furious Comanches who had split from their parent tribe of the Shoshones in the Northwest and migrated south. The so-called Basket Makers then migrated west to Colorado where they became the mysterious Cliff Dwellers whose abandoned dwellings are of such curious interest to tourists visiting the Rockies. But there they found themselves at war with the belligerent Apaches who attacked them when they left their "housing projects" to tend their fields in mountain valleys.

Finally the Basket Makers fled to the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona where they became the Pueblo Indians found by the Spanish conquistadores. The Zuni, the Hopi and the Tiguas of Texas are part of this industrious, intelligent stock. Pictographs left by their ancestors, the Cliff Dwellers, strongly resemble some of the drawings left by the River People in this remote Rocky Mountain area spanning sections of Washington, Idaho and Oregon.

Yet obviously there could have been no Indians of the Basket Maker strain in the Northwest before the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Century A.D. Such legend as we have of the River People confirms the informed guess that they reached the Northwest between five and eight hundred years ago, which would jibe with the time fixed by historians and anthropologists for the successive, long drawn out migrations of the Basket Maker tribes from their original base in the panhandle.

Scant traditions of the River People among the Nez Perces and the Blackfeet have them migrating from a southerly direction. They were refugees from conquest by a wild tribe which not only slaughtered most of their members by the bow but also by a disease rampant among the invaders.

Extant skeletons of the River folk show that some died in battle, some from an unidentified epidemic. If they were a lost and detached branch of the Basket Makers, the disease must have remained in their systems for generations to appear in recurrent cycles.

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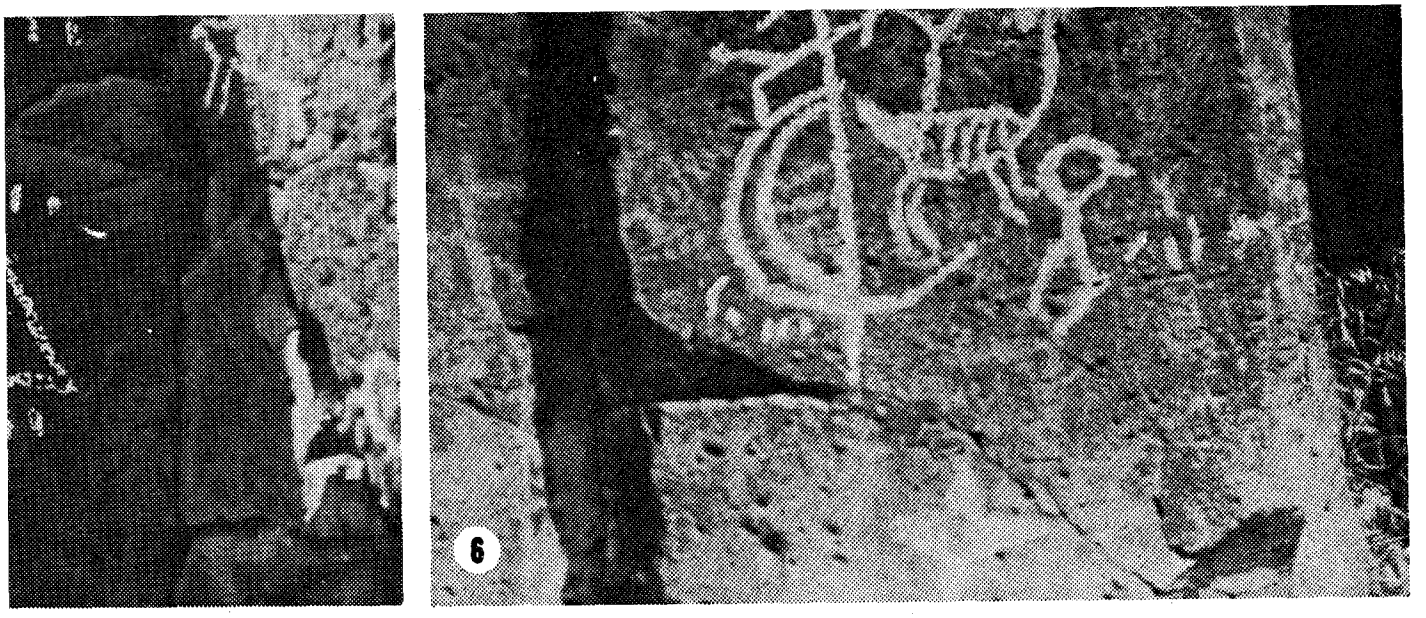

Who were the Indians that infected them? All the primitive tribes were aggressive foes of the Basket Maker people, if we accept the hypothesis that the River People were descendants of those originally peaceful tribesmen expelled from the panhandle.

It is a likely possibility that the remnant of the River People were destroyed by the Nez Perces about the time that Columbus discovered America, not quite five centuries ago. Enough survivors may have been adopted by the larger tribe to perpetuate the legends. But eventually the conquered sub-clan of the River People would disappear through assimilation into the larger group. Thus the Natchez vanished among the Cherokee and several trans-Mississippi tribes among the Creeks.

Pictographs showing horses are probably the work of Nez Perces and other tribes that took the saddle as a result of later contacts with whites. No drawing, identified through style and execution, with the River Folk shows horses which were introduced to America by the Spaniards. Which confirms the general theory that these lost people vanished before the Columbian discovery of our hemisphere.

Scholars keep debating about the probable identity of the River People. Perhaps we may never be able to place them for sure among whole lost, unwritten chapters of the American Indians.

A forgotten anthropologist named Mallery did the most profound, incisive study ever undertaken of Indian pictographs in general. He pointed out that most such drawings recorded passing events in the life of a given tribe. Few commemorated any major happenings of history made by American Indians before European whites came voyaging in to shatter the red man. Exceptions were the Mexican Aztecs whose pictures reflect a highly developed commercial and social life and the Central American Mayas who developed a complex written language from some original basis of drawings.

Alphabets are simply abbreviated drawings. It's more convenient to write down the symbol "a" than to scrawl a picture of an arrow or an apple tree.

Within primitive cultures, pictographs are half-way stages between sign language and written speech. Generally understood signs become reduced to generally understood drawings and drawings finally become chopped up into letters of alphabets. But of all the American tribes, only the Cherokees ever developed an indigenous alphabet of their own and it is still reportedly used in a limited manner by elderly members of that remarkable tribe back in the Oklahoma hills.

The drawings of the River People are so elemental that we can conclude they were very far from developing an alphabet. Rather, the chalked sketches indicate that they were only in the first stages of picture making as such.

One distinction they may have. They were possibly the only branch of the Basket Maker people who ever wandered off to the far Northwest. They may have lived there for centuries among other tribes that differed from them in language, religion and custom. But no folk can withstand such isolation endlessly. Amalgamation into the Nez Perces and other tribes would, conceivably, have been facilitated by the gradual fading of the ancestral Basket Maker culture. Perhaps, too, this folk may have been exiled by the other Basket Maker tribes from carrying an infectious disease -- and possibly a venereal one picked up from the rampantly promiscuous Plains tribes.

Who knows? For any final answers you might as well ask the crows flying across Northwestern rivers. Pundits like myself have none.

RW

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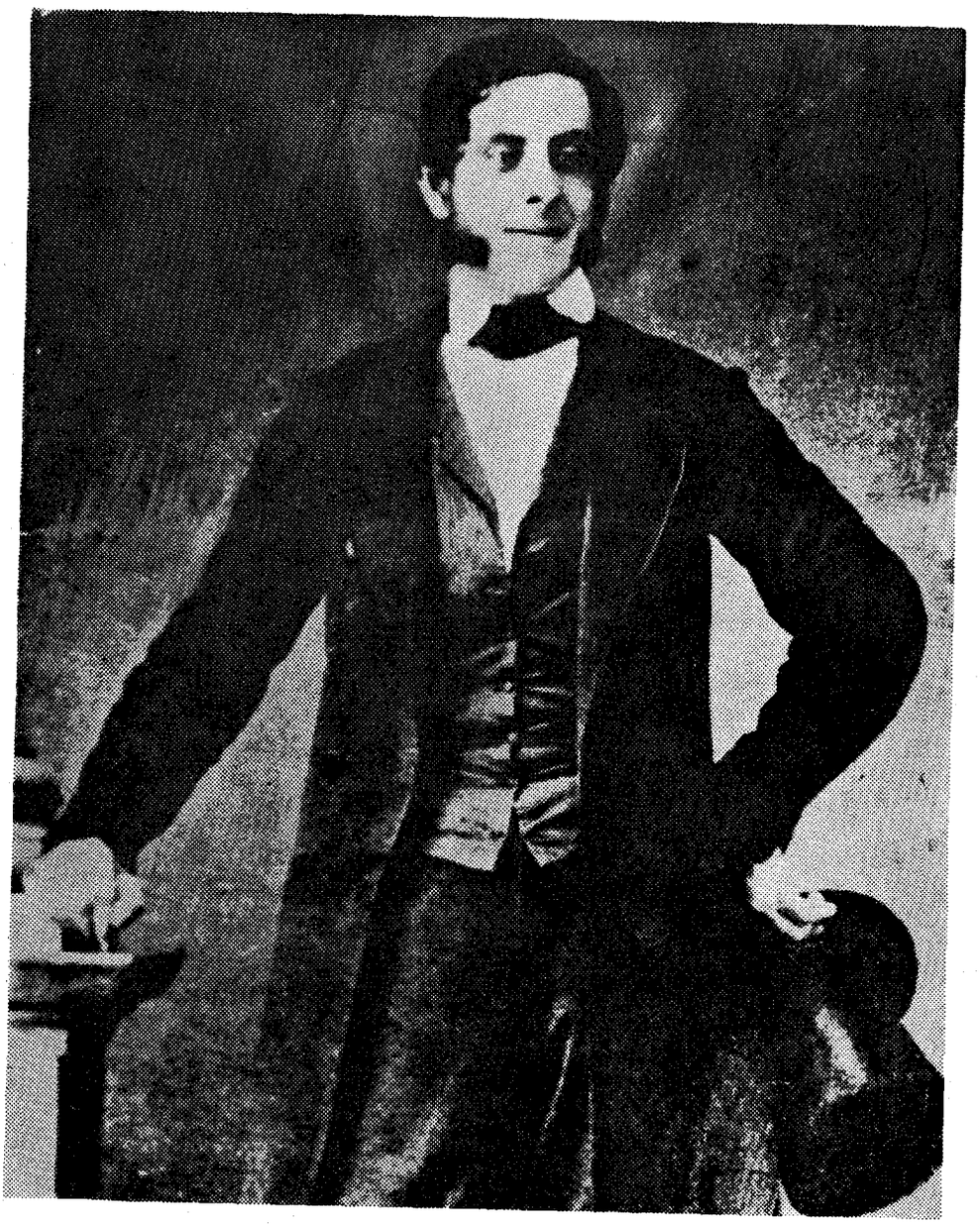
The AMAZING STORY



Texas owes a debt to this titled Spanish exile who sacrificed himself to build up the Lone Star state. Here is the story of his fascinating adventures as he conquered the wilderness and fought fiercely against great odds.

by Richard Younger

What Sir Walter Raleigh was to Virginia or Baron Cecil Calvert to Maryland, Jacob De Cordova was to Texas. Like Raleigh and Calvert, this American Jewish colonizer and path finder was also of titled lineage. For the De Cordovas had been *hidalgos* or knights in Spain and Portugal before the Inquisition had dispersed them with all other converted Jews from the Iberian Peninsula.

Eventually a branch of the family settled in Jamaica where the members became British subjects and recognized leaders of the West Indian Sephardic community. In Kingston, the Jamaican capital, Jacob was born sometime during 1808. At an early age he displayed a marked flair for writing. While still in his early twenties he founded the island's first major newspaper, the *Kingston Daily Gleaner.*

The paper thrived, but the publisher's health failed. Doctors diagnosed young De Cordova's illness as "lung fever"—the 19th century term for tuberculosis. They advised him to leave the humid tropics for a place that would be cooler and less plagued by disease. He migrated to Philadelphia, a center of American Jewish enterprise. There he learned the mechanical aspects of printing and perfected his knowledge of Hebrew. When his health began mending he returned to Jamaica and his newspaper. But soon his health began to fail again and his doctors warned him that he must leave the tropics forever.

While he was debating where to go De Cordova read a document that not only changed the course of his life but gave the American Southwest a pioneer who helped

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# of JACOB DeCORDOVA

shape the pattern of its history. That document was the Texas Declaration of Independence. One statement in the list of wrongs cited in the Declaration particularly stirred him, namely, that the Texans were rebelling against "the combined despotism of the sword and the priesthood."

Even to live as homesteaders on the lands they had cleared, it was necessary for them to renounce whatever faiths they professed and become members of the Mexican state church. The Jews in Spain had once been given a similar choice between apostasy and exile. De Cordova's sympathies were naturally with those who denounced the Mexican "army" and "priesthood" as "the eternal enemies of civil liberties."

De Cordova followed the Texas Revolution with keen interest from the massacre at the Alamo to the decisive battle of San Jacinto. He rejoiced when he learned that the new republic was extending a hand of welcome to Jews as well as to Christians of many sects. In fact, its few Jewish settlers were playing distinguished and active roles in the life of the emerging backwoods democracy.

A Pennsylvania-born Jew, David S. Kaufman, whom De Cordova had probably met in Philadelphia, was serving as a member of the Texas Congress and slated to become its Speaker. Another coreligionist, Dr. Moses Albert Levy, had served as surgeon-general of the army during the grim months of fighting. Leon Dyer, ex-Mayor of Baltimore, had come to Galveston and was helping transform the town—once the savage fortress of Jean Lafitte's pirates—into the republic's principal seaport. Other Jews were migrating to the young country by invitation of President Sam Houston, who had frequently been a house guest of the wealthy and learned Jewish trader, Adolphus Sterne, before the rebellion against Mexico.

De Cordova was twenty-nine when he arrived in 1837 in Galveston. From the start, the sickly young man liked this new robust nation where honesty and industry counted for more than the former labels of creed. Within a few weeks he became a naturalized citizen. For a while he stayed in Galveston engaging in different business ventures and officiating as reader for the Jewish religious services held in the homes of different residents. Then he moved to Houston, today the South's largest city, but at that time a cluster of shacks on a muddy prairie road.

He became a leading merchant in the village. Partly through his efforts it became the main trading center for that half of Texas lying east of the Brazos River, where most of the republic's scant population was concentrated. But his health continued failing in this low, damp, subtropic region so uncomfortably like Jamaica. A physician warned him that his only chance for life was a long stay in the high, dry, almost uninhabited areas west of the Brazos.

He left his store in the capable hands of his wife and set out toward the wilderness. He was probably the first Jew to penetrate beyond Austin where Texas' faint traces of civilization blurred into uncharted Indian hunting grounds. It was a lonely and uninhabited area of sage and catclaw, of roaming herds of antelope and buffalo. As he rode endless miles and his health improved, there emerged for De Cordova the shape of his future career: he would bring families to Texas.

De Cordova had learned immediately the eastern half of the republic from his travels during numerous business trips. Before his illness he had marked on rough charts every swamp that might be drained, every thicket that might be felled for homesteads and villages. Now he began making careful charts of this western area. For five years he rode across the steep hills and flat high mesas, breaking his absence from home by semi-annual visits to his family in Houston.

Another five had been spent in the new country before he began his memorable journey. At the end of the decade he had regained his health and accumulated a comfortable fortune. More important for his adopted land, he had learned more about Texas on either side of the Brazos than any other man of his day.

The need for settlers had become acute. A year before —1846—Texas had surrendered its independence to become the twenty-eighth state of the American Union. By the Act of Annexation, De Cordova and all other Texans had automatically become citizens of the United States. But the new state, twice the size of Germany, had far less population than tiny Rhode Island. Too few families were crossing the Sabine River into Texas. The settlements composed predominantly of single men quickly disintegrated as bachelors exchanged big grants of land for saddle horses to carry them back home.

De Cordova opened a land and emigration agency which concentrated on bringing families to the vast spaces of the new state. He published the first descriptive map of Texas, a forerunner of all the charts of the topography and resources of the state today. On a platform of "More Families for Texas," he was elected in 1847 as Houston's representative to the second state legislature convening in Austin, the state capital.

The colonization and emigration laws enacted during his term of service bore the stamp of his far-seeing mind. He helped persuade the legislature that the new settlers should not be burdened with onerous taxes and declared that "the bigger the family the bigger should be the homestead grant." He urged that the state set aside more lands for school purposes and that it issue bonds for internal improvements which would make living in Texas more convenient and profitable for its citizens.

Deeply impressed, Governor Peter H. Ball invited De Cordova to move his agency to Austin. The Governor promised him every cooperation in bringing families to the sparsely populated state. De Cordova accepted the invitation and his organization became a quasi-official

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department of the Texas government. It became within a few months the largest land agency that has ever operated in the entire American Southwest.

From official title records De Cordova obtained the names and addresses of easterners who had bought large plots of Texas land for speculation. He went to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore to persuade these absentee proprietors to divide their holding into family-sized farms which he could sell at low prices to new settlers.

Then he embarked on a program to advertise Texas and induce families to head their wagons toward the new state. He and his brother Phineas, a printer, began the publication of a journal, *The Texas Herald,* which they distributed free in crossroads stores and country postoffices throughout the South and Midwest. "Come to Texas," every issue of the paper urged. "Come where your children can get a start on rich land that can be bought at a poor man's price."

Many families that read the paper came. They rolled across the Sabine River in long caravans of ox wagons. Some groups drifted in by steamboat. Others made it on crude wooden rafts down a route of interlocking rivers. Young couples rode in on horseback with pack mules carrying pots and pans and washtubs. East of the Brazos, a number of families settled to strengthen old communities or to start new ones. West of the Brazos, colonists pushed in to build courthouses and schools in new communities that surveyors were kept busy marking off.

Everywhere in Texas thriving settlements rose on once desolate sites. As De Cordova predicted in his paper, the eastern section soon became the world's largest producer of cotton; the western region, its greatest source of prime beef. Squarely on the Brazos River, dividing the two sections, De Cordova founded the bustling town of Waco, which became one of the Southwest's major cities, serving as a trading center for both the cotton and the cattle belts.

To each Christian sect in Waco, De Cordova deeded a free lot for a church. In Houston he helped organize the state's first synagogue and was called up to read the Torah whenever he visited his former community. A number of Jews followed De Cordova to Waco to assist its founder in developing it culturally and commercially. Today their descendants operate many of the city's leading mercantile firms and maintain active Jewish organizations as well as two impressive places of worship.

Largely because of De Cordova's untiring efforts, the population and reputation of Texas kept soaring. He wrote the first book about Texas and its opportunities. The work proved to be a bestseller and brought thousands of families to Texas. Eastern mayors began inviting him to visit their cities and talk about Texas. His oratory influenced bankers to buy stock in Texas enterprises and many merchants to open business there. Then he sailed to Europe to make more speeches and to find fresh markets among British manufacturers for the cotton his land customers were growing.

De Cordova invested his money in bringing Texas its first railroads after prophesying correctly that the ox-drawn wagons would vanish entirely "when the snort of the iron horse shall awaken the solitude of the prairies." He organized the earliest Odd Fellows' lodges west of the Mississippi and was solicitous about the welfare of the roving Indians. In his writings he noted that the Indian trappers of the plains always paid punctually their bills for supplies bought at frontier trading posts.

Till the Civil War he was the acknowledged "Mr. Texas" of his time—his state's leading land developer, its unofficial ambassador to the world. But he saw migration slump and commerce come to a standstill after Texas seceded from the Union to join the ill-starred Southern Confederacy. Homeseeking families would not risk crossing Southern battlefields to a state whose own future was now so uncertain. Settlers, still owing De Cordova installment payments on land purchases, could not ship their cotton to Europe since all the Southern ports were blockaded by Federal gunboats.

The times were hard for De Cordova. He could have repossessed farms and ranches through foreclosures. Indeed, less sensitive traders kept urging him to do so. Perhaps he might have promoted another Texas boom after the war's end. No doubt he could have then made still larger profits from selling tracts that would bring handsome prices because of the homes and improvements made by the original purchasers. But he had brought these war-stricken families to Texas.

His eloquence had persuaded them; his keen judgement had guided them when they had begun building their communities and laying their hearthstones. The families of Texas were the partners of his vision. "I lived well when my friends could pay me," he told this writer's grandfather, a ranger who once camped with him on the plains. "If I shared good times with them, I have to share the hard times, too."

Not long after that, De Cordova sat down to draw up his own writ of bankruptcy. In a letter to every family in debt to him he wrote that he would expect no more payments till peace had been concluded. His own personal estates were auctioned off, one by one, to provide money for the care of his dependents. Confederate bonds that he bought out of loyalty to Texas proved to be worthless. Whatever cash he had left was constantly being reduced by donations to help the families of the men who had gone to war.

His health collapsed again. He died in 1868 on a little ranch west of Waco. That bit of pasture was all that was left of the thousands of acres once recorded as being his. In the sixty years that he had lived, thirty of them had been spent in serving and building Texas.

Jacob De Cordova deserves greater recognition in the history of the Southwest than is presently accorded him, certainly more than some of the synthetic coon-skin heroes resurrected for popular adoration. For one thing, he explored more territory of America's second largest state than it s first European discoverer, Cabeza de Vaca, in the 16th century. He also brought into Texas more settlers than did Stephen F. Austin, its first American colonizer, in the 19th. As a leader he was the equal of Austin; as a statesman, comparable to Sam Houston who presented Texas to America. The spirit of Jacob De Cordova was that of the true pioneer—dauntless, creative and a willingness to sacrifice his own interests for the greater good and future growth of America.

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(CONCLUSION)

the NEZ PERCÉS TRAGEDY

Part one of this story told of the incredible patience of Chief Joseph and his people as they suffered hardship and injustice at the hands of the white men. The settlers took more of their land, killing and abusing the Indians, and the Government was little better. But the breaking point came. The men had to fight back, or they would be men no more...

by J. P. Dunn Jr.

Seventeen warriors joined the three, and they hastened back to the Salmon River. Eight more fell victims to them, including Harry Mason, who had whipped the two Indians. On the night of the 14th another party attacked the people of the Cottonwood house—a ranch on the road between Mount Idaho and Fort Lapwai—who were trying the escape to Mount Idaho. Two men and a boy were killed and the others badly wounded, two men subsequently dying of their injuries. It is said that two women were outraged. Joseph denies it, by implication. It may have been done without his knowledge. He was not there. He protested against hostilities until they had gone so far that war was inevitable; then he took command and the Indians moved to White Bird Canon, where they prepared to fight soldiers.

They had not long to wait. Colonel Perry was hurrying down from Fort Lapwai with ninety men. He reached Grangeville, four miles from Mount Idaho, on the evening of the 16th, was joined by ten citizens, and marched on through the night to White Bird Canon, sixteen miles away. He reached the head of the canon at daybreak and began his descent of the broad trail, to surprise the Indians and prevent their escape across the Salmon.

Down in the canon Joseph watched his approach through a field glass. Some of the Indians became nervous, and suggested that it would be better to move across the Salmon, where the soldiers could not reach them.

Joseph said, "We will fight them here."

A party of mounted warriors were put in ambush behind a hill on the south side of the canon. The rest, under Joseph, were crouched on the ground, squarely across the trail, hidden behind rocks and in hollows. On came the soldiers until well within range, when every bush and rock poured its fire. At the same time the party of mounted warriors appeared on the left.

The foremost ranks deployed to engage the force in front, and the rear wheeled to meet the flank movement. Men were falling; the Indians were moving up on the

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hills, making towards the rear; some one cried to fall back to the next ridge. The next ridge was gained, with the enemy on their heels. There was no time to stop. The attempts of the officers to rally the men were only momentarily successful.

The Indians were pressing along the sides of the canon to gain the head and cut off retreat. Part of the command reached the ascent and hurried out. The remainder, under Lieutenant Theller, were cut off. They saw the bar across the way, and wheeled into a ravine to the left. The Indians were upon them in a moment, thinning them out with their murderous fire, through which only a few stragglers made their way unscathed to the summit.

Across the rugged country the Indians pursued the flying troops for twelve miles; but the soldiers were out of that dreadful canon now and had regained their wits. The officers obtained control, and the retreat of the sixty-five who escaped from the canon was conducted in order. Four miles from Mount Idaho, Joseph withdrew his men. He had fought and won his first battle.

The military reputation of the Nez Perces was altered. It would require more men to whip them. Reinforcements were started from all neighboring points. Skirmishing and minor engagements continued. A detachment was sent to arrest Looking Glass, who had not yet joined the hostilties, and bring him in.

His camp was destroyed and seven hundred and twenty-five ponies captured, but the Indians all escaped and went to Joseph. Lieutenant Rains, with ten men and a scout named Foster, was sent on a reconnaissance. The party was surrounded and every man killed. A company of volunteers, under Captain Randall, was attacked on the Mount Idaho road; two were killed and two wounded. The remainder would have been killed if relief had not arrived.

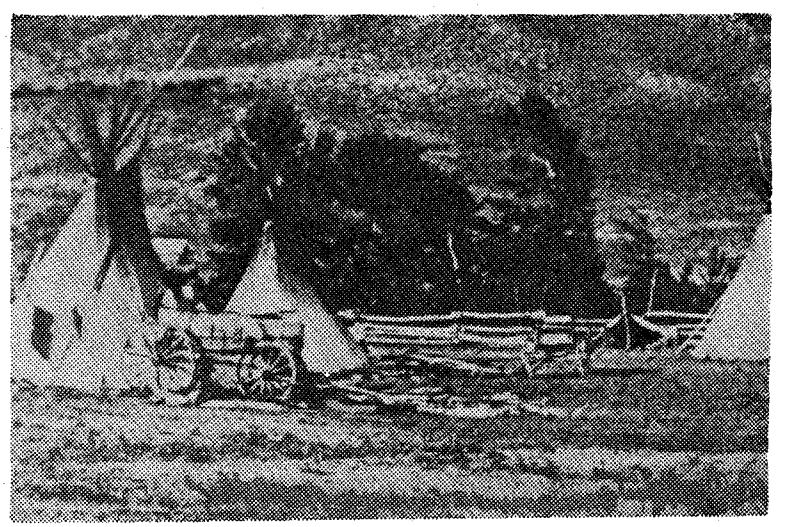
On July 11th General Howard and his assembled troops were in sight of the enemy, who had crossed the country to the Lapwai reservation, and taken position on the Clearwater to give him battle. Howard had four hundred fighting men besides his teamsters and train men. He had a howitzer and two Gatling guns. Joseph had about three hundred warriors, with the squaws for assistants. The soldiers advanced in line of battle, leaving the supply trains unguarded. Joseph saw this and sent thirty warriors to attack them. The glass of an officer caught this movement just in the nick of time.

A messenger was sent back to hurry them into the lines, and a company of cavalry galloped to their protection. The Indians gained the smaller train first, killed two packers, and disabled their animals, but the fire of the cavalry drove them off. The large train gained the lines uninjured. All that afternoon the battle raged, with its charges and countercharges, its feinting and fighting.

All night both parties strengthened their breastworks and kept up a desultory fire. In the morning the battle was renewed and kept up, with no perceptible advantage to either side until the middle of the afternoon. Then a fresh company of cavalry appeared to reinforce Howard. The artillery moved back to meet them, and, having made a junction, they struck the enemy's line on the left and charged down it.

The Indians fought stubbornly for a few minutes, gave way, and fled. The victorious troops pressed after them so hotly that the artillery covered their camp, beyond the Clearwater, before their lodges could be struck. The Indians, however, made their escape with their herds, and sufficient supplies for their purposes, and, before the troops could cross, a large body of warriors was seen on the right front, apparently returning for an attack. While preparations were being made to meet this force, the remainder of the Indians continued their flight; and when the preparations of the soldiers were complete, the returning warriors, having accomplished their purpose by this feint, were found to have disappeared.

In the morning the troops continued the pursuit of the retreating Indians, who were still in sight from the



heights, only to fall into an ambuscade by the Nez Perces rearguard and be thrown into confusion. Night found the Indians safely encamped, in an almost impregnable position, at the entrance to the Lolo Trail. Joseph had fought his second battle, against heavy odds, and though beaten had brought off his forces most creditably.

There was another trail which formed a junction with the Lolo, fifteen miles back of Joseph's position. Was it wise to send a detachment, by a masked movement, to that point, to cut off his retreat and strike him from the rear? General Joseph was not so easily trapped. The detachment was hardly under way on its pretended march to Lapwai before Joseph's camp was broken and the Indians were falling back beyond the dangerous point. It was at first intended to follow him closely, but that plan was abandoned.

A small force, which was started up the trail, ran into the rearguard rather disastrously, and then that ubiquitous rearguard dropped back on the settlements and carried off a lot of horses. The settlers were sure that as soon as the soldiers were started on the trail the Nez Perces would be back, by some other route, devastating the settlements.

Meantime a potent ally of the white man had been at work. The telegraph had ticked its message of alarm all through the country to the east, and the troops at the various posts were on the alert. General Gibbon, with one hundred and ninety cavalrymen, had hastened from Helena across to Fort Missoula, on the Bitter Root, but arrived too late to intercept the Indians.

They had gone on to the south, up the Bitter Root valley, past Ross's hole, and into the valley of the Big Hole River. Gibbon followed on their trail. He came close up to them on August 8th, while they were all unsuspecting. He waited through the night, and in the stillness

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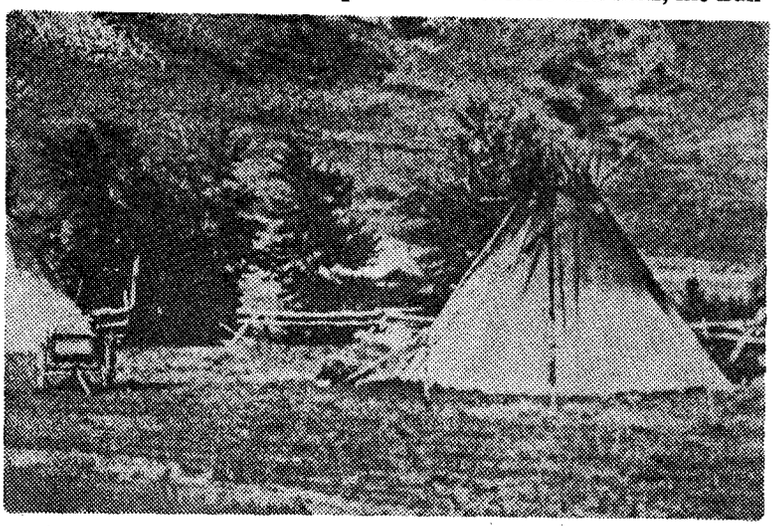
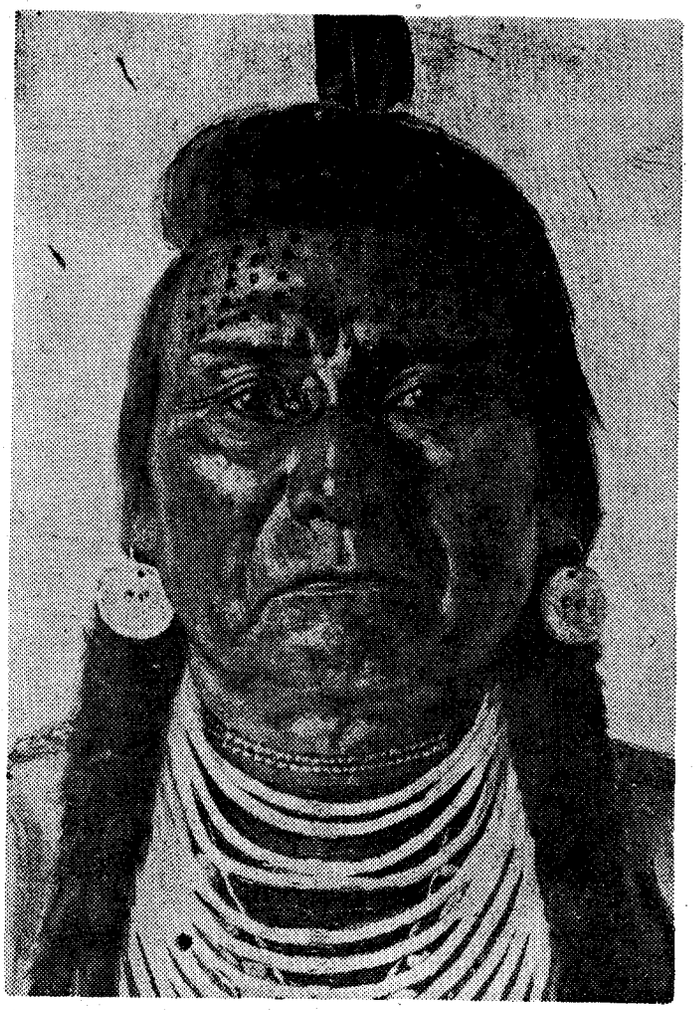
of the "hour before the dawn" he swept through their camp in a furious charge, completely surprising them.

Surely now the Nez Perces were whipped. Not a bit of it. They rallied and retook their camp. They drove the soldiers back to a wooded point where, behind rude barricades and in hastily dug trenches, they defended themselves through the following day.

At eleven o'clock that night, having captured Gibbon's howitzer, they withdrew, leaving Gibbon wounded, and his command so crippled that it could not pursue. Joseph had fought and won his third battle. Howard joined Gibbon here, and in the presence of officers and men, his Ban-





Right: Portrait of Chief Joseph, the great leader. Above: his Western Washington home.

nock scouts scalped and mutilated the bodies of the Nez Perces dead. There were many dead, men, women, and children, but worst of all Looking Glass, their ablest diplomat, lay stark upon that field.

Sunday, August 19th, Joseph had crossed the continental divide again into Idaho, and camped on the great Camas prairie which lies west of the National Park, on the Yellowstone. He had captured two hundred and fifty good horses, replenished his supplies and put his forces in excellent condition. Howard's forces were one day's march behind him. They camped on the prairie also. A detachment had been sent ahead, under Lieutenant Bacon, to hold Tacher's Pass, the most accessible roadway across the divide into the park.

The sentinels and pickets were properly posted and the weary soldiers slept peacefully. In the faint starlight swarthy forms crept through the long grass. Hobbles were cut and bells were removed from bell-mares. Off to the east a troop of horsemen came in sight, riding back over the trail of the Nez Perces. They rode in columns of fours, regularly and without haste. "It must be Bacon's men coming back," said the pickets.

They came within hailing distance and were challenged. Their answer betrayed them. The picket opened fire. Then arose a wild yell that startled the soldiers from their sleep, and a confused discharge of small-arms, after which all the horses and mules that were not fastened were seen scampering away with a crowd of Indians after them, yelling like demons. Fortunately enough horses and mules were left to mount three companies of cavalry. They hurried out into the night after the Indians, came up with part of them, and recovered half a hundred of the lost animals. Before morning the Indians were back after these, and stampeded a part of them. Then they went on with their retreat, leaving the soldiers with one dead and six wounded men to care for, and to wait till more horses and supplies could be obtained from Virginia City. We must credit General Joseph with a successful surprise.

On went the Nez Perces through Tacher's Pass, where Bacon had missed them, and into the park. On through the pleasant open country of the western portion to the region of the hot springs, the geysers, and the sulphur lands. Here they met Cowan's party, consisting of Mr. Cowan, his wife, sister-in-law, brother-in-law, and two others. Three of the men were left for dead; one other and the two ladies were carried away. General Howard said they were "afterwards rescued." Joseph said, "On the way we captured one white man and two white women. We released them at the end of three days. They were treated kindly. The women were not insulted. Can the white soldiers tell me of one time when Indian women were taken prisoners and held three days, and then released without being insulted? Were the Nez Perce women who fell into the hands of General Howard's soldiers treated with as much respect? I deny that a Nez Perce was ever guilty of such a crime."

On went the Indians, down by Yellowstone Lake, over the Yellowstone River, burning Baronett's Bridge behind them, and then, after a feint in the direction of the Stinking Water, they slipped through a narrow canon to Clark's Fork, and down it to the Yellowstone again. By this movement Joseph avoided Colonel Sturgis, who had

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been warned, and come over from the Powder River country with six companies of cavalry (Three hundred and fifty men) and some friendly Crows. Deceived by Joseph's movement, and by the messages he had received, Sturgis hastened to block up the trail down the Stinking Water. He discovered his mistake quickly, however, and took up the chase at once. On September 13th he overtook the Nez Perces on the alkaline, sagebrush plains across the Yellowstone.

The rearguard of the Indians engaged the troops, while the remainder turned into the narrow valley of Canon Creek. A detachment under Captain Benteen circled around the fight and pressed the retreating herds so closely that over four hundred ponies had to be abandoned.

The Indians then reunited at the mouth of the canon, posting themselves wherever there was a chance for shelter. There was but one way of reaching them, and that was direct pursuit. All day the Indians dropped back, fighting for every foot of ground, and at dark the exhausted soldiers withdrew to camp at the mouth of the canon.

In the morning Sturgis was reinforced by a large party of Crow Indians, who pressed the Nez Perces so vigorously that five hundred more of the ponies were abandoned. March as they would, the soldiers could not lessen the distance between themselves and the Nez Perces, who retired up the Mussell Shell River, and then, circling back of the Judith Mountains, struck the Missouri at Cow Island on the 23rd. Joseph had fought his fourth battle, had held in check a greatly superior force, and brought off his people in comparative safety.

The Indians moved on leisurely to the north. They were now coming into a beautiful country, a "very Eden" it has been called, lying about the Bear Paw and Little Rocky Mountains. It is a country of romance also, the reputed locality of the celebrated "Lost Cabin of Montana," that miners have been crazy over for the last decade. They established their camp in a crescent curve of Snake Creek, a tributary of Milk River, thirty-five miles south of the British line.

They had rid themselves of every force that had attacked them, but the telegraph and the messengers of the whites had done their work again. From Fort Keogh, away over on the Yellowstone, Col. Nelson A. Miles was coming with nine companies of mounted men, a company and a half of infantry, a company of white and Indian scouts, a breech-loading Hotchkiss gun, and a 12-pounder Napoleon.

They reached Carroll, on the Missouri, below Cow Island, and learned of the events at the latter place. On the evening of the 25th three hundred and seventy-five men began their march from Carroll to cut off the retreating Nez Perces. Joseph did not know of this new and powerful enemy. He was resting quietly only one day's march from his bravely-earned safety. If he had only known—but he had no telegraph wires.

On the morning of the 30th the camp of the Indians was attacked by the soldiers. The Nez Perces knew of their coming only long enough to gain the ravines which led into the creek valley along the bluffs. Their herd, to the number of eight hundred, was cut off by one battalion of cavalry, while two more, with the scouts, charged the camp. These barely reached the village before they recoiled under the fearful fire of the Indians, with one-fifth of their force killed and wounded.

For four days and nights the forces remained facing each other. The whites controlled the situation. They were unwilling to attempt the capture of the camp by storm, for that would involve a heavy loss of life, but they had the Indians surrounded and were damaging them with shells. The Indians could not escape through the lines without abandoning their wounded and helpless.

Said Joseph, "We could have escaped from Bear Mountain if we had left our wounded, old women, and children behind. We were unwilling to do this. We had never heard of a wounded Indian recovering while in the hands of white men."

There was only one power on earth from which they could hope for aid. Over the British line was Sitting Bull, who had been fighting Miles all summer. Perhaps this chief, who had said, "There is not one white man who loves an Indian, and not a true Indian but hates a white man," actuated by enmity to the whites, would come to the rescue. So they sent messengers, improved their defenses, and held their ground, occasionally, parleying with Colonel Miles, but Sitting Bull did not come, and on the morning of October 5th they surrendered—those who were left.

Ollacut had fallen here at Snake Creek, and so had the old Dreamer-drummer, Too-hul-hul-sute, with twenty-seven others. White Bird had fled in the night with a band which, it was afterwards learned, numbered one hundred and five. They reached British America. Joseph, be it understood, surrendered on honorable terms.

Colonel Miles said, "I acted on what I supposed was the original design of the government to place these Indians on their own reservation, and so informed them, and also sent assurances to the war parties that were out, and those who had escaped, that they would be taken to Tongue River, and retained for a time, and sent across the mountains as soon as the weather permitted in the spring."

The Indians understood also that they were to retain what stock they still had. General Howard had come up and was present at the surrender. The negotiations were conducted through his Nez Perces scouts. He issued directions to Colonel Miles to send the Indians to his department in the spring, unless he received "instructions from higher authority."

"Thus," said General Sherman, "has terminated one of the most extraordinary Indian wars of which there is any record. The Indians throughout displayed a courage and skill that elicited universal praise; they abstained from scalping, let captive women go free, did not commit indiscriminate murder of peaceful families, which is usual, and fought with almost scientific skill, using advance and read guards, skirmish lines and field fortifications."

Of course the Nez Perces were not sent back to the Lapwai reservation, as Colonel Miles had agreed. They were sent to Fort Lincoln; then to Fort Leavenworth, where they remained for a few weeks; and then to the Quapaw Agency in Indian Territory.

Said Commissioner Hayt, in his report of November 1, 1877, "Upon the capture of Joseph and his Indians, the first question that arises is, 'What shall be done with them?' Humanity prompts us to send them back and place them on the Nez Perce reservation, as Joseph and his followers have shown themselves to be brave men and skill-

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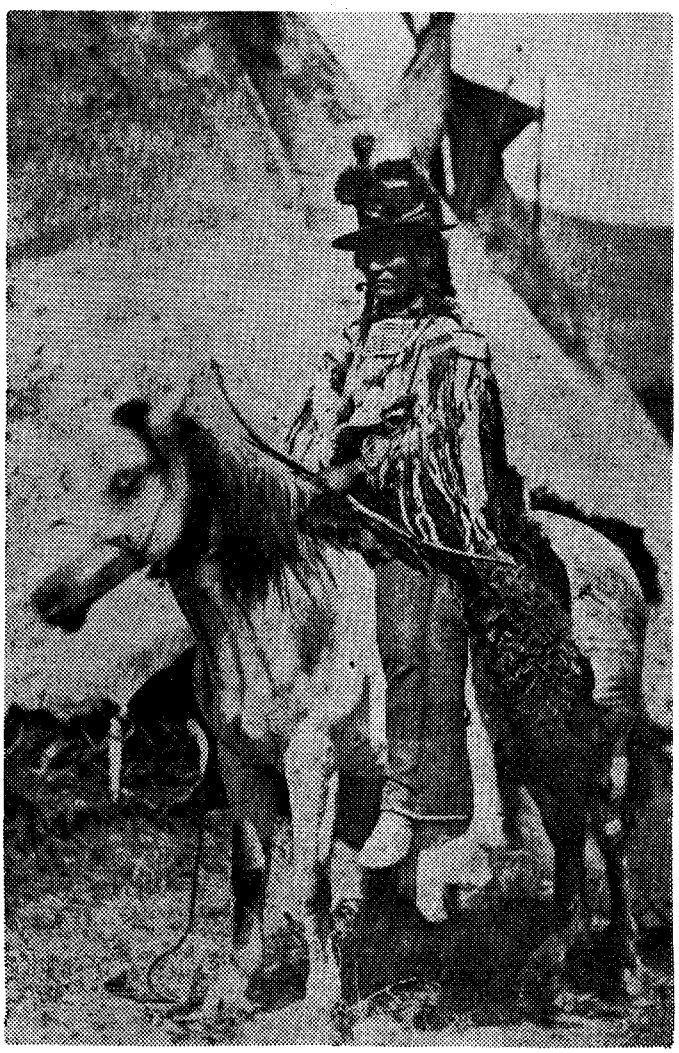
ful soldiers, who, with one exception, have observed the rules of civilized warfare, and have not mutilated their dead enemies. There is, however, an insuperable difficulty in the way, owing to the fact that at the beginning of the outbreak of the Nez Perce war, twenty-one whites in the immediate vicinity of Joseph's home were murdered in cold blood by the Indians, and six white women were outraged. Because of these crimes, there would be no peace nor safety for Joseph and his Indians on their old reservation, or in its vicinity, as the friends and relatives of the victims would wage an unrelenting war upon the offenders. Now, however, they will have to be sent to the Indian Territory. This will be no hardship to them, as the difference in the temperature between that latitude and their old home is inconsiderable."

What truth was there is his two reasons for locating the Nez Perces in Indian Territory; namely, that there would be no hardship from the change of climate, and the existence of thirst for revenge in Idaho? To avoid question as to the truth of Joseph's sad story, we will take up only official statements. In his report of November 1, 1878, Commissioner Hayt says, "The number of prisoners reported by the War Department, December 4th last, was as follows: 79 men, 178 women, and 174 children, making a total of 431. A few scattered members of the band were subsequently taken by the military and also sent to Fort Leavenworth . . . The number reported to have been turned over to the inspector and agent was 410, three of whom—children—died on the route. Inspector McNeil reported that the camping place selected by the commandant for these Indians, and where he found them, was in the Missouri River bottom, about two miles above the fort, 'between a lagoon and the river, the worst possible place that could have been selected; and the sanitary conditions of the Indians proved it.'

Looking Glass, killed 1877, a great loss for the tribe.



The physician in charge said that 'one-half could be said to be sick, and all were affected by the poisonous malaria of the camp.' After the arrival of Joseph and his band in the Indian Territory, the bad effect of their location at Fort Leavenworth manifested itself in the prostration by sickness at one time of 260 out of the 410, and within a few months they have lost by death more than one-quarter of the entire number.

In June, 1879, the Nez Perce were removed to a new reservation, just west of the Ponca agency (strange that these two shamefully mistreated tribes should be thrown together), on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas River. The philosophic Agent Whiteman reported of them on August 31, 1879: "The location, I think, is a healthy one, and the Indians are as healthy as could be expected. There is this fact about the Nez Perces, which, perhaps, is hardly ever considered, viz., that most of the young, able bodied men and women were engaged in their late war with the government, and many of them were killed and wounded, and a large proportion of the Nez Perces brought to the Indian Territory were old people and children, which accounts in a great measure for the many deaths which have occurred among them."

On September 6, 1881, Agent Jordan reported: "The Nez Perces located at Oakland comprise three hundred and twenty-eight souls, and I am sorry to be compelled to report that there has been a large amount of sickness and many deaths among them during the last year. This arises from the fact that they have not become acclimated, and are to a great extent compelled to live in teepees, the cloth of which has become so rotten from long wear and the effects of the weather as to be no longer capable of keeping out the rain, by which they were soaked during the last spring. The tribe, unless something is done for them, will soon become extinct . . ."

No immediate action was taken on a recommendation to remove them to Idaho, but in the succeeding year the work of undoing the great wrong done to them was begun. When the agency school broke up for vacation in May, 1883, the teacher, James Reuben, started for Idaho with twenty-nine of the exiles, mostly widows and orphans. James Reuben, by the way, was a Nez Perce, who had been educated and converted through the labors of Miss McBeth, a lady who went among the Nez Perces many years ago. The remainder of the band was still left there to suffer and mourn.

Taking it all in all, from the first time an Indian was kidnaped on the New England coast, and sold into slavery, down to the present day, Conestoga, Sand Creek, Bloody Point, and all, the treatment of the Nez Perces was the worst crime that the white man has perpetrated upon the red man.

RW

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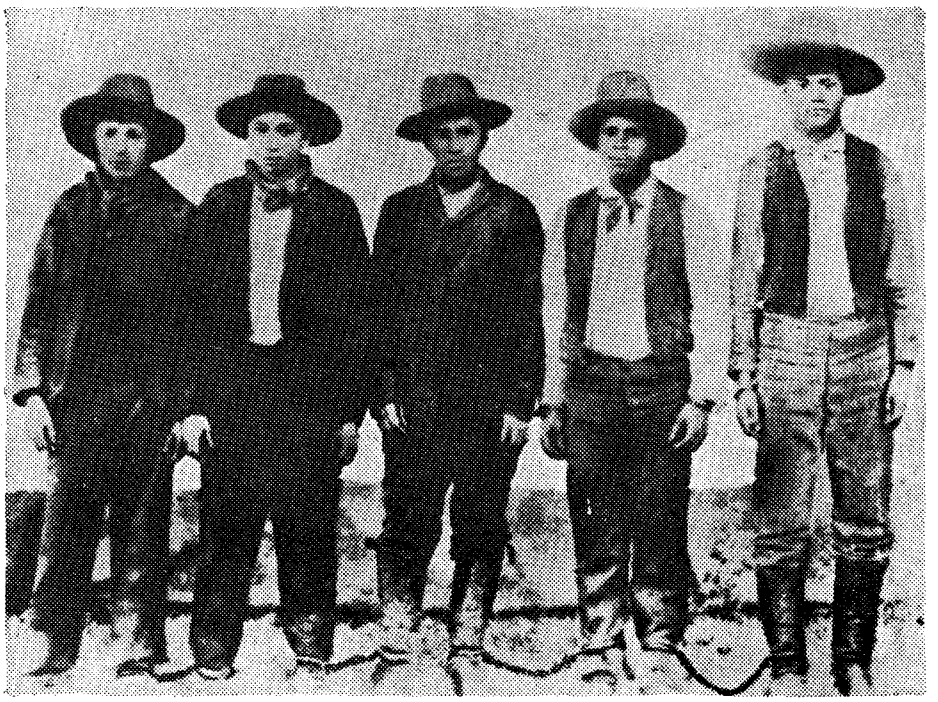
RUFUS BUCK'S 13 DAYS OF HELL



(Author's note: Marshal Sam Haynes, who was largely responsible for the capture of this ghastly gang of rapists and killers, was a fellow officer of my Uncle Jeff. We called them riding deputy marshals. My uncle wasn't in on the capture, but he worked closely with Sam Haynes and he knew the true story of the killers and the terror they spread for thirteen days in the Indian Territory. It is from my Uncle Jeff that I got the facts for this article, the accurate story of the Buck gang.)

by Olevia E. Meyers

The night of July 28, 1895 was misty and humid in the town of Okmulgee, capital of the Creek Nation in the Indian Territory. Deputy Sheriff John Smith walked his beat slowly through the dark and deserted streets. Behind him, in the shadows of a one-story building, a shadow moved swiftly, silently.

A gun in the shadow's hand roared. Deputy Smith whirled around, the bullet going through his back near his heart. Smith's body jerked and trembled as he lay on the ground, his death coming slowly and painfully. As he struggled in death, his killer, Rufus Buck, a halfbreed, stood over him and when the struggling stopped, Buck sneered, "It sure took him a hell of a time to die."

This was the Indian Territory's introduction to the murderous and crazed Buck gang and their thirteen days of terror. This gang of crazed hoodlums was, in a sense, the outgrowth of the Cherokee Bill gang. When Cherokee Bill was captured and hanged, it left a leaderless void for the riff-raff that had followed him, trying without much success to bask in Cherokee Bill's blood-stained glory.

Rufus Buck was one of the hangers-on. He had finished a ninety day sentence in Fort Smith for selling whisky to the Indians. He went to Okmulgee where he teamed up with Lewis Davis, Lucky Davis, Sam Sampson, and Maoni July. This was the nucleus that was to produce a storm of fury, murder and rape that made such famed outlaws as the Jameses, the Youngers, the Daltons, and even Cherokee Bill, look like Sunday School boys by comparison.

Rufus Buck became their leader. Not because he had brains. Rather because he seemed to be the most moronic and the most depraved of the gang. They made little attempt to hide their criminal activities. They boasted they would put all the other outlaws to shame. The killing of Deputy Smith by shooting him in the back was their first crime.

A few days later Mrs. Fred Wilson, a tenant farm wife, was moving her household goods from one farmhouse to another, a short distance from the first house. There were two wagons of household goods. She was driving one and her son Charles, 14, was on the second wagon. Freddie Malcolm, a neighbor boy, was with them.

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Suddenly on a wooded stretch of country road, four men, Rufus Buck and his companions, appeared out of the thick underbrush, all mounted on good horses. Lucky Davis was not with the gang on this first morning after the killing of the deputy sheriff. He had been unable to get a horse so was left behind. He joined them later in the day after he had stolen a horse out of a pasture.

The four outlaws sat on their horses looking at the woman whom they had forced to stop after telling her son and his friend to pull up and sit still and wait if they didn't want the woman to get a bullet in the brain. When the two boys had pulled up a little way these human animals forced the frightened woman to get down from the wagon.

Under threat of death to her son she was forced to undress slowly before the outlaws and then she was raped by all four and left beside the road in a small clump of bushes. When the frightened boys at last came back to find her she was unconscious and near death from fright and abuse. The boys carried her to the wagon and she was taken to her home and a doctor was called. She recovered but remained practically an invalid for the rest of her days.

The John Hassan family were honest, hardworking people. There were John, his wife, his wife's mother, and three small children. They lived on a little farm that Mr. Hassan had literally carved out of the bottom lands between Duck Creek and Snake Creek just a short way out of Okmulgee. Mr. Hassan had split rails and built a snug, tight fence around the place. Just a few weeks before the Buck Gang started, he asked Lewis Davis to please shut the gate when he passed through the farm. Davis got angry and, cursing, he told Mr. Hassan he had more important things to do than to be shutting gates. He had ridden away and Mr. Hassan had seen no more of him.

On this fateful morning of August 6, 1895, Mr. Hassan was to meet Lewis Davis once again. The Hassans had just stopped work to get a drink of water as the Unholy Five came riding up. Mr. Hassan saw them approaching and like all good neighbors he walked outside into the yard to make them welcome and to invite them to light down and set a spell.

As he got just outside the door he saw Lewis and then he knew he was facing the Buck Gang, one of whom already bore him ill will. Hassan turned pale and slowly started backing toward the front door where he knew the Winchester rested against the door jamb. His heart lurched now for he had almost reached the door and thought he would have the gun in his hands in a second. As he groped for the Winchester, he felt a sharp jab in the side of his face and then came laughter from the gang. While he had kept his eyes on Lewis, Maoni July had quickly stepped behind him and taken the gun from the door. It was his own Winchester jabbing into his face.

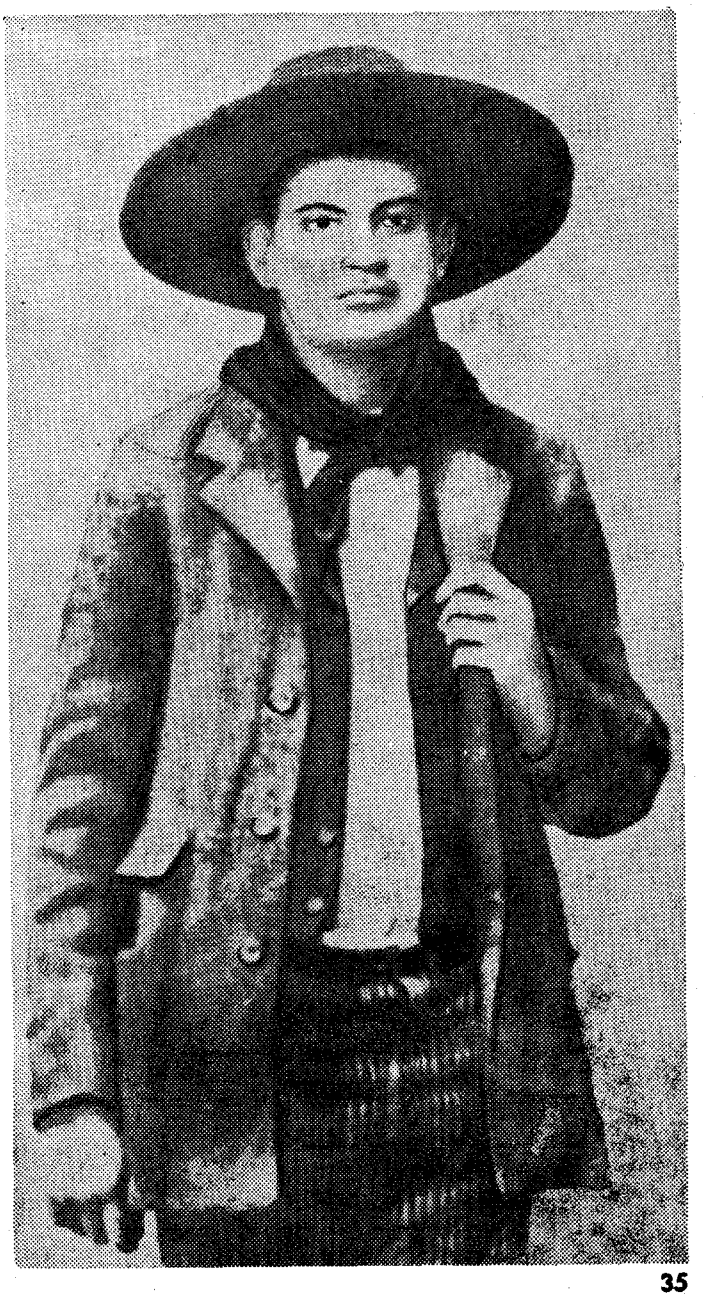
Helpless now, Mr. Hassan could only raise his hands. Laughing like devils from hell, the gang forced him into the house and Rufus Buck ordered him to sit in a chair against the wall. Turning to Mrs. Hassan, Buck ordered her to fix them something to eat and to be quick about it. The old mother hurried to put more wood in the cook stove and to shush the frightened children. Mrs. Hassan quickly got a meal of ham and eggs on the table.

As Lucky Davis stood guard over Mr. Hassan the rest of the Unholy Five ripped the neat little home apart. They found the sum of $5.95 in cash and they took a bunch of baby clothes, a suit of Mr. Hassan's and various articles of Mrs. Hassan's clothing. They made much over the underclothing of the poor woman.

Wolfing down the great platters of food and gulping huge cups of strong black coffee, the men eyed Mrs. Hassan and her old mother. The meal was over and one of the darkest, foulest crimes written into the history of the Indian Territory was beginning. It was hot in the log cabin and the outlaws ordered the family outside. The men had all eaten except Lucky Davis who had stood guard over Mr. Hassan while the white men ate. Then while he finished his meal, Mr. Hassan, the mother-in-law, and the three babies were all taken ouside.

When Lucky Davis finished his meal, he slowly eyed Mrs. Hassan, and then informed her that she was to come outside and in no uncertain words he informed her as to what her fate was to be. She begged, down on her knees

Executed Cherokee Bill was a hero to men like the Bucks.



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to Lucky Davis. "Please leave us alone. If you hurt me there is no one to care for the helpless little babies," she begged. Lucky Lewis replied, "Well, then, we'll just throw the god damned brats in the creek." Taking her arm he dragged her ruthlessly outside where the rest of the inhuman gang waited.

They had taken Hassan's chair outside and placed it under a spreading elm tree in the deep shade, Rufus Buck, telling him that he would want a ringside seat for the show and Lewis Davis had said, "We're gonna give you somethin' besides gates to think about."

Mrs. Hassan was ordered to stand within a few feet of her husband, and Rufus Buck then ordered the men in her presence, "If he so much as moves shoot his brains out both ears at once." Turning to Mrs. Hassan he told her, "Refuse just once—just one time—to do what I tell you and all four of those guns are going to go off right into his head. NOW TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS!"

Slowly, the distraught woman was forced to degrade herself there in the shade of the elm tree in her own yard and God only knows the agony of John Hassan as he sat helpless watching this awful thing.

It was finished at last. Mrs. Hassan lay a lifeless mumbling creature there on the ground—ground that was foul from the very feet of these brutes in human form.

At this agonizing moment a neighbor man happened by. He walked around the corner of the Hassan house coming up from behind and knew nothing of the tragedy being enacted here until he saw Mrs. Hassan's naked, almost lifeless form on the ground.

The entire gang whooped with laughter at the expression on the neighbor's face while Hassan could only sit at the mercy of those cocked six-guns. Rufus Buck motioned at the neighbor, "Come on, feller, we'll just take you along too—we figger on having a little dancing party now."

Mounting their horses they forced Hassan and the neighbor to walk before them and by shooting into the ground every few yards, made the men dance a jig as they walked, telling them, "If you don't want to dance maybe you'll want to die."

For two miles the two men were forced to walk and dance till at last, coming to a sort of little prairie they let them go after telling them that if they so much as mentioned their being there they would come back or have friends of theirs do so and "I guarantee you none of you will get off so easy next time," Lewis Davis said darkly.

They were free now. The animals in human form galloped away toward Sapulpa, and John Hassan, with a cry of agony, started on the run back to his poor wife. "My God," he cried, "my God, how can I stand it if she is dead." The neighbor ran with him and they ran the whole distance of two miles, John Hassan not realizing he was overtaxing himself in his great concern for his wife.

Reaching home he found his wife gone. The children were screaming with terror and the old mother almost helpless with the infirmities of extreme age was sobbing helplessly. "Where did she go?" Hassan cried. "Where did she go?" The old mother could only shake and point toward a nearby cornfield. They saw the marks then—marks made as the poor woman dragged herself into the corn to hide. They found her there cowering and babbling, completely out of her mind from the terrible ordeal. Gently they carried her to the house and while Mr. Hassan bathed her face in cold water the neighbor went for a doctor. It was 24 hours before she became rational and hugged her babies to her and cried to her husband, "Oh, they didn't kill you!"

The following day, after the news had spread like wildfire throughout the countryside about Mrs. Hassan,

Old photo of the anxious crowd at Fort Smith when the Buck gang was brought in. Lynching was on the minds of most.

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the gang met a man named Shafey, on the Berryhill Creek about 8 miles from Okmulgee, and robbed him of $50.00 in gold, his horse, saddle and bridle. Then, not satisfied, they again went through the routine of forcing the man to dance to the tune of bullets flying about him. One of the bullets came so close that it cut off the lobe of his left ear. They thought it was very funny, and Rufus jokingly remarked, "Well, we have marked him," it being the custom to mark hogs by cutting off a part of the ears, "so we'll know him the next time we see him."

The rest of that day they robbed and pillaged and killed livestock—cows, horses, pigs—any living thing that came handy to their guns. Next day it was a prominent rancher by the name of Callahan. Surrounding him as he rode along accompanied by a colored boy they again took horse, bridle, saddle, money, and then his boots. While barefoot he was forced as the others had been to dance to the tune of the sixguns. Then he too was "marked" by a bullet through the ear.

Now they turned their attention to the frightened, sobbing little boy and, using him for target practice, he was soon writhing on the ground, suffering from numerous bullet wounds and he died an agonizing death during the following night.

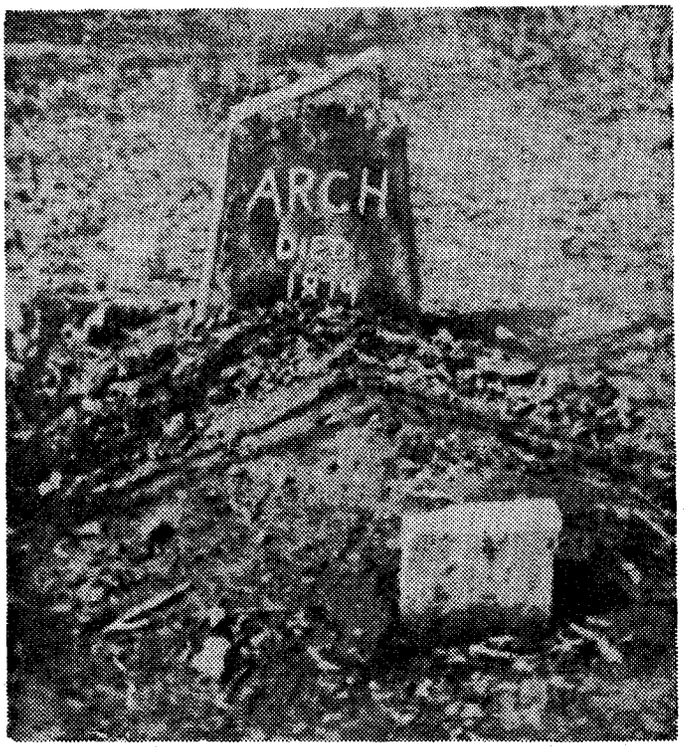
But the famed Light Horse of the Creeks were now hot on the trail of the Buck Gang, and also two U. S. Marshals from Judge Parker's court in Fort Smith. The outlaws knew this, so they decided to get new horses so as not to be so easy to identify. Lying low throughout this day, they went that night to the ranch of Gus Chambers, about ten miles from Sapulpa, Indian Territory, to steal new horses for the gang, but the whole country was alarmed by now and men forbade the womenfolk and children to go outside the houses while they themselves walked the yards of their homes with loaded guns. The women needed no urging to stay inside, and work on the crops and gardens went undone while cows stood with full udders at the pasture gates, bawling for their calves and to be relieved of their milk .

After dark, the gang crept quietly up to the Chambers barn, but Mr. Chambers, sitting in the dark yard, was ready and he fired his Winchester rapidly at the dark shadows which retreated quickly into the shelter of trees near the barn. All through the long hot August night the fight continued. Each time the gang made a move, or Mr. Chambers thought he saw movement, he fired and the outlaws fired back. At last, at daybreak, they left, having succeeded in getting only one horse.

Next day they struck again. Norberg's Store, a small general mercantile store in the little village of McDermott was robbed early in the morning and after taking the cash, they deliberately broke glass, turned over fixtures and poured flour, sugar, and anything else handy all over the floor.

After about a half hour spent here, they rode away, telling Mr. Norberg to stay inside for 10 minutes or they would be back to finish him off. They rode a short distance to the only other store in McDermott, known as Orcutt's Store, and here they again robbed and destroyed.

It was Saturday, August 10th, and Captain Edmond Harry, of the famed Light Horse, the law enforcement branch of the Creek Nation, was close on their trail, which he had been following since the beginning of this



Many outlaws lie in the graves of Cookson Hills.

gang of destruction, and, along with Light Horseman Tom Grayson, George Brown, and Skansey, accompanied by United States Marshals Sam Haynes and N. B. Irwin, they spotted the ruthless killers in a small glade just a short distance away from McDermott.

Quietly the lawmen took positions covering the outlaws. Marshal Haynes called to them that they were covered, to put up their hands and come in. Before the command was finished, there was a burst of gunfire from the desperate men, for well they knew that death from Judge Parker's gallows awaited them at old Fort Smith.

The Light Horsemen were well known to be among the best shots ever to live in the Creek Nation, and almost before the outlaws' guns were up, they too were firing. The place was rough and rocky, and many bushes grew everywhere, so in an instant all the desperate men had found shelter. The bitter fight was on in earnest. Though the Light Horse could not see the wanted men, they knew that they were pinned down in the little dale, and it was only a matter of time now.

People from the little village of McDermott heard the guns and knew the fearsome ravagers and killers were at long last cornered. Within a matter of moments every man in the village—almost—was running to the scene of the battle all with loaded Winchesters or shotguns. Over a hundred men were surrounding the outlaws within moments, and later the U. S. Marshals said that hundreds of shots were fired.

Out into the little open glade came flying four Winchesters and four shotguns. Where were the fifth man's guns? With hands up now, Rufus Buck, Lucky Davis, Sam Sampson and Maoni July, all bravado gone, held their arms high as they came out of hiding. Where was Lewis Davis? The lawmen didn't rush into the glade, well knowing that it could be a trap. Lewis Davis could empty his Winchester into them while they stood helpless.

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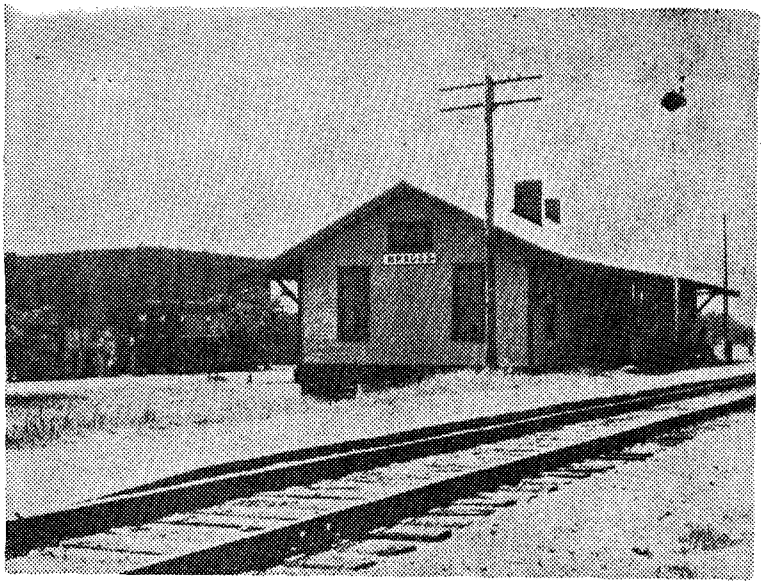

Braggs unknowingly harboured the gang of rapists.

Marshal Haynes ordered the four to come to him where he stood protected by a ledge of rock. Meekly now the four obeyed the command, looking fearfully about, afraid that someone whom they had wronged would take the law into his own hands and shoot them down like the animals they were.

The large group of men scattered now, looking for Lewis Davis. Davis alone, without the bragging support of his partners in crime, was not long in giving up. He was captured a short distance away, coming out of hiding when he heard the determined men beating the bushes.

It was over at last. Thirteen awful days and nights when men dared not lay down their guns and women and children dared not leave their houses for any reason. Lewis Davis was brought back to where the other four were in chains. So afraid were the lawmen that the wild beasts might manage somehow to get away, they had not only handcuffed them but as an added precaution, chained them together with a heavy chain after each of them had his hands bound behind him and his feet shackled.

The quiet beauty of the Cookson Hills does not reveal the terror and violence that once took place.

It was late evening now and the marshals decided to spend the night at McDermott, and start early next morning for Fort Smith. Friends of the Hassan family and of Mrs. Wilson were in the crowd that night, and it was not long before a lynching party was being talked openly. The United States marshals and the Light Horse stood firm. There would be no lynching of their prisoners —not while they were alive— and the crowd, well knowing the fame of the Light Horse and the determined minds of the marshals, quieted somewhat, but no Light Horseman and no marshal slept that long night of August tenth.

Before the end of that week, the five terrible men saw the record of their crimes laid before the grand jury in the federal building in old Fort Smith, and true bills of indictment were returned on all five. The old records at Fort Smith show the following: "United States of America, Western District of Arkansas, in the Circuit Court, Summer term, A.D. 1895.

"United States versus Rufus Buck and Lewis Davis and Lucky Davis and Sam Sampson and Maoni July—Rape.

The grand jurors of the United States of America, duly selected, sworn and charged to inquire into and for the body of the Western District of Arkansas aforesaid, upon their oath present: That Rufus Buck and Lewis Davis and Lucky Davis and Sam Sampson and Maoni July, on the 6th day of August, A.D. 1895, at the Creek Nation, in Indian Country, within the Western District of Arkansas aforesaid, in and upon Rosetta Hassan, a white woman, and not an Indian, feloniously, forcibly and violently an assault did make, and her the said Rosetta Hassan, then and there against her will, forcibly, violently and feloniously, did ravish and carnally know, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and the peace and dignity of the United States of America.

E. J. Black, Foreman of the Grand Jury.
Jas. A. Read, U. S. District Attorney, Western District of Arkansas"

After the ordeal was over for the Hassans of testifying before the hugh crowd in the old courtroom, one of the five defense attorneys appointed by the court, William M. Cravens, rose and said simply, "May it please the court and you gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence. I have nothing to say." He resumed his seat. It had been the shortest plea for defense ever recorded.

The jury was charged then by Judge Parker, and then the jury retired. A foreman was chosen, his signature affixed, and the jury retired to the courtroom with the verdict. It read: "We the jury find the defendants, Rufus Buck, Lewis Davis, Sam Sampson, Lucky Davis and Maoni July guilty of rape, as charged in the within indictment."

A stay of execution was granted for the five to await action of the Supreme Court, to which an appeal was taken. The Supreme Court upheld the decision of the Fort Smith court and on July 1st, 1896, the five were hanged on the old Fort Smith gallows.

RW

Bibliography:
All material in this article was told to me by my Uncle Jeff who got it first hand from Deputy U. S. Marshal Sam Haynes.

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RAIN-MAKERS OF EL PASO

There were plenty of explosions and commotions, but . . . would there be RAIN?

by Lenore Dils

It was September 18, 1891 when the rainmakers first started their rainmaking experiments in El Paso.

The old cattleman, covered with trail dust, stood at the edge of a large crowd which had gathered to watch the Washington rainmakers begin their experiments to bring rain to the El Paso southwest. The old man took off his sweat-stained Stetson, and wiped his sunburned brow with his much-used bandana.

Even in mid September, it was still Almighty hot. How the rainmakers could expect to get rain from that blazing, blue sky, with its sizzling sun he couldn't quite "figger." But then he had to admit that he had been a mite dubious when he first heard about telephones coming into use fourteen years before. And when he'd heard about electric lights, he'd mounted his favorite pinto and rode all the way from Engle to see them for himself. And maybe them men out there working with all those explosives and balloons could make rain, and the good Lord knew there's be thousands more of the cattle on the Jornada die unless it rained soon. He hoped . . . he shorely hoped that rainmaking would work. And it might . . . the world sure did move these days.

The new school teacher who had come to Engle a few weeks back from Santa Fe had told his kids about a man by the name of Duryea who was working on a "horseless carriage." Now wouldn't that be something to see? Seemed to him that just about anything could happen in the world of 1891.

As he watched the rainmakers at their work, lining up their artillery, filling their ballons, and tying sticks of rackarock together, he couldn't help being filled with just a little doubt. He turned to the Mexican woodbearer standing open-mouthed and watching the proceedings. His gaunt dog was ever watchful to see that no one got too near his master.

"Think it will work?" the old cowman asked.

The Mexican couldn't understand, so the man from Engle tried again this time in Spanish. The Mexican shrugged, "Quien sabe?" he asked. Yes, "who knows?"

Men's nerves were raw and they were all set to try anything to bring rain. The philosophy of most was, "You never know till you try." For two year the southwest had baked to a crisp under a murderous sun. Water holes and arroyas were fissured with heat cracks, and the blue bowl of sky stayed cloudless, with its blazing, scorching sun which drew every last remaining drop of moisture out of the mountain springs and streams.

Even the mesquite and creosote bushes, long used to drought and dry, hot winds, were dead and could be uprooted by a slight tug. No insects hummed about your head, and only a few song birds could be heard. Only fat, soaring buzzards circled the sky where there were hundreds of dying animals that had fallen in their search for water.

Yes, men had long been in search of a magical process to bring rain, and just last August of this year 1964 there was hope that by seeding clouds over Nevada, the six major unchecked range fires might be controlled. Whether this seeding was resorted to, and with what success is not known by this writer. Apparently the Nevada cloud-seeders had clouds to start with. El Paso on September 18, 1891 did not. The cloudless sky was a challenge to the most optimistic.

Also in August, 1964 an article appeared in the El Paso Herald Post, titled "Rainmaker Speaks . . . Ovvers Butte Water." It seems that a former Fabens, Texas, schoolteacher and his wife were reported to have said they could put 600,000 acre feet of water into Elephant Butte reservoir within six weeks for $2500 cash advanced, secured by a note payable from the extra revenue produced. The rains were just beginning over the southwest at this time.

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Scientists have for years advanced the idea that rainfall might be produced artifically during times of drought, and would be of untold benefit to the arid regions of the earth. The most recent of these are the cloud-seeding experiments.

These dreams of artificial rainmaking are not new. In 1891 when the rainmakers came to Texas, the whole field of rainmaking had been explored. And the Department of Agriculture bought the package of rainmaking without batting an eye, despite the fact that each experiment would cost $80,000, which was a lot of money in '91.

The honorable C. B. Farwell, from Texas, was very anxious to bring relief to the southwest in general and to Texas in particular. He listened to the talk about "mingling currents of air differing considerably in humidity and temperature, to bring rain." He heard learned men say that "the moisture would be condensed and precipitated by a warmer current being cooled, thus a lessening of its capacity to hold moisture would result."

One professor said, "If the equatorial current can be deflected into cooler currents, while passing over arid regions, rain will follow almost as surely as in any other locality." It sounded good.

Men interested in rainmaking always quoted Plutarch and others who held forth the idea that rain always followed great battles. Plutarch thought the din of battle literally shook the heavens and produced rain.

During the Civil War which had ended just a little over a quarter of a century before, Mr. Edward Powers of Wisconsin wrote a series of articles entitled "War and the Weather." Mr. Powers seemed convinced that the Civil War with heavy cannon, produced rain, but he reasoned that a like result might be achieved any time by a like method. Of course it would cost quite a bit of money, but when you compared it to the value of rain in a drought, you would be convinced it was little enough.

Mr. Powers had letters from many army men who agreed with him that battles seemed to bring rain. Governor Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Augusta, Maine, was one of these. On December 12, 1870 he wrote: "Regarding the effect of heavy firing on atmosphere, certainly a great storm occurred after the great battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, etc."

General J. M. McNulta wrote from Bloomington, Ill., on December 13, 1870, "Not only has it been my experience that rain follows soon after every heavy cannonading, but that this was very generally conceded and understood in the army, and acted upon the soldiers in preparing for it after every battle."

A great many public men became interested in making rain by cannon-firing, but the expense was thought to be prohibitive, because the estimated cost of each experiment was $80,795.

All over the world thoughts were turning to rainmaking at this time. In 1880 General Daniel Ruggles, a resident of Fredericksburg, Pa., suggested instead of the use of cannon firing that explosives be raised into the upper strata of air by means of balloons.

Previously over in New Zealand in the fall of 1876 a man named Ferdinand Hatermann suggested that several balloons about seven feet in diameter be carried into the region of rainy clouds and discharged. (However this would presuppose that there were already rainfilled clouds on hand for the experiment.) By 1890 such excitement had been aroused over the rainmaking suggestions, that the plan was brought before Congress, where an appropriation of $2,000 was made for use by the Department of Agriculture in investigating the possibilities of rainmaking. And the last Congress added another $7,000 for the experimentation.

While Congress was trying to decide on the matter, Senator C. B. Farwell of Texas, Secretary of Agriculture J. M. Rusk and others got together with Dr. Claud O. Rosell, a chemist of the patent office and a good friend of Farwell's, George Dyrenforth, who suggested that balloons could be inflated with a highly explosive gas, instead of dynamite. By using 2 parts of hydrogen and 1 part oxygen they would get a violent explosive and could use smaller balloons.

George Dyrenforth was asked to take personal charge of the experiments. These were to start near Midland, Texas, on the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains, where a severe drought had caused the loss of thousands of head of cattle.

The group of experimenters arrived August 5, 1891 at Midland and after driving 25 miles over the prairie came to the Chicago Ranch, where they were invited to visit Mr. Nelson Morris of Chicago. The ranch had some 300,000 acres and about 15,000 cattle and about 20 cowboys who could help with the experiments.

In the party was Dr. Claude Rosell, Mr. Edward Powers, Professor George E. Curtis of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. John T. Ellis of Oberline College and five other specialists and assistants.

This was to be an experiment of no mean proportions. Sixty-four explosive balloons, ten to twelve feet in diameter would be used . . . three balloons for making the ascensions and also there was 20,000 pounds of iron borings, hundreds of pounds of sulphuric acid together with generators, powdered chlorate of potash, hundreds of pounds of manganese, fifty retorts and furnaces and fittings for generating twelve thousand cubic feet of oxygen gas. Also materials for making 100 strong cloth-covered kites. In addition the outfit would use ingredients for making thousands of pounds of rackarock powder, as well as meteorlogical and electrical instruments.

The first experiment took place on August 9th, 1891, and Dyrenforth sent forth glowing reports about its success. He reported that at five p.m. they had let go with a few ground explosions, and at 7 p.m. ground batteries had gone into action. At this time, the weather was "clear and the barometer normal." By noon on the following day clouds began to appear, and shortly afterwards, nearly two inches of rain fell. On August 18th the experiments were repeated, and again down came the rain. A third experiment on August 25th brought the third rain.

Newspapers all over the nation heralded with headlines, "They Made Rain."

From Midland the Sky-Skirmishers, as they came to be called, came to El Paso, where with the assistance of Lieutenant Shubril A. Dyer and 22 enlisted men from Fort Bliss firing was resumed on September 18th. El Paso invested $767 to buy explosives and although Professor John Ellis saw not one drop of rain, but it was reported that a slight shower fell some twenty five miles away. El Paso's mayor, "Honest Dick" Caples and D. W. Reckhart with other leading business men doubted that the rainmakers would bring rain, but they realized full well that lots of free advertising would come from the big investment, when newspapers from coast to coast would

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After the first blast, Mexican and dog hightailed it.

write about the "dry" southwest, good for health seekers.

The hectic September 18th in El Paso, was just about too much for some of the residents of the town. Santa Fe Conductor Charlie Watlington couldn't sleep, and bemoaned the fact that there should be a law against such a racket. A man had to get his rest if he was to keep alert on a train. For two days his coaches had been filled with ranchers and farmers coming to El Paso to watch the rainmakers bring rain.

School teachers also objected to the noise, when they couldn't hear themselves think, but had to let out school. But the boys and girls enjoyed the magnificent bombarding going on at the head of Mount Franklin, and would long talk about it.

When the bombarding started the lanky dog which had been standing beside the Mexican wood bearer took off down the mountain, along with other dogs which had followed a few kids up the mountain. The woodbearer tore down the mountain after his dog, losing some of the precious wood on the way. Wood was hard to come by in El Paso in those days.

As a result of the El Paso experiments, no rain came to El Paso. Those that had been hopeful, now asserted that they'd known all along it was a bunch of foolishness.

On the eve before the departure, under the direction of the President "Rex Reckhart" the McGinty Club threw a big farewell party for their illustrious guests. The rainmakers were seated on the outside of the well-known Mesa Garden pavilion, and after a series of fireworks, some McGinty member announced that they could now expect rain, and just at that time the unsuspecting guests from Washington, New York and Ohio were thoroughly doused with a large quantity of water descending from the roof of the pavilion. It was reported that the gentlemen were good sports. Indeed, how they could be otherwise. And while they had not brought El Paso the "fence-raiser" they had hoped for, at least they brought much merriment, a good deal of diversion and excitement, and as one old Civil War Veteran said, "Ain't seen nothin' like it since '63 in Chattanoogy."

An old army scout standing nearby answered, "More noise than on the Little Big Horn."

While the newspapers were sensational in their reports of the success of the experiments, some farm journals who had men on the scenes of these rainmaking trials, including the Chicago Implement News, and Dallas Farm and Ranch, declared the public had been misled "deliberately or otherwise." In all cases where rain did fall, they maintained, the rain had been previously predicted by the Weather Bureau.

Meteoroligist George Curtis in a letter to Fernow of the Division of Forestry in February 1892 wrote:

> "The public has been misled and the Federal Government is partially responsible. These experiments give way for charlatans to prey upon the public gullibility."

Rusk had nothing to say, but Kilgore of Texas said it was a "dead failure" and suggested prayer meetings.

From El Paso the experimenters went to San Antonio, and here in late November the expedition again promised to bring rain, a real "fence-lifter."

Governor Hogg of Texas was a guest of the rainmakers during these San Antonio experiments, and there were many other prominent visitors present, including members of the army stationed at Camp Farwell on Alamo Heights 4 miles north of San Antonio. The Government weather bureau was alerted to make independent notes of these experiments when the rainmakers were prepared to again "wring, or coax or startle water from the skies." On Thanksgiving day a number of shells were fired and continued until the morning of November 26, and there was a "mere sprinkling."

When the experiments again failed, Dyrenforth became a most unpopular man, as someone said, "All them consarned rainmakers were about as popular after that as a nest of scorpions." The budget bureau concluded firmly there would be no more experiments. Dyrenforth was dubbed "Dry-Hence-Forth" and all the "Powers-That-Be" could say apologetically was, "Well, you can't say we didn't try."

A few weeks later the drought was broken in Texas, but not as a result of any rainmaking efforts, and the Texans would not "buy rain" for a long, long time to come.

RW

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THE MAN WHO STOLE

People still argue whether David Payne was a great developer or a colossal fraud. In any event he got what he wanted most — Oklahoma.

by John J. Majors

He'd rolled those intruding wagons into this forbidden stretch of Indian Territory, and almost at once, by the authority of the United States army, he was being told to roll them out.

David Lewis Payne was complying under protest. "Sir," he addressed the commander of the cavalry detachment which had surrounded the wagon camp, "we are peaceful homesteaders lawfully occupying a part of the public domain. These are the Unassigned Lands—"

The officer interrupted him impatiently. "Unassigned, Mr. Payne, till the government moves in Indian tribes for whom they've been reserved. I have here an executive order for you to vacate forthwith."

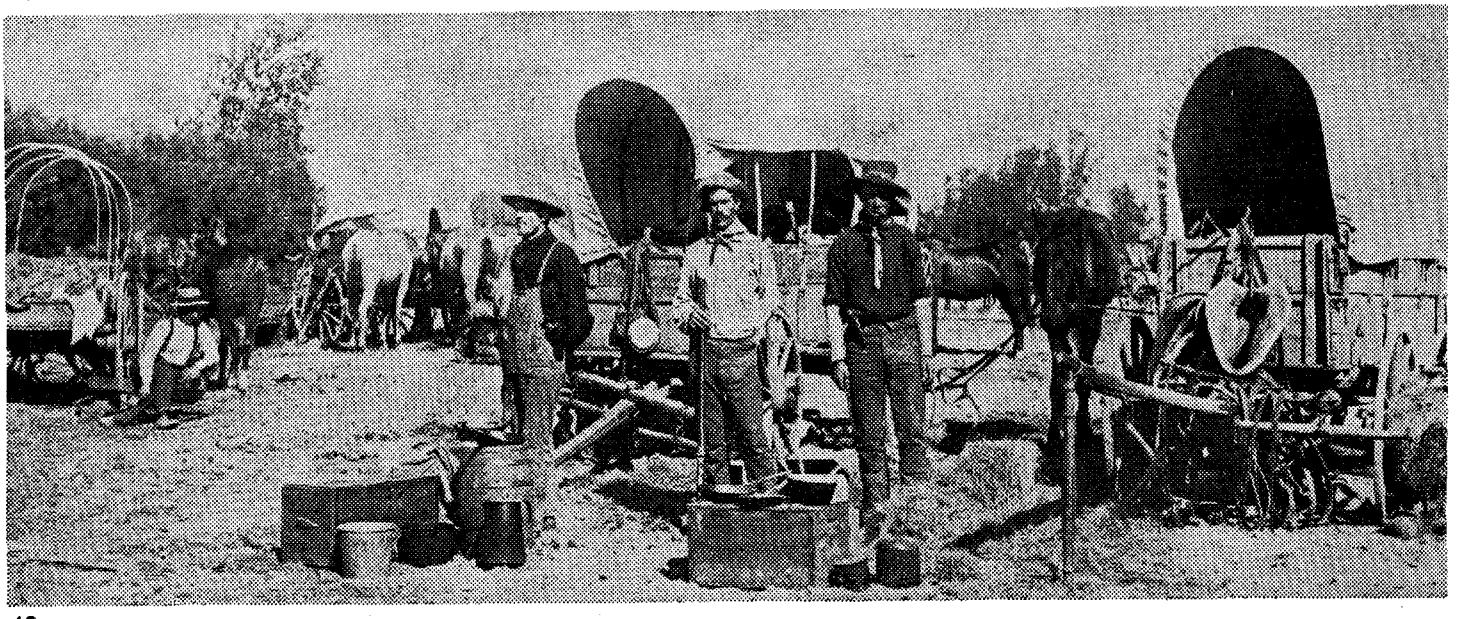
At a signal from Payne, his party of lank pilgrims and their families began reloading wagons. "We obey," he said, turning to his followers. "But you've staked out your claims. And we'll be back—back to this country we call Oklahoma."

This was the first act in the weirdest and craziest theft in the old West of two million acres of land from the Indians, and David Lewis Payne, the man who manipulated this theft must go down in the history of the West as one of the outstanding characters, even though he failed in everything else.

The year was 1880 when white settlers were grabbing whatever was left of the Indian lands throughout the West. David Payne was 44, and had lived a life of many starts and few arrivals. A distant kinsman and namesake of the famous Davy Crockett, he had been a Kansas legislator, a Civil War soldier, a guide for buffalo hunters, a wandering meat trader, postmaster at Fort Leavenworth, and doorkeeper of the Federal Congress in Washington. He could out-orate any other politician in Kansas and was able to lure a dollar far better than he ever managed to keep one. He had fought as a military commander in the massive Kansas wars of 1867, matching Winchester against arrow in campaigns against such redskin warlords as Roman Nose and Charlie Bent. But nothing he had done yielded him more than a dime's worth of fame or very much credit at the bank.

Yet some stubborn something inside of him would never let him accept that one reality of his life—being a ne'er-do-well. There had been a period in Newton, Kansas, when he had done hard menial labor for a daily wage of a dollar and a bottle of whisky. Any other man would have, perhaps, called calf-rope to failure and have been done with dizzy dreams. But "Captain Payne," as he was still called for courtesy's sake, kept cherishing the gaudiest dream of all—to take over the magnificent domain lying on the southern border of Kansas. To see it emblazoned as another star in the flag of the American Union. That swaddling empire called Indian Territory, originally set aside by Congress to be the home of the red tribes for "as long as the grass grew and waters flowed."

Typical Boomers who made up Payne's army of invaders. Their clothing may have varied but each wears a sidearm.



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OKLAHOMA!

That country had been etched indelibly on his mind ever since he first saw it on one of the lonely odysseys that David Payne was forever tracing.

Some time before the Civil War he visited it. This fertile and largely undeveloped country was already beginning to be called Oklahoma from what disputed sources say was an Indian word meaning "beautiful land."

A beautiful land it seemed to David Payne. A finer stretch of country than he had even seen in his drifting around over Colorado and Utah and flat, treeless Kansas. A land with broad, wooded prairies nestling on rolling slopes. As Payne made his way down the rich valley of the Cimarron River, he felt that during all of his thousands of miles of wandering, he had never seen an area so spacious or so potentially prosperous.

He envisioned cotton growing in place of catclaw and wheat fields superseding patches of thistle. All these broad acres, so covered with worthless wild growth, seemed to be awaiting the touch of the plow. Creeks and rivers gave the soil natural drainage; knolls and hills should be sites of towns and cities. Churches and schools should cover inviting meadows where now he saw nothing but blunted arrowheads strewn among heaps of buffalo bones.

A man of a one-track mind, Payne was outraged by what he regarded as all this inexcusable waste of good land. What, he asked himself, could industrious white settlers do with a country like this? What were slow-poke Indians, hating plows and the ordered tidiness of civilization, doing with it?

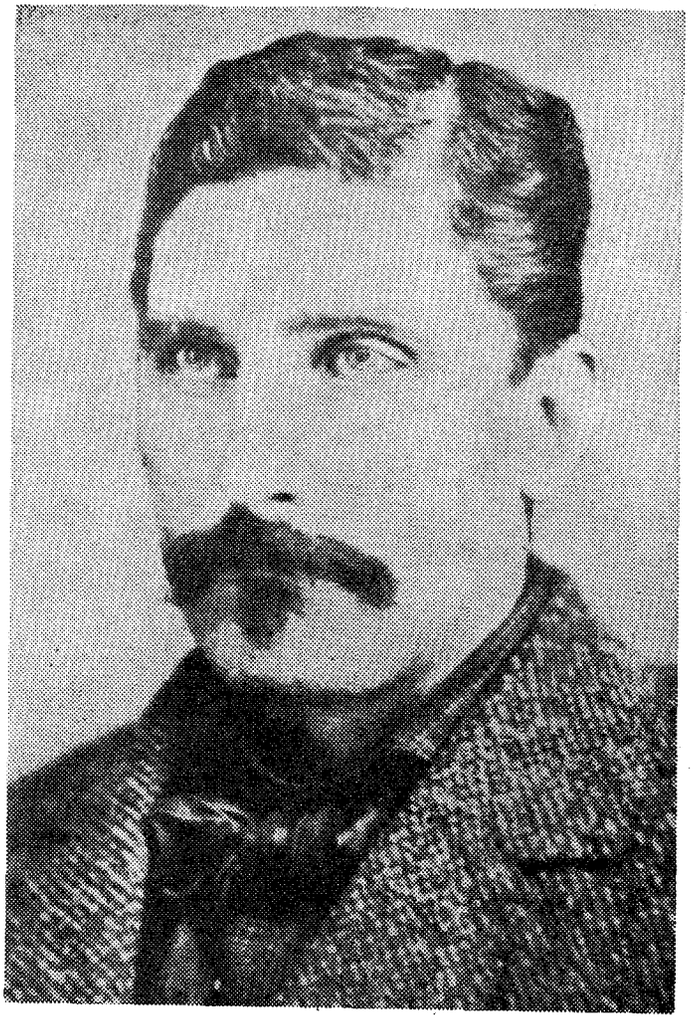
It would never have occurred to him that the various tribes had the right to do anything they chose with the section allotted to them. Within the limited thinking of most white frontiersmen he couldn't conceive any society except his own, his society that was pure Caucasian.

Probably on that trip which made him so morosely unhappy, Payne didn't venture into sections of the Territory where resourceful red men had built towns and churches and schools. Five functioning republics—the republics of the Five Civilized Tribes—were flourishing with elected chiefs and legislatures. For a generation, a Cherokee academy had been turning out scholars in Greek and Latin, languages of which this dreamy drifter was no master. Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles had also dropped the tomahawk for the plow and most of their old pagan beliefs for Christianity.

None of it would have impressed "Captain Payne." All Indians, with or without the alphabet, were savages to him. Nor did his experiences with them during the Civil War improve his opinion of them or make him feel that they had any rights he was bound to respect.

Combat service brought him back to Indian Territory. Since the Territory bordered both on the Union and the Confederacy, the tribes, too, had gotten mixed up in the bloody mess. But all in all, Confederate and Unionist Indians alike gave sorry accountings of themselves in the imbroglio. Payne held them both in contempt, failing to understand that red men wearing blue or wearing gray couldn't be too enthusiastic about a war of white men.

David Payne rolled his wagons despite the U.S. Army.



During 1866, the government seized fourteen million acres from three of the Five Civilized Tribes, the job being accomplished through six-shooter treaties. All Cherokees, Creeks and Seminoles were thereby penalized because near-white slave owners had thrown in with the beaten confederacy. More than twelve million acres were set aside for smaller, uncivilized Indian bands being forcibly removed to reservations from states and territories farther west. But almost two million acres, lying in what is now the very heart of the Indian Territory, were left unassigned, though it was the plain intention of Washington officials to populate them with other little tribes that the diligent U. S. Cavalry still had to round up.

As army captain, Payne helped fetch into hated exile Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahos and other Indians who had roamed free over the plains and the hills of the West for centuries. His burning passion for the Beautiful Land soared with his contempt for its new tenants.

Why, he kept asking himself, waste it on Indians who ate dog stew and staged primitive orgies in its bushes? Let the Indian perish for being of a race that scarcely deserved to live. How much consideration had the god-fearing Israelites shown the sacrilegious heathen of Canaan when they marched in praying and shooting un-

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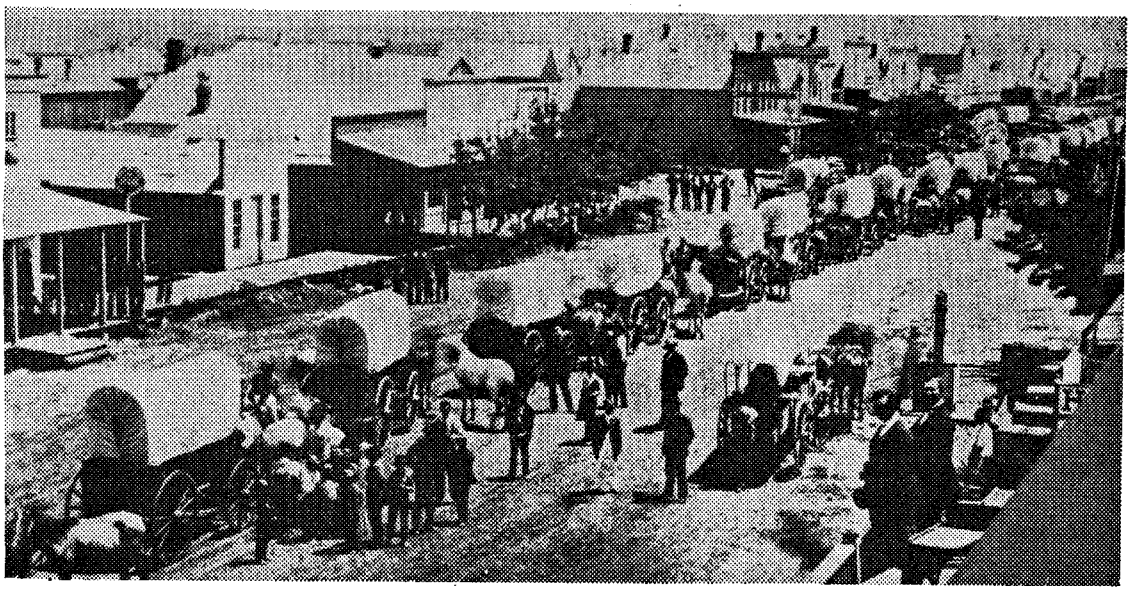

It was like a gala affair as Payne's wagon train lined up in Wellington, ready to invade the Indian lands. But it would take more than one attempt.

der that famous marshal of Jehovah, old Joshua?

Paradoxically Payne found the answers he was looking for from the lips of an Indian—or a man legally classed as one.

Lawyer Elias Boudinot was listed as a red man on the rolls of the Cherokee Nation. Actually he had spent much of his adult life in Arkansas and had served as secretary of that state's secession convention. Fair-skinned, with only a token ounce of Indian blood, he belonged to a prominent near-white Cherokee family which had a furious grudge against the tribal government out of old differences arising from the Nation's removal to Indian Territory, a few generations before. Although Boudinot had served in the confederate army, his fine education and his ingratiating personality had won him the post of clerk of the House Committee on Public Lands in Washington.

There a broke, striving Kansan met him in 1875. Payne had gotten the job of congressional doorkeeper through the influence of Senator Thomas Ewing who was paying off an old political favor. Soon the "Cimarron Scout," as Payne was called, got to know his fellow-employee of the House, that dashing Cherokee, Mr. Boudinot. The committee on public lands, served by the glib attorney, was completely dominated by huge real estate and railroad interests which, for understandable reasons, maintained good relations with its clerk.

Boudinot knew all about the Unassigned Lands. According to the authoritative Oklahoma historian, Carl Coke Rister, he was also deeply involved with the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad which wanted Indian Territory opened for settlement to hustling whites who would bring it more business than citizens of quaint, thinly-populated Indian republics. Above all, Boudinot wanted the destruction of the Cherokee tribal structure for wrongs which he felt it had inflicted upon his family.

Eventually this white "Indian" became the needed front for the railroad. He went back to Arkansas and resumed his law practice. From his office he turned out pamphlets and letters to newspapers claiming that the Unassigned Lands were part of the general public domain instead of acreage set aside for more piddling remnant tribes. But the agile Boudinot and his powerful allies needed to find a somebody who would defy the government and actually lead squatters into the disputed country.

David Payne was their man. And he was easy to hire.

Several previous "Boomer" attempts at settlement had failed. The word "boomer" itself came from the way the homeseekers had come booming uninvited into the Indian nations. Past failures didn't hold back Captain Payne.

In 1879, Payne returned to Wichita, Kansas, where he had settled after the Civil War. The town was near the Indian Territory border and, therefore, an ideal jumping-off spot for a filibuster. Payne organized a settlement association which promised a quarter section of land—160 acres—for a two-dollar membership fee and a town lot for a payment of twenty-five dollars.

Shortly after a promotion campaign of brochures, pamphlets and other publicity produced by the audacious Boudinot, Payne had signed up 400 two-dollar members who expected to follow their Joshua into the Promised Land. Wichita business men came through with $25 dollar memberships expecting to open stores in Canaan once Captain Payne had cleared it of the heathen. To make the whole thing more alluring Payne had prepared an attractive map of the area. Curiously, his prospective "capital" was located on the very spot where the state's capital of Oklahoma City is located today.

And it was to the precise future site of Oklahoma City that he led his first party of Boomers in the spring of 1880. On April 26th, he and a crowd of 21 men crossed into Indian Territory from a spot near Arkansas City, Kansas. They eluded soldiers posted at the border to stop them. On May 2 they made camp on a bank of the North Canadian River which would become a main artery of later Oklahoma City. Soon Payne was sending by courier accounts of his "triumph" to the Wichita papers, accounts which Oklahoma historian Edwin C. McReynolds drily labels "more optimistic than accurate."

One such report should have won a tin medal for pure gall. It read:

"Please say to any that may wish to know that the public lands in the Indian Territory are not only open to settlement, *but settled.* (Italics the author's.) We are here to stay, are building houses and making homes. Brought with me 153 men all of them with good teams. Will have 1000 men here in 30 days.

(Signed)
D. L. Payne."

The score of boomers built a stockade around their settlement for defense in case outraged Indians should

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come to evict them. They laid in a supply of firewood. Each man staked out a claim and a townsite of 720 blocks was drawn up on paper.

Alas for high hopes. Payne's community of invaders proved to have less permanence than a prairie dog town. The Indians offered no resistance. But the United States army did.

A squad commanded by a shavetail, Lieutenant G. H. Gale, rode out from Fort Reno, thirty miles away. Payne and his would-be colonists were arrested as intruders on Indian lands, that disappointing day of May 15th. They were marched back to the Kansas line by the troopers. The War Department in Washington thought that it had heard the last of Payne and his pests.

But on July 6, 1880, the "Cimarron Scout" as he liked to be called, was back again disturbing the peace of Indian Territory. He slipped into the forbidden country with still another party of stalwarts. The group reached their original bastion on the North Canadian. In a second act that was a repetition of the first, in came the soldiers. But this time their commander was Captain T. B. Robinson who determined to learn something about ex-Captain Dave Payne's operating techniques.

He invited Payne to his tent for supper, then got him royally drunk on rare bourbon. Payne's tongue became slippery in a disastrous manner. Under the influence of the choice redeye, he boasted to the captain that his braves slipped into Indian Territory one wagon load at a time, the adventurers afterwards converging at specified points selected by their scouts.

Blowing and bragging, Payne also boasted, according to McReynolds, "that he had the backing of powerful friends and the best legal talent." Captain Robinson didn't have to do much adding to conclude that these backers were the railroad magnates and their lawyers, including the learned Mr. Boudinot.

Hospitality backfired when Robinson informed Payne that he was under arrest. First offenders at land-grabbing were generally escorted to the Kansas border. Payne and his principal cohorts were taken to the Federal district court of Judge Isaac Parker at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Parker was hell on killers and horse thieves from Indian Territory, being destined to hang 88 of them during a twenty-one year tenure in the most feared court ever to function in the West.

But he was graciously lenient to the vagrants who wanted to dismantle Indian Territory and its tribal communities altogether. From the best possible information, Payne's friends were turned loose scot free. According to some sources, the leader was placed under a nominal bond of $1000 to go home and stay out of the Territory.

The bond evidently meant nothing to him if it was ever posted. On the strength of the publicity from his escapade, Payne made a "lecture" jaunt to St. Louis where a maddened, greedy crowd listened to him orate about the glories of Oklahoma and its prospects for industrious white men once the Indians could be dispossessed. Copies of pamphlets by Boudinot were allegedly distributed at the meeting. Flunkies from the railroads were as thick as fleas on gophers.

Wichita gave its ubiquitous Mr. Payne a homecoming that made history. Just a few years before he had been digging water wells around Kansas, sweating to buy victuals. Now he was as puffed up as any original Puritan elder who ever went out to slay Pequet and Narragansett Indians for the sake of righteousness. Early in December, 1880, the adventurer, backed by Wichita business men, made his most spectacular attempt to seize the Unassigned Lands.

His second caravan of invaders numbered 325 wagons camped on the left side of Bitter Creek near Hunnewell, Kansas. On the other side was planted a sizable cordon of cavalrymen commanded by Colonel J. J. Coppinger, who regarded Payne as no more than a common land shark. "A goodly number of women and children" were in the Boomer ranks.

The Stars and Stripes flew, if in clashing aims, from both the camp of the Boomers and the camp of the soldiers. Wagons also flaunted banners with such inscriptions as:

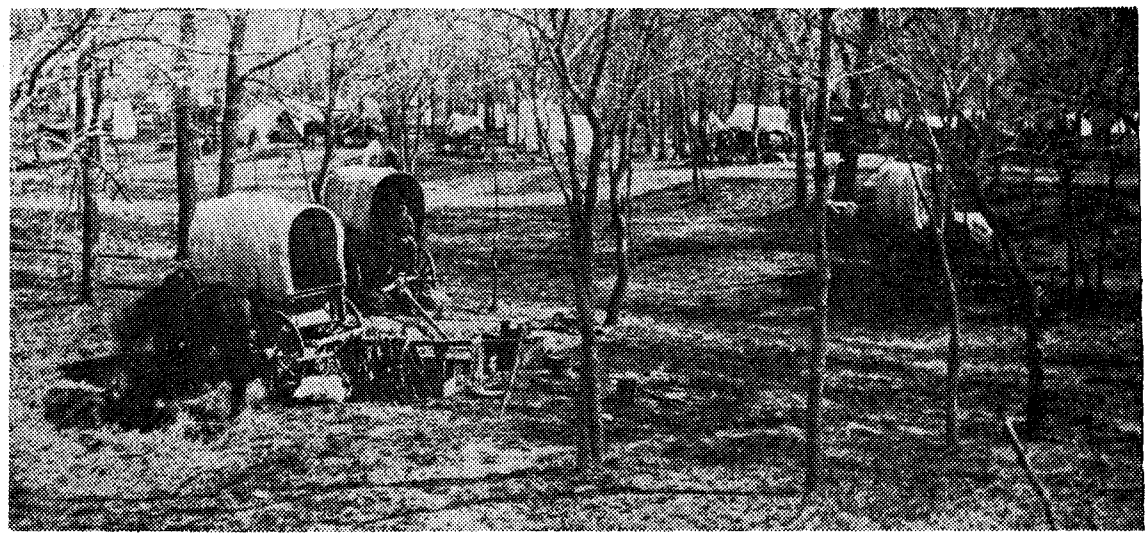
"STRIKE FOR YOUR HOMES"
"NO TURN BACK"
"ON TO OKLAHOMA"

The homes that the migrants meant to "strike for" were of course the lawful homes of the Indians.

On Sunday, December 12, visitors from all over Kansas came to see the Boomers off. A dress parade of six hundred prospective settlers was held during the morning. Religious services, to which the soldiers received an invitation, were held during the afternoon. Hymns were rendered. A preacher delivered an appropriate sermon—the text being from Exodus, that history of the Canaanite War:

"Go forth and possess the land."

After some delay, with many premature pioneers get-



The settlers looked peaceful enough in this photo, but the army was even now on its way to drive them back. It was a bloodless struggle, a lasting fight with the Government and the Indian nations on one side and David Payne on the other.

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Lawyer Boudinot had a grudge against the Cherokees.

ting cold feet and turning back, 200 Boomers riding in 68 wagons moved out from Arkansas City toward the old Cherokee Outlet on December 9th. Colonel Coppinger's detachment fanned out to parallel the party, interposing themselves between the homeseekers and the Indian Territory border.

At Chilocco Creek, both parties made camp. For two days following, the Boomers kept moving west toward the Territory, the soldiers maintaining pace with them. Not far from Hunnewell Colonel Coppinger rode into the Boomer nest and asked to see its king bee.

"Mr. Payne," he said firmly, "I have instructions that you and your people are to be restrained from entering Indian Territory." The colonel tipped his hat to some gaunt women passing by in sunbonnets.

"Forcibly restrained, sir, if necessary."

Payne ordered the wagons turned back. Under the continued surveillance of the military, his Boomers made camp at Caldwell, Kansas, where they were reenforced by five more wagons and twenty johnny-come-lately land seekers.

Caldwell received the shabby bunch as if they were heroes returning home from some sacred crusade. A huge procession of citizens, led by the mayor, escorted them down the main street. Sentimental ladies waved handkerchiefs; men and children rushed forward to embrace them; startled dogs howled for having their tails stepped on.

Nobody said anything to the second contingent of the parade—the troopers still accompanying the settlers to convince them that they meant business. But the men in blue got many hard, mean looks.

A committee headed by a Texas speculator, Dr. Robert Wilson, went to Washington hoping to persuade President Hayes to issue an order authorizing settlement of the Unassigned Lands. On Christmas Day, 1880, sympathizers with the Boomers brought them food, clothing and gifts including a wad of cash and two pistols for Captain Payne. But the committee returned with an indifferent response from Rutherford B. Hayes getting ready to turn over his office to the newly-elected president, James A. Garfield.

The Boomer encampment began disintegrating. At that point, the whole movement might have collapsed but for all those intangibles of conquest. And for certain things that were clearly tangible—the continued propaganda of the Boudinot-railroad combination, the dogged persistance of Dave Payne who grew more determined as his taxed brain and body got sicker.

To all these add one crowning factor: The rank failure of the Federal courts to enforce Indian treaty rights.

During March of 1881, Payne's trial came up after some delay before Judge Parker in Fort Smith. He was fined a thousand dollars. The law provided no further penalty than a fine for unauthorized entrance upon Indian lands. But since Payne had no visible property that could be attached, the levy could not be collected.

A wizard of law like Judge Parker should have had a better come-uppance. He didn't let killers get by on such technicalities. Historian McReynolds estimates that Payne collected at least $100,000 during the four years he dealt in lands for which he had not one scratch of personal title. But Payne, this "land baron" without an acre, was now free to go all over the country stirring up agitation for the seizure of that land still left of the heritage of the American Indian.

Which is exactly what he did; anything to call public attention to the Unassigned Lands billed, after the fashion of land promoters, as an earthly paradise. That the paradise would afterwards produce the Dust Bowl by being stripped of its natural grass for the ground-devouring cotton was something which couldn't be foreseen on the dice that the adventurer kept hurling.

He talked and talked and talked. He even appeared for one season with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show being billed as "Captain David L. Payne, the Oklahoma Raider." Those two showmen—Buffalo Bill and Dave Payne—must

A newspaper advertisement and circular printed in 1883.

Oklahoma Colony!

A Colony has been organized for the purpose of opening up and settling this beautiful country lying south of the State of Kansas. This Colony will start for that country on June 25, 1883, and will settle upon and occupy this famous and fertile country. This is the last and only chance to secure for yourselves homes upon government lands that have heretofore been held for the Indians. This country belongs to the government and is surveyed and sectionized. Capt D. L. Payne, the famous Oklahoma agitator, will lecture upon this subject

TO-NIGHT!

fully relating the progress made by previous expeditions to that country, and will give his hearers a truthful description of the country and the present status of the colony.

Every person who desires to secure an excellent home, should not fail to attend the lecture.

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have understood each other. The same performance also featured a much more authentic frontiersman than either of them—Major Frank North, commander of Indian scouts during the Sioux and Cheyenne wars of the Northwest.

Four more expeditions Payne led into Indian Territory with the peaceful Indian tribes pathetically depending upon Washington to expel him for good and all. But in 1884—that terminal year of his life—he struck pay dirt which he was fated never to enjoy.

On that fourth and final sortie, Payne and his principal aides were arrested by troopers after bringing in five hundred men and more than two hundred wagons to the prohibited lands. This general staff of the Boomers was marched on foot to the Texas line, then back into the heart of Indian Territory, receiving scant rations of food and water. Then they were taken to Fort Smith where the usually implacable Judge Parker, that self-proclaimed friend of the Indian, refused to try them, though Payne's case had been on his docket for three years.

But Federal court at Topeka, Kansas, was less subtle when they were hauled before it as defendants. At its fall term of 1884 a judge strongly sympathetic to his fellow-Kansan, David Payne, ruled that the Unassigned Lands were part of the general public domain. Therefore the Boomers and their leader had committed no crime in trying to settle on them.

That decision, never reversed by a higher court, was also the death warrant for Indian Territory. Five years later, Congress lopped off its western half to become Oklahoma Territory—a commonwealth of Boomers rushing in from every state of the Union to homestead on Indian land. Tribesmen—civilized and uncivilized—had meantime been reduced to small individual allotments following the spectacular land runs of 1889 and 1890. There would follow in hard, natural sequence, the abolition of the Indian governments by railroad-influenced congresses; and, in 1908, the merging of the two territories into what is now the thriving state of Oklahoma.

But where was David Payne during all this dramatic fulfillment of his dream?

Dead in his grave. Dead, in some irony of history, a few weeks after that court victory in Topeka.

November 28, 1884, that last day of his checkered life, he was having breakfast with a group of friends at the Hotel de Barnard in Wellington, Kansas. They were giving him the hero's treatment, predicting that he would be the first governor of Oklahoma when it became the next star in the flag and were planning a public celebration of his fifty-eighth birthday, just one month off.

Payne smiled, answered something—then slumped dead in his chair.

His mourning followers compared their champion to Moses who led the Israelites to the Promised Land but had gone out by the Lord's will before possessing it himself. More than eighty years later, he is one of the most controversial figures of Western history.

Mr. McReynolds says that he was considerably less than frontiersmen like Kit Carson, Davy Crockett and others he tried to emulate. His admirers, conceding that he was scarcely perfect, speak of him as "the Father of Oklahoma."

For whatever his faults, Oklahoma, without him, might have remained the semi-wilderness slightly splotched by

Payne's project got good boosting on these posters.

civilization that Montana and Wyoming were until very recently. Many of the white settlers who came in his wake were doctors, teachers, skilled workmen and fine farmers whom a nesting, undeveloped empire needed very badly to go forward.

In any case, that empire could not have remained an isolated Indian society in an America that had become a complex republic of so many peoples. Within that large process of growth, Oklahoma became something that David Payne could never have visualized—America's first bi-racial state. Under the leadership of educated red men, Indians helped shape their Beautiful Land from its very beginnings and are still doing their job of molding it.

A brilliant Cherokee, Robert L. Owen, was one of Oklahoma's first United States senators. A later governor was Johnston Murray, descendant of a distinguished Chickasaw chief. Oklahoma Indians were the first to attain full American citizenship. Oklahoma is still today the great Indian center of our country.

Whatever good or bad came from this gigantic theft of two million acres, David Lewis Payne must be given credit for this amazing achievement. And in the West today many still call him, "The West's Greatest Land Thief."

RW

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I spent some time in Oklahoma going through old newspaper files and interviewing old timers.

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GENERAL BALDWIN'S FANTASTIC EXPEDITION

In one of the most unusual and bloody battles of the frontier, this double Medal of Honor winner launched the army's first "tank" attack.

by Henry I. Kurtz

In the dim, frosty haze of morning the crouching infantry officer and his army scout companion peered across the Texas valley to where the cluster of Cheyenne wickiups jutted up from the windswept, grassy floor.

Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin, 5th U. S. Infantry, turned to the bearded, buckskin-clad figure kneeling beside him. "Well, Schmalsle, how many do you make them out to be?" he asked, tightening the long cavalry cape around his campaign-toughened frame.

The German-born scout took a last glance through the battered regulation field glasses before replying in a soft drawl, "Looks to be about 60 or 70 wickiups. From the size of that pony herd I reckon maybe 300 Dog Soldiers."

Baldwin passed his hand meditatively along the flowing black mustache that accented his sharp Yankee features. "If that's Gray Beard's village, the Germain girls are probably down there," he mused half aloud.

"It's Gray Beard all right, lieutenant—that's his wickiup dead in the center there," Schmalsle offered. "You thinking of attacking?" he asked hesitantly, almost as an afterthought.

Twisting on his side, Baldwin looked down the slope behind him to where his small command—one company each of infantry and cavalry, 23 empty wagons and a howitzer—waited patiently in the chill of this November morning in 1874.

"I don't know, scout," Baldwin said after a moment's reflection. "It's a tough situation. Go on down and tell the other officers I want to see them."

Schmalsle scampered down to the culvert below while Baldwin turned once more toward the Indian village. There was activity in the camp now; dogs were barking, and smoke was trickling from the buffalo-hide shelters. Over on the eastern ridge, above McClellan's Creek, the first glint of the sun was poking its way through a thin veil of clouds. He would have to act fast, Baldwin thought, or he would lose what element of surprise he had.

It was a tough situation, all right. This was not even a striking force; just an empty wagon train and escort, under orders from Colonel Nelson A. Miles to proceed to its supply base on the Washita River. And yet Baldwin clearly remembered the last part of the colonel's verbal instructions: "Should you find any considerable body of Indians, communicate with me at once, and *attack or pursue as you may deem expedient.*" Was it "expedient," though? Baldwin reflected. Was it worth risking his whole command to save the lives of a few captive white girls who might or might not be in this particular village?

The four youngsters, aged 5 to 17, had been swooped up in a dawn raid by Cheyenne Dog Soldiers (many of whom belonged to Gray Beard's tribe) two months before near the Smoky Hill River in Kansas. The father, mother, brother and older sister in the family—the Germain* family, bound from Georgia to find a new life in Colorado—were murdered in the attack and the four younger girls taken as captives. Baldwin well knew what happened to white females captured by the Indians. He still remembered an incident of a few years before, when two starved, beaten girls of 18 and 20 were brought into Fort Harker, Kansas, raving and delirious after having been rescued by a detachment of the 3rd Infantry. They had been repeatedly raped and tormented during four brutish months of captivity. One had ended up in an insane asylum.

It was not the first time that Frank Baldwin had to make a quick decision. At 32, still only a lieutenant in the small, under-strength Regular Army, the Michigan-born

*Some sources say the name was "German." Others spell it "Germaine" and "Germain." "Germain" seems to be the most common spelling.

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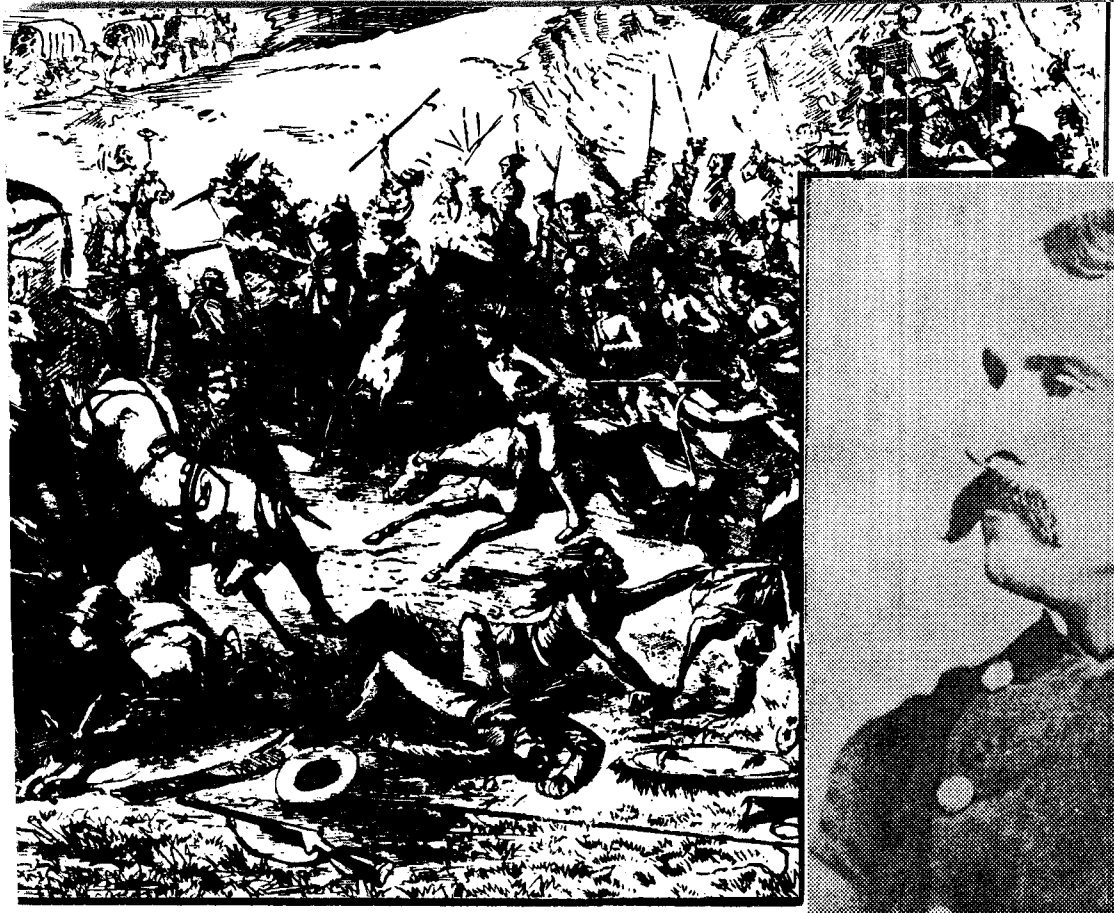

Frank Baldwin in 1876, two years after his rescue of the Germain sisters in the battle at McClellans Creek, Texas.

soldier had already seen more than his share of action. A born fighter whose Connecticut ancestors had served under Washington, Baldwin had always sought the tough assignments, the extra-hazardous duty. In 13 years of military service his daring and intrepedity had gotten him out of tight spots in 22 major campaigns and battles and innumerable smaller engagements with Confederates and Indians. Ten years earlier he had won a Congressional Medal of Honor.

The lieutenant could not know it, but he was soon to become one of two officers in the entire history of the U. S. Army to win *two* Medals of Honor.

As he waited for the other officers of the command to climb up the ridge, Baldwin mused over some of the difficult situations he had faced as a soldier. His mind wandered back to that bloody morning of July 20, 1864, when he won the Congressional Medal of Honor at the age of 22 . . .

The Union Army had moved across the turbulent waters of Peachtree Creek on the line of march toward Atlanta. No sooner were Sherman's men across when a Confederate force of 20,000 began moving in a brilliant column of battle across the two-mile plain to the south.

From his position, Baldwin could see clearly what the Rebels were up to. If they succeeded in their move it would surely mean victory for the Confederates and rout and confusion for the Federals. There was no time to lose, Baldwin knew. Raising his sword high, he yelled above the din, "D company, left front into line!"

Like a well-oiled gate, his battered but disciplined company immediately swung to its left, presenting a solid front of blue to the advancing Georgians.

"Rapid fire, and blast hell out of those Georgia crackers for all you're worth!" Baldwin shouted. Up the slope came the Rebels, colors flying and bayonetted rifles glinting white streaks across smoke-stained faces. The fire from the Union rifles was murderous and unrelenting.

But despite the remorseless Union volleys, the much larger Rebel force was only temporarily halted. The Southerners came up again, pressing nearer to the slope, until only a hundred feet away from the ridge.

"Keep firing men, make every shot a good one," Baldwin commanded.

"It's no use, sir," one of his lieutenants said desperately. "We've gone through our ammunition and they still keep coming."

"Hell and damnation, man!" Baldwin growled, his veins bulging in his neck. "We've got bayonets and rifle butts. That's plenty to kill Rebels with!"

The Michigan men let out a shattering howl. With the Yankee cheer bellowing from his throat, Baldwin led his company in a mad dash straight for the center of the Georgia regiment. Bayonets first, the audacious Yankees tumbled wildly into the disbelieving ranks of the enemy soldiers. Slashing and clubbing their way through, Baldwin and his men drove a wedge in the Confederate line.

But after recovering from their surprise, the Rebel force began pressing D company by sheer weight of numbers. Suddenly new firing flared up from behind, and the Confederates began to retreat. Baldwin whirled in time to see a mass of blue sweep up the ridge, drums pounding the "attack." A full brigade had been sent to help him plug up the hole in the Union line. The captain turned back to the battle.

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Up ahead, through the smoky fog, he spotted the Georgia color sergeant and two officers trying to rally their men. He'd have to do something about that bunch, he thought. And he did.

The two enemy officers did not know what was happening until they heard the wild-looking young Union captain shout, "Give me that flag!" and saw their color sergeant hacked down by a vicious swipe of the Yankee's sword. Recovering quickly from his surprise, one of the Georgia lieutenants smashed Baldwin full in the face with the barrel of his revolver. As he flopped in the dust, the two Confederates seized the prized flag and made off at a dead run toward their own lines. Baldwin looked up to see them hightailing it. Suddenly, almost with boyish exuberance, he decided, "Damn those rascals. I want that flag as a trophy!"

And with that, the war became a sporting contest. Disregarding his gashed cheek, Baldwin ripped off swordbelt, coat and hat and sprang forward, sword in hand.

The battle was forgotten. It was now a foot race between two Georgia lieutenants and a battle-crazed Yankee daredevil. The Rebels had stopped again to try to rally their fleeing comrades. But when they caught sight of their pursuer they darted off like two scared rabbits being tailed by a snarling hound. They were no match for the fleet-footed Baldwin. He was right behind, laughing and shouting as he ran. When he was snorting down their backs, he touched one and then the other with his sword, and ordered, "Down on your stomachs, Rebs, or I'll tan your hides with my saber!" They went down flat on their guts, the chuckling Baldwin behind them, claiming men and flag as his prisoners.

It was then that Baldwin realized what he had done. They were smack between both lines, and the firing was blazing with renewed ferocity. The captain stopped laughing now, and soberness returned to his face. The three of them lay there, hugging the ground for dear life, as shot and shell stormed overhead. Assuming a protective air over his prizes, Baldwin cautioned, "Keep down, you fellows."

Baldwin and his captives were lucky. The Rebels continued to fall back, and a party of the captain's own company found them toward dusk. In a spirit of gallantry Baldwin treated his two "guests" to dinner before sending them back to brigade headquarters. Even the captured Rebels admitted it had been quite a lark.

Baldwin's superiors thought even more of the feat; the citation of the Medal of Honor awarded him commended the captain for "singly entering the enemy's lines despite a galling fire, capturing and bringing back two commissioned officers, fully armed, besides a guidon of a Georgia regiment . . . "

With the four white girls possibly down there, a battle with the Cheyennes would be no frolic, Baldwin mused. As he lay sprawled on the ridge, he considered the pros and cons of attacking the Indians. On the one hand, to use his outnumbered force for other than defense of the wagon train would be dangerous—he could lose everything, and the chance of success was questionable. On the other, Colonel Miles was not far off. Baldwin could send for assistance, meanwhile beginning the attack with the hope that reinforcements would come up in time. And if he did attack now, he would have the advantage of surprise. All these things he considered.

No, it was no use reasoning it out! He would have to act. And if he wanted to live with himself, he knew just how he would have to act. Lieutenant Baldwin had made up his mind even before his thoughts were interrupted by Lieutenants Harry Bailey, head of Company D, 5th Infantry, and Gilbert Overton, head of Troop D, 6th Cavalry, his fellow officers.

"The scout said you wanted us," Overton called as they approached.

"Yes. I've decided to attack that hostile village below," Baldwin said calmly.

Overton's jaw dropped slightly and he glanced quickly at Bailey. "Don't you consider that a bit rash, Frank?" Bailey commented, chomping hard on the stub of a cheroot that protruded slightly from his untrimmed reddish beard.

"They outnumber us better than three to one," Overton added. "Hadn't we ought to wait for Miles?"

"This was not intended to be a discussion, gentlemen, but merely a council of war," Baldwin declared. "Colonel Miles' orders were flexible in regard to our mission. I have decided that it is "expedient" to attack. If you disagree, you may put your views in writing—"

"Now hold on Frank," Overton interrupted. "We're as anxious about the Germain girls as you are. We just thought it might be better to wait. But if you think otherwise, we'll go along."

As the three crouched in a semi-circle, Baldwin explained his plan. "We'll have to hit hard and fast. We don't want them to kill the captives." He pointed along

The Germain girls look grim several weeks after rescue.

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the ridge. "We'll form up here, wagons and men. Cavalry on the flanks and infantry in the wagons, along with the howitzer—"

"Did you say infantry in the wagons?" Bailey was taken aback.

"Infantry in the wagons," Baldwin repeated. "It's the only way. We can't spare any men to guard the train, so the wagons go with us. And unless you want to run along holding on to your stirrups like the Highlanders at Waterloo, I don't see any other way."

"Just like the charioteers of old. Why not?" Overton was smiling now.

Baldwin grinned back. "That's what I say. Now see to your commands. We attack in 15 minutes."

The three officers scrambled quickly down the slope. While Overton and Bailey—the latter still convinced that he would be killed or court-martialed for being crazy enough to go along with this scheme—gave hurried commands to their companies, Baldwin hastily scribbled a message to Colonel Miles, telling him that the hostiles had been found and that he would need help. Then he handed it to his scout. "Good luck," Schmalsle called, somewhat skeptically, as he started off.

Bailey's infantrymen were clambering up the ridge now, rifles slung, pulling the lead mules of the 23 wagon teams as they went. Dismounted troopers tugged their mounts single file on either side of the wagons. Near the crest, the column began to form up under Baldwin's scrutiny.

"Put the wagons in a double column," he instructed. "The one with the howitzer goes in the front line. Watch your spacing there; don't bunch up! Keep the noise down."

Baldwin looked down the line. The cavalry had formed up, one platoon on each flank; the wagons were in two long lines in the center, infantrymen crouching inside, rifles at the ready. Behind the long battle line a party of Delaware Indian trackers and some scouts brought up the rear. There was a look of satisfaction in Baldwin's cold, gray eyes as he gazed at his men, who appeared trim and ready.

"Very well," he said. "Lieutenant Overton, take the right platoon. Bailey, you lead the wagons and your soldiers. I'll take the left. We'll go in at a run. When we hit the village, I want the wagons to smash through. The cavalry will peel off. I'll swing around and cut their flank. Overton, you hit the pony herd and drive them off."

The doubts Baldwin had had were beginning to part as he and his fellow officers took up their positions. Across the valley the sun was full-up over the tips of the eastern rim. A few figures could be seen among the clustered wickiups, performing the usual morning chores.

Baldwin glanced once more over his right shoulder at the anxious men anticipating his signal. Then he turned to the trumpeter standing a few paces behind. "All right, bugler, sound the charge!"

The shrill notes blasted the stillness of the morning. With a lurch, the whole line surged forward and over the crest, breaking into a gallop. Wagons creaked and bounced, jostling the swearing soldiers who held on to the sideboards for all they were worth. Baldwin raced ahead, pistol in hand, while behind him his men shouted and urged their mounts forward. Above the general din, the lieutenant could hear a dozen roaring Rebel yells from troopers who had formerly ridden with "Jeb" Stuart and Bedford Forrest.

Medals reflect the courage of General Frank Baldwin.

Up ahead, in the Indian village, startled Cheyennes tumbled from their buffalo-hide shelters, stark naked and goggle-eyed with terror and disbelief, and grabbed their weapons. Some had already begun to fire at the bluecoats, who were sweeping down from the ridge like a savage tornado. Turning to the right, Baldwin saw Lieutenant Bailey raise his sword and bring it down with a sharp motion. The howitzer in the center wagon boomed loudly and the shell exploded in the middle of the village, causing havoc among the half-asleep Indians.

And with that shot, history's first "tank" attack was under way.

The attackers were almost on top of the village now, and the infantry Springfields were clattering away. Baldwin looked to the right and saw Overton swinging wide to hit the Cheyenne pony herd. Then he signaled his own platoon to veer to the left while the wagons continued on to the center of the village. The startled Dog Soldiers were unprepared for the spectacle of 23 wagons and teams, loaded with sharpshooting infantrymen, now bearing down in a swirl of kicked-up mud. The heavy Conestogas swayed and careened through the wickiup-studded pathways, and the Indians broke and ran, stopping only long enough to pick up the nearest weapon.

Driving steadily ahead, the infantrymen toppled warriors with steady volleys and slashed at the buffalo-hide dwelling with their bayonets. In some cases they plowed straight through the shelters, trampling Cheyennes under mule hooves and the iron-rimmed wheels of the vehicles.

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Baldwin had led his cavalrymen in a wide circling arc around the village, and now he brought them thundering in at a run, hitting the Cheyennes from the rear. The troopers pounded in just in time to meet and cut off the first of the fugitives fleeing from the infantry. The rage of battle once again in his eyes, Baldwin let his men snap off a quick volley with their carbines, then yelled, "Pistols and sabers, men. Forward!"

In they charged, pistols blazing and sabers sinking deep. A young buck darted out from between two wickiups, war club poised. Baldwin spotted him and fired a quick shot. He missed and the war club spun menacingly close to his head. The officer ran right over the brave, sending him somersaulting into the dirt. A trooper behind put the finishing touch on the jarred Indian with his saber, cleaving the Dog Soldier's head nearly in half.

Disorganized and still in a state of shock, the Cheyennes were no match for the determined bluecoats. They scattered in dozens, racing in every direction to avoid the death-dealing blows that seemed to come from everywhere. Baldwin reached the center of the village in time to see the infantry pulling up and springing from their wagons, now being used as barricades. Bailey was forming his men into skirmish lines, and Baldwin ordered his troopers to dismount with carbines and join in. Together they pressed forward, driving the remaining warriors before them.

From the other side of the village came more sounds of fighting as Overton, having scattered the Indians' horses, now moved in to complete the pincer. Only a few Indians remained in the village. Most had fled and were running on foot toward the so-called Staked Plain in the distance. Suddenly Bailey motioned for Baldwin to join him—something had caught his attention.

"You see that small buffalo shelter over there." Bailey gestured toward a small tent near Gray Beard's wickiup. "It looks like the sort of place where they would hold their captives."

"Give me covering fire and I'll take a look," Baldwin replied. Under cover of their comrades, he and half a dozen troopers raced for the tent. As they drew near a group of warriors sprang from concealment and began a rain of arrows and bullets. A trooper on Baldwin's left staggered back with an arrow in his chest and the rest of the soldiers dived for cover. Baldwin emptied his pistol at a heavily feathered sub-chief and watched his body drop lifeless. Then he grabbed the dead troopers' carbine and fired at another Indian trying to break away. The bullet thumped into the warrior's back and sent him crumpling into the dirt.

With the other cavalrymen behind him, Baldwin moved forward again. The last of the Indians had pulled out and the firing was beginning to slacken. At the entrance to the small tent Baldwin paused and cocked his reloaded pistol. Gently he parted the flap of the shelter and peered into the blackness. At first no sign of life greeted him. Then, as he bounded in, a little girl's voice shouted in alarm and he saw two small, huddled figures in one corner.

Ten-year-old Julia Germain and her 5-year-old sister, Adelaide—half-starved, frightened and covered with bruises—were nevertheless alive and safe.

Leaving the girls in the care of some soldiers, Baldwin regrouped his command and started in pursuit of the Indians. A number of the Cheyennes were making a stand in an attempt to cover the withdrawal of their women and children, but a few rounds from the howitzer sent them scurrying. For 12 miles and four hours, the soldiers continued the chase as gradually the Indians broke up into little groups and melted into the hills.

Praise would be showered on Baldwin from all quarters. Said Brigadier General W. C. Brown admiringly, "We believe it is the first instance in an engagement where every man, hoof and wheel was used in the first onslaught on an enemy's camp." And Fairfax Downey, the noted writer on American military history, would put Baldwin's ingenious tactics in their proper perspective by ending his comments on the attack with the words, "Thus in the year 1874 on the western plains was launched the forerunner of a tank attack."

The victory also resulted in the award of a second Medal of Honor to Baldwin, making him one of two officers in the history of the U. S. Army to be thus decorated. (The other was George A. Custer's younger brother, Tom.)

One might think that a two-time Medal of Honor winner would be content to rest on his laurels, that the rest of his life would be anti-climactic. Not so in the case of Frank Baldwin; there was plenty more fight left in him. Rising in rank, he continued to serve with distinction in the Indian campaigns that followed. In 1875 he was one of the officers in the force that compelled the remaining bands of Cheyennes to surrender at Fort Reno and bring with them the two older Germain sisters, who, though they had been roughly handled, recovered fully.

During the Philippine Insurrection, Baldwin's daring and unorthodox tactics proved to be just what the U. S. needed to defeat the native guerrillas fighting to the death to oust the Americans. As a lieutenant colonel in the 4th Infantry, he succeeded in forcing the surrender of General Mariano Trias and his 2,000-man army after months of vicious jungle fighting. On May 2 and 3, 1902, he defeated a superior force of *insurrectos* at the decisive Battle of Bayan—an achievement that earned him a promotion to brigadier general and a personal commendation from President Theodore Roosevelt.

Baldwin retired from active service in 1915, at the age of 73, and shortly after was made a major general by special act of Congress. He died on April 22, 1923, and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

Today few Americans have ever heard of Frank Baldwin. This is a fact to be lamented, because in his 53-year military career, Baldwin best personified the bold and dashing soldier who fought first to preserve his nation, and then to expand it on the American continent and in the South Pacific. And to students of the Old West, he was the hero of one of the most spectacular, exciting and unusual feats on the American frontier.

RW

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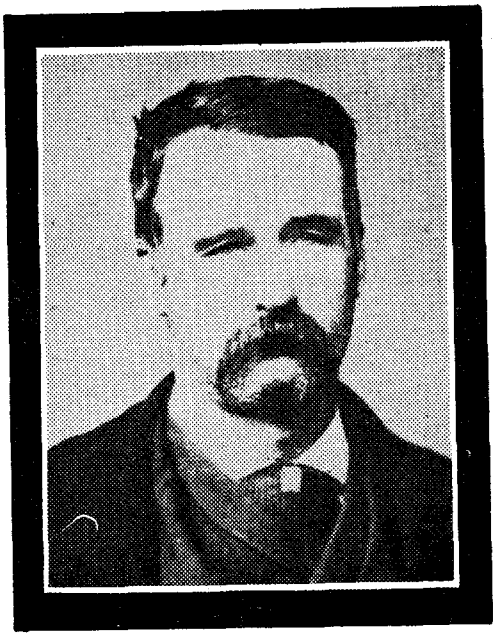

BOONE HELM: BLOODY CANNIBAL OF THE WEST

He was a vicious, mad killer who sometimes lived off the flesh of his unfortunate victims.

by G. H. LaTelle

Boone Helm never ranked very high as a western gunfighter, but as a vicious, cold blooded murderer he had few peers. There is probably no accurate record of the number of men who were boosted over the threshold of Valhalla with the help of Boone, but most reliable estimates place the number at well over a score. Most gunfighters gave their opponents at least a token chance of survival by meeting them face to face, and matching speed of draw or accuracy of fire.

Boone Helm never intentionally risked his own hide in an encounter with another man. His reputation as a killer and his belligerent attitude made him feared wherever he was well known, but there seem to be very few accounts of shootouts in which he was a participant.

There were five of the Helm brothers, four of whom were known to have died violent deaths. If there was a black sheep of the family the honor undoubtedly fell to Boone. A native of Kentucky, Boone's history of infamy began in Missouri. He was a tall, physically strong, profane braggart who was also a heavy drinker. His beady eyes bracketed an eagle beak of a nose, and his overlarge, pendulous lower lip hung slack to reveal yellow fang-like buck teeth.

He was a monster of depravity and given to insane rages. There is little question that he was imbued with a courage of sorts, as some of his rash acts testify. On one occasion a Missouri sheriff was issued a warrant for the arrest of Boone. Upon learning that the sheriff was looking for him he mounted his horse, rode up the court steps and into the jury room where court was in session, and profanely demanded of the circuit court judge the reason that the sheriff was looking for him.

In 1848 Boone Helm married a respectable girl, and a daughter was born to the union. When the little girl was still an infant Boone's wife could no longer stand him, and secured a divorce.

Boone had a close friend named Littlebury Shoot. They discussed leaving Missouri for either California or Texas, and Boone decided that he wanted to go to Texas. Shoot preferred California, but Boone continued to hold out for Texas. One day Boone visited Shoot, and on his front porch asked for a final decision, but Shoot was still reluctant to go to Texas. In a friendly manner Boone placed his left hand on Shoot's shoulder and asked for a 'yes' or 'no' answer. Littlebury Shoot said 'no', and Boone buried a bowie knife in his chest, killing him instantly.

He left town and a group of Shoot's friends took up his trail. Boone was captured on an Indian Reservation and was returned to Monroe County, where he was tried for murder and convicted. There was question of his sanity and he was committed to a lunatic asylum. He was a model patient, and was soon permitted to walk about outside with a guard, with whom he became very friendly. Boone developed an obsession for visiting a group of willows near the asylum. One day his guard stopped to chat with a friend while Boone was wandering in the willows, and Monroe County never saw Boone Helm again.

Boone drifted to California, where three of his brothers were engaged in a mining venture at the Boise diggings. During the several years he was in California he was credited with a number of killings for which there was not enough evidence for a conviction. Finally, following a vicious premeditated murder, Boone left California in a hurry. He next appeared around Dalles, Oregon in the Spring of 1858. Upon learning that extradition papers were being sought for his return to California he, with six companions, started for Camp Floyd, Utah, in October 1858. Camp Floyd was a military encampment about 60 miles from Great Salt Lake City. Starting on the journey with Boone were Dr. William Groves, Elijah Burton, William Fletcher, John Martin, McGranigan and Field. Helm devised a plan to steal 2,000 head of horses belonging to the Walla Walla Indians and drive them to Utah for sale. Dr. Groves left the party and advised the Walla Wallas of the plan, which failed when they threw a heavy guard around their horses. Dr. Groves' return to

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Dalles was probably the wisest move he ever made. Boone Helm was to be the only one of the party to reach Utah, with the unwitting help of Elijah Burton.

Following the unsuccessful attempt to steal the Walla Walla horse herd the group moved on to the Raft River, where they were attacked by Digger Indians. They warded off the attack without losing a man and continued on to the Bannack River. Here the Indians made a night sortie and killed a camp sentinel, but the remaining five members of the group managed to escape harm. As the party struggled over mountains and skirted precipitous canyons the fury of Winter hit them with a vengeance. The temperature dropped to 30 and 40 below zero, and the mountain passes were clogged with snow drifts from 20 to 30 feet deep.

The group finally hit Bear River near Soda Springs in a blinding blizzard, and managed to fight their way up Bear River to Thomas Fork where they stumbled onto a deserted cabin. They were out of food, exhausted, and their horses were in no shape to travel farther. One by one the horses died or were killed, and the party subsisted on horse meat. As they regained a little strength they made snow shoes from horse hide, and with the first break in the weather they started out for Fort Hall. Some distance below Soda Springs the storms hit them again, and three of the party were so near a state of collapse that they decided to seek shelter and weather out the storm. Boone Helm and Elijah Burton left their three companions behind and drove on into the storm. The three left behind were never heard of again. Burton was near exhaustion when he and Boone found shelter in another deserted cabin. From this point on we can only presume what happened, from Boone's account of events.

J. X. Beidler, leader of the Virginia City vigilantes.

Helm decided to head for Cantonement Loring for food and help for the exhausted Burton. He reached Loring, but found the cantonement deserted and stripped of food. He then fought his way back to the cabin where he had left Burton. He found that Burton had shot and killed himself, believing that Helm had deserted him. Helm dressed out the body of Burton as a butcher would a beef, and built up his own strength from Burton's flesh. When his meat supply was down to one leg he wrapped the ham in an old red blanket and again started out for Camp Floyd. Again the weather cleared, and Helm found the camp of a friendly Indian. Together they cooked and ate the remainder of Burton, and the Indian was later to acknowledge that Burton meat was as good as buffalo. Boone paid the Indian $280 to lead him out of the mountains. He was fitted out with buckskin clothes and the two started for Fort Hall. On April 10, 1859 Boone Helm and the Indian reached the camp of John W. Powell near Fort Hall where they told, and Powell recorded, their story. Boone paid off the Indian and accompanied John Powell on to Salt Lake City.

In Salt Lake City it didn't take Boone Helm long to build a reputation as a vicious and unprincipled individual, and a prime candidate as an enforcer for the Danites, who constituted the shock troops or enforcers for the Mormon leaders. Port Rockwell was the nominal leader of the Danites, and Boone Helm became his right hand man. Two murders were definitely attributed to Boone during his first sojourn in Salt Lake City. He was rumored to have had a hand in many more atrocities.

Boone tired of Salt Lake City, or decided he could find a healthier location. He headed westward to San Francisco, found it advisable to move on north to Dalles again, and in June 1862 he was once again in Florence, Oregon. Between his departure from Salt Lake City and his arrival in Florence he had accumulated several more killings to his record, none of which were of the gun-slinging variety.

In Florence he acquired a drinking companion by the name of Dutch Fred. Dutch Fred was an easy going, harmless individual, but during one of their drinking bouts an argument with Boone developed. Boone left the bar but soon returned. He walked up to the bartender and asked for the loan of a six-shooter. As the bartender produced the gun Dutch Fred rose from his chair and folded his arms across his chest; he was unarmed. Boone turned around and shot Dutch Fred between the eyes, laid the gun down on the bar and walked out. Friends of Dutch Fred were unable to locate Boone, but news of the murder spread far and wide.

In the Fall of 1862 Boone Helm was recognized while making his way along the Fraser River with a companion. Word was sent to Florence, where Boone was wanted for murder, and a posse was sent out to pick him up. Eventually they caught up with him, alone. When asked where his companion was Boone laughed and said, "What would you expect a man to do when he is hungry and out of food? I ate the S.O.B." The body, or skeleton, was never found.

Boone Helm was confined in the penitentiary at Port-

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Boothill cemetery, Tombstone. The grave of the McLowreys and Clanton is in center. Helm's grave is far left.

land awaiting trial for the murder of Dutch Fred. It looked bad for Boone, for there had been several witnesses to the murder. As stated previously, three of Boone's brothers were operating a mine at the Boise diggings in California, having located there between 1848 and 1850. Boone got word to his brother 'Old Tex' that he needed help. 'Old Tex' arrived, secured a list of witnesses to the murder and went to work. One by one the witnesses were bought off and left the country. One witness held out for a larger fee than 'Old Tex' was willing to pay, but when the case came to trail there were no witnesses to testify. The case was dismissed and Boone Helm was once more free to continue his foul and devious way. He returned to California with 'Old Tex', but soon tired of mining. Boone just didn't like work.

Once again Boone showed up in Salt Lake City, where for a time he again was associated with Port Rockwell, chief killer for the Danites. He discovered a more lucrative field as a member of the Plummer gang, and in early 1863 was a resident of the infamous Yankee Flat district in Virginia City.

Henry Plummer was sheriff at the famous gold camp of Bannack. He appointed as his chief deputies Hayes Lyons, Charley Forbes, Buck Stinson and a courageous young man named Dillingham. Lyons, Forbes and Stinson were also leaders in the Plummer gang which, under the protection and guidance of Sheriff Plummer, robbed stages, murdered miners for their gold, stole horses and committed any other crimes that offered even the smallest amount of money in return. That Boone Helm was a killer and general handy man in the Plummer organization was a fact without question.

Public indignation over the depredations of the Plummer organization reached its climax in the Fall of 1863. Vigilante committees were formed at Bannack, with Wilbur Sanders and Harry King as leaders, and at Virginia City with X. Biedler, James Williams and Paris Pfouts as nominal leaders.

In December of 1863 Hayes Lyons, Charley Forbes and Buck Stinson opened fire on their fellow deputy in Virginia City, and Dillingham fell riddled with bullets. The three deputies were arrested by a group of miners, and a miners' court sentenced Lyons and Forbes to hang, but released Buck Stinson. While being transported to a temporary scaffold in a wagon, a plea for their lives was made by a group of do-gooder women, and the two were released and ordered to leave the country. They disregarded the warning and continued to plunder and murder under Plummer's protection.

A short time later a young Dutch boy named Nick Thiebaldt was found murdered near Virginia City. A vigilante group surrounded a known hideout of the Plummer gang and captured ten men. They put pressure on Long John Franck, one of the weakest members of the gang, and Long John named George Ives as the killer. George Ives, Bob Zachary and Whiskey Bill Graves had previously been identified as members of a stage holdup group. George Ives was tried by the vigilantes, convicted, and hanged in Virginia City. The vigilantes had started their cleanup of the Plummer cutthroats. The next to be tried, convicted and hanged by the vigilantes in Virginia City were Red Yeager and George Brown.

On January 10, 1864 the vigilantes in Bannack rounded up Ned Ray, Buck Stinson (who had escaped the hangman at Virginia City) and Sheriff Henry Plummer himself. The three had been tried in absentia, and, in the darkness of a snowy, sub-zero night, Henry Plummer and his two leaders paid with their lives on a scaffold in the flickering light of a bonfire.

Two days later the vigilantes in Virginia City made a survey of those members of the Plummer gang known to be in camp. The six members identified and tried in absentia were Clubfoot George Lane, Hayes Lyons, Frank Parrish, Jack Gallagher, Bill Hunter and Boone Helm. During the night the vigilantes surrounded the camp, and as breakfast smoke drifted upward the following morning the roundup began. Bill Hunter had slipped away during the night and was not caught in the dragnet. One by one Lane, Lyons, Parrish and Gallagher were picked up and confined in an old log building. The job of collecting Boone Helm was delegated to a member of the vigilantes who had a personal grudge against Helm. He met Boone in the street and gave him a choice of drawing a gun or surrendering. Saliva dribbled down Boone's chin as he cursed and reviled his opponent, but he kept his hands well away from his guns. He didn't have the guts for a shootout, and was quickly disarmed by two other vigilantes.

The five outlaws were led to an uncompleted building, where a roof beam offered a convenient gallows. Five

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packing boxes were lined up below the roof beam and Lane, Lyons, Gallagher, Helm and Parrish took their places in that order. George Lane got a poor drop and died slowly. Hayes Lyons managed to work his hands free and grasp the noose as the box was jerked from under him. Frantically he tried to remove the strangling noose as he kicked and choked. Boone Helm shouted, "Give 'em a good show Hayes; kick harder". One vigilante jumped on a box and pried Lyons' hands from the noose, while two more added their weight to his legs; he didn't die easily. Jack Gallagher asked for a last drink, and cursed his hangmen because they didn't give him enough slack rope to swallow easily. As the box was pulled from under Gallagher he kicked wildly, and Helm called, "Kick away old boy. I'll be in hell with you in a minute". When it came Boone's turn he asked that the knot be carefully adjusted. He then bellowed, "Every man for his principles. Hurrah for Jeff Davis. Let her rip". His shouts were cut off as the box was jerked from under him, his legs gave a couple of convulsive jerks and Boone Helm joined three companions in death. Frank Parrish was the last of the group to die, and he went without a murmur.

The vigilantes scoured the area for other known members of the Plummer gang, and in the following three weeks eight more members of the group were caught and hanged. Law and order took over in the mining districts, and the Plummer gang became only an unpleasant memory.

Boone Helm had at last reached the end of his road of depravity. He would never again murder nor eat a fellow man. Although given a chance to die as a gun fighter he showed his true nature to the last, and died on the end of a rope at the hands of vigilantes. One of the most vicious killers that ever lived died for no specific crime; he was simply a man not fit to live. That was Boone Helm; he lived about 40 years, which was 15 years too many. There were few like him in the annals of the west.

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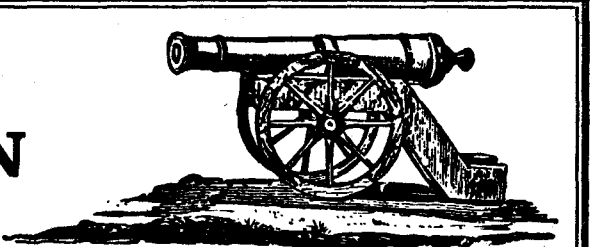
Author may be contacted for reference sources.

CASE OF THE UNLOADED CANNON



by Bob Young

INJUSTICES, real or fancied, rankle long after the real issues are forgotten, and this was the case of the unloaded cannon.

Winter storms were rolling down the coast as the bark ELIZABETH beat her way along through the rough seas in 1847. The crushing force of the seas, tide and wind drifted the ship toward the jagged rocks of Point Arguello but the ship was steered out of the Devil's Jaw, only to be foundered on a shoal just north of Santa Barbara. Despite the enormous seas, crew and passengers were saved, and as the seas abated in fury, most of the cargo and fixtures from the ELIZABETH were lightered ashore as salvage. Curiously, a small brass cannon was dragged ashore and when no one could find a buyer, it was left to its fate on the shore, an object of idle curiosity.

Because of its later significance, when the city of Santa Barbara was incorporated in 1850, a small brass cannon around which were engraved the words *Vale Quinientos Pesos* (Worth 500 Pesos) was chosen as the city seal and was inscribed on all official documents for the next ten years. There were even a few streets named to recall the humiliation of the unloaded cannon. One street was Lost Cannon; another Quinientos; and the third Mason Street, after the presiding California governor during those troublesome times.

Captain Sylvester Lippett, a fussy, fearful little man, was in command of the American garrison at Santa Barbara. His only daily chore seemed to be to build a mountain out of a trivial molehill of detail. The day's task was clearly outlined to him when it was reported that the brass cannon, taken from the ELIZABETH, was no longer resting on the beach. Lippett was certain that a plot was being hatched and the cannon was to spearhead the attack against the slim garrison troops.

Lippett never bothered to make even a casual inquiry about the cannon, which might very well have disclosed the gun had simply been kiped by some youngsters and hidden in the sandy bed of Estero Pedrogosa. But no! Lippett rode off in all directions, doubling his guards, strengthening weak points and dispatching an urgent message to Governor Richard B. Mason in Monterey requesting that additional troops be sent to repel the incipient rebellion. Having no conflicting information, Governor Mason hastily complied with Lippett's request and he further instructed Lippett to levy a $500 fine on the residents of Santa Barbara — a staggering sum in those days — unless the cannon was surrendered within a specified time.

DESPITE the grinding poverty which prevailed in Santa Barbara at that time, the villagers exhausted their reserves but managed to pay the fine, because no one would confess to having purloined the little brass cannon.

But, in time, the youthful culprits confessed and the cannon, which was found to be entirely without military value, was returned to American military authorities. Governor Mason realizing what a price the villagers had paid for the prank was contrite for his severity. But to save face, he ordered the $500 be remitted to the alcalde with the provision that the money be used to construct a new jail.

Unfortunately, the presiding alcalde (mayor) was a pompous little popinjay named Don Pedro Maria Gomez de Valenzuela, whose conceit was only exceeded by his confidence in being the world's best gambler. Of course, he had lost and was presently in debt but that was simply the vagaries of vagrant Fate, who occasionally gave her favors elsewhere. He was, of course, highly flattered to be entrusted with the huge sum given by Governor Mason for the jail. This was the time flirtatious Fate had planned for him and Don Pedro headed immediately for the nearest high stake monte, clutching the $500 in his sweaty hands. It was a stake, he considered, sufficient to retrieve whatever he had previously sustained and provide a small stake for future gains but in a few hours, Don Pedro arose from the table white and shaken, and sans the entire $500.

Through machinations and deviousness known best to politicians, Don Pedro was able to stall off any effort to account for the $500 for many months, principally because he had won many military and civil honors and no one wanted to embarrass the pleasant politician. But because of the hardship worked on the entire community when the fine was paid, Don Pedro was finally forced to confess before the city council — the ayuntamiento. Respectfully they accepted the explanation and then huddled as to their decision, and how to raise the $500 which Don Pedro had frittered away. Eventually the money was accumulated and the construction was started.

With the building completed, all obligations satisfied, Don Pedro had two more credits to his name. One was the purloined cannon which had started the whole thing, now used as a city symbol, and the other was that he was the first occupant of the first jail in Santa Barbara.

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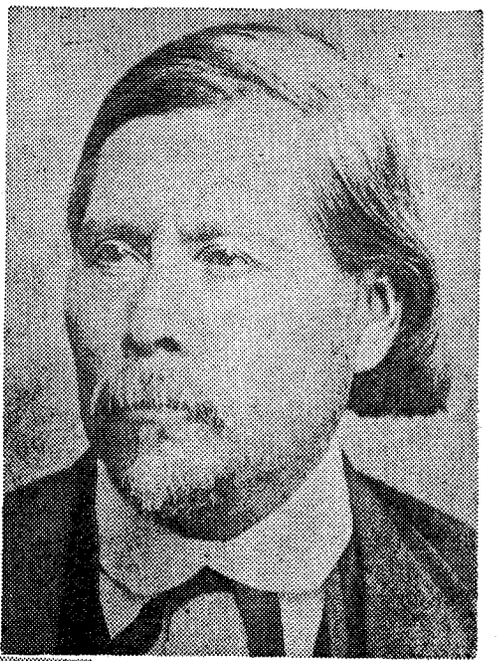
SAGA OF CHIEF CHECOTE

Brother fought brother as death and tragedy struck down the Creek nation. Then the Great Chief arrived to work his magic.

by L. C. Lehman



Above: Samuel Checote, leader, minister, fighter. Left: the delegates from 34 tribes at annual General Council, representing 10,000 Indians.

The whip sang through the air. It cut heavily across the naked back of the Indian tied to the cottonwood tree. There was a momentary pause and then, once more, the lash descended. Fifty times in all. There was no sound from the Indian but his body drooped and tiny rivulets of blood sprang from the welts across his back as friends released him and led him away when the whipping was over.

This was no thief, no murderer. The crime was that a Creek Indian has dared to defy a law just passed by the Creek Council forbidding a native to preach the Christian gospel to other Creek Indians. The punishment for doing so was set at fifty lashes upon a naked back. This man had preached and had just paid the price.

Other Creek Indians who had been converted while attending the mission schools and then gone into the ministry fled the Territory to escape the severity of this punishment. Among them was Samuel Checote.

Born in 1819 in the Chattahooche Valley, Alabama, Checote came to the Indian Territory in Oklahoma with his parents while still a small child. They were among the first to come and did not go through the dread experiences of the Creeks who were later brought to the Territory by force over what has aptly been called the Trail of Tears.

Checote's parents, both full blood Creeks, had been taught by white missionaries while in Alabama. Due to this influence they sent Checote to Asbury, a mission school in the new land. Both parents died a few years later and he was kept on in the school. When he became a man he decided to enter the ministry and preach among his own people. It was soon after this that the Council passed the law to prohibit native preachers.

Checote knew Chief McIntosh, leader of the Creeks. Feeling that the law was wrong, he appealed to the Chief. McIntosh had the law annulled and the persecution stopped. Checote returned to the Creek Nation and resumed his mission until the outbreak of the Civil War.

Because he came from the South and had not met with bad treatment there, Checote's sympathy was with the Confederates. Their customs and traditions were his. Also he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South and his religion was always a powerful influence in his life. He joined with the Confederates and, as a lieutenant colonel, led the First Indian Brigade of the Confederate Army.

Not all of the Creek Indians were in sympathy with the South. When Albert Pike, a Confederate commissioner succeeded in forming the pro-Confederate "United Nations of the Indian Territory" of which the Creek Nation was a part, five thousand of these Union sympathizers fled. They were led by Chief Opotheyahola. They made a run for Kansas and the safety of the Union Lines.

Some of the refugees drove wagons piled with household possessions, some rode horseback and others walked. It was in the dead of winter, cold and miserable, but the fleeing Indians left their homes and comfort because of what they thought was right. They were not allowed to go in peace.

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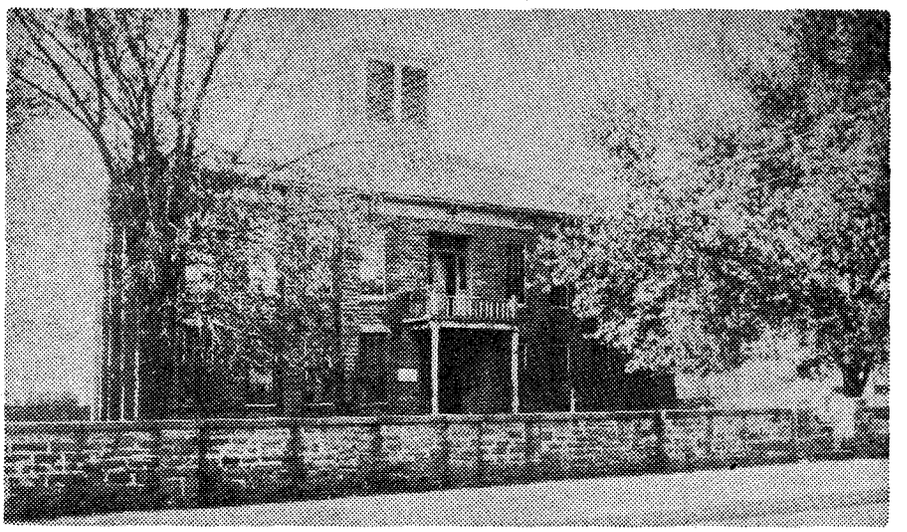

Left: Pleasant Porter, last principal chief of the Creeks and leader of Creek army. Above: Council House at Okmulgee, scene of vital issues.

Three times the Confederate troops attacked them. When the last battle was over Opothleyahola and his men were defeated and the remnants of the band scattered. The straggling survivors, men, women and children finally reached Kansas and safety.

Checote proved to be an able leader. He and his regiment took part in one of the most spectacular events of the Civil War. A large Federal wagon train set out from Fort Scott for Fort Gibson. In the train there were two hundred and five wagons loaded with government supplies and ninety-five with supplies for traders and settlers. The huge train was guarded heavily. Two hundred and sixty crack Kansas cavalrymen and fifty Cherokee Indian horsemen formed what they believed to be an impregnable cover for the valuable goods. But the Federals reckoned without the near desperate need of the South for supplies and the determination of Lieutenant Colonel Checote and other Confederate leaders.

At Cabin Creek, Checote and other troops attacked the supply train around midnight. They took the Federals by surprise and drove them away. At dawn they began moving the train south. At Pryor Creek they were overtaken and attacked by Union troops but once more drove them back. The train was estimated to be worth around a million and a half dollars in money. A rich prize in any man's language. It was worth as much again in the boost it gave to the morale of the South. But the war was nearing its end and this was the last encounter between Confederate and Union troops in Indian Territory.

Creek women grind corn with primitive equipment.

At war's end the Creek Nation took stock. During the war they had had almost no government and now they must pick up the loose ends of their affairs and mend the damage that had been done. The head men met and on October 12, 1867 a formal written constitution was adopted. Samuel Checote was the first elected Principal Chief and his task was a difficult one. To try to weld his people together in peace once more.

Long before, while the Creeks still lived in the South, a serious division had come about in the tribe due to a difference in opinion during the war of 1812. This resulted in the Upper Creeks, who lived in the upper part of the South, and the Lower Creeks, from the lower part of the South, going to war with one another. This was called the Red Stick War and was a bloody, hard fought war. As a result the two factions drifted sharply apart and even after the move to Indian Territory they continued their feuding. The Upper Creeks sided with the Union during the Civil War and the Lower Creeks with the South thus adding to the already serious differences between them. This was the situation Checote faced when elected Principal Chief in 1867. He soon ran into a crisis.

The issue was the money payment the government was making to the tribe. The Upper Creeks, led by Oklars-Sars-har-jo, wanted the money divided into two parts—one for the Upper Creeks and one for the Lower Creeks. Checote saw that this would only serve to further alienate his already bitterly divided people. He refused and insisted that the money be paid out on a per capita basis.

When the time came for the election of Principal Chief Oklars-Sars-har-jo ran against Checote. Checote won the election and this was too much for the proud Upper

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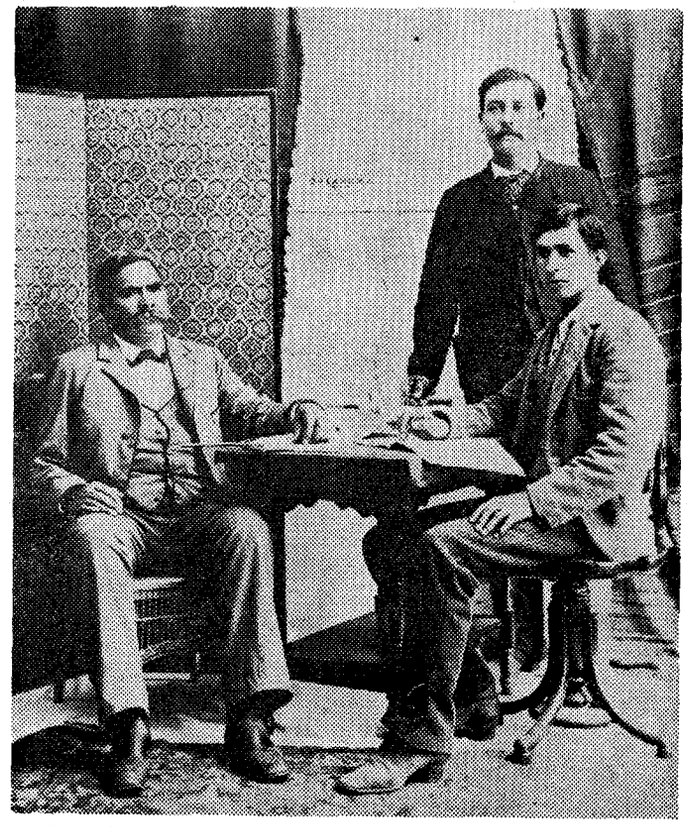
Creek. He led three hundred followers upon the capital at Okmulgee and, by force, dismissed the Council then in session. Checote realized that there would be chaos in the Creek Nation unless he took a firm stand. He placed General Pleasant Porter in command of the light-horsemen maintained by the tribal government and, with the aid of Federal agents, the insurrection was brought to an end without loss of life. Oklars-Sars-har-jo died the following year and for a time there was relative peace among the Creeks. Checote worked toward preparing his people to take their place in the world dominated by the culture of the white man.

The Creeks were a civilized people. While in their homes in the South before the removal many of them had owned large plantations and lived on a scale equal in every way to that of their wealthy white neighbors. This meant a greater hardship to them when they were unceremoniously uprooted and left in destitute condition in Indian Territory than it had to the wild plains tribes when they were brought in to be taught civilized ways. Families accustomed to all the comforts of a cultured way of life were brought in forced marches, afoot, all the way from the southern states and those who survived were left without even the necessities for felling trees to build new homes. They had the tattered clothes on their backs. In the years before the Civil War much had been accomplished but there was the great need to establish a feeling of unity among the tribesmen, the necessity for education if there was to be progress and a going political government firmly accepted. These things Checote worked toward with all his strength.

In 1879 Checote was elected to his third term as Principal Chief. Progress from the preceeding years was great enough that he could now make swift improvements. He had consistantly pushed the cause of education among the Creeks. Now there was a need for an Indian university. One was established at Muskogee. It was headed by the Reverend A. C. Bacone. This was a long step for a group so often and so seriously torn apart. Samuel Checote could, with reason, feel pride of achievement. But fate had more trouble in store. This, his last term in office was also marked by violence.

This time dissention was led by Isparhecher, an Upper Creek and Supreme Judge of the Creek Nation. He opposed all of Checote's efforts at reform. The bad feeling Isparhecher had for Checote went far back. He was an Upper Creek while Checote was a Lower Creek. He had favored the Union during the war and Checote had been a leader on the Confederate side. And now, being a fiercely ambitious man, he wanted to be Principal Chief. In 1881 he led his followers into an uprising which he planned to result in setting up an independent Creek Nation which he would rule. He tried to set up such a government twelve miles west of Okmulgee, capital of the existing Creek Nation. His followers were made up of other Upper Creeks and freedmen who had been slaves of the Creeks before the war.

Chief Checote tried in every possible way to negotiate with Isparhecher. He tried to bring the rebellious leader to see that settling the differences between their people in a peaceful way was the only way they could stay strong and make progress in the world in which they found themselves. Isparhecher's mind was closed to all argument and reason. He would not budge. There had to be two Creek Nations with himself as the leader of one.



Men of progress, the Creek Indian Board of Education.

Checote was forced to either allow the Nation to be broken apart or turn to force. Once more he called upon Pleasant Porter. A civil war resulted and because it was the time of year when the young peaches hung green upon the trees it was called the Green Peach War. It was a tiny war as wars go but a bloody one and a tragic one among a people who had already suffered too much.

In August, 1883, through the offices of United States Commissioners a peace was reached between the warring factions. Once more the Creek Nation could work toward a better life.

Samuel Checote retired at the end of his third term in office. He had led his people well through many sad and troubled years but the time had come for rest.

Although Chief Checote had given long and fine service to the Creek Nation in a political way he had not, at any time, given up his interest in bringing the Christian religion to his fellow tribesmen. In 1882 the Methodist Church chose him as a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London but he was unable to go because of failing health. So, both as a secular and spiritual leader Samuel Checote was recognized and today the Creek Indians speak of him as their "Great Chief."

RW

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FLOPPING BILL'S VIGILANTES

They called themselves men of justice, but they rode into North Dakota on an excursion of death and terror that did no good and brought only shame to the Montana vigilante movement.

by William Thomas

On September 14, 1884 twenty-two riders met under a large cottonwood near Glendive.

While some, (a very few probably) were decent men, many were horse thieves, border ruffians, gunmen, and the general scum that infested the western frontier.

Their leader, Flopping Bill (Contrell), announced, "All right, men, we're going after them horse thieves in North Dakota now that our guide is here."

This guide was Louis La Pache, a notorious horse thief, who, a few hours before, was incarcerated in a Miles City jail, charged with horse stealing. Flopping Bill's men had effected a neat jail delivery so La Pache could join them.

Flopping Bill and his men represented the riff-raff that had attached themselves to the Montana Vigilante movement. There may have been some reason for the vigilante movement, but whatever good this movement did was rubbed out completely by such men as Flopping Bill and the men with him.

They were hired killers, and their excursion of terror and death into North Dakota in 1884 is a phase of the history of the vigilantes that writers and historians have ignored.

"Check your guns, men," Flopping Bill yelled. "We'll be using them a hell of a lot before this trip is over."

Guns were checked and then the motley group of gunmen headed for Medora where further preparations were made for the invasion of McKenzie County. The next day the riders rode along the north side of the Little Missouri River, got to the mouth of Beaver Creek in Billings County where they stopped at the ranch owned by William Roberts, George Medlock and Jim Monroe. The so-called Vigilantes had expected trouble, but the only person at the ranch was a hired man, an Englishman named Tom Webb.

"I'm the only one here," Webb said to the Vigilantes. "The others rode away yesterday. They got a tip you were coming."

Flopping Bill sent riders to scout the area, but all reported seeing no one, except two men who trailed the hard-running horses, apparently those of the owners.

"We want them to be sure they know we were here," Flopping Bill said. "Let's take this Limey and string him up." Bill on his off side winked broadly to the other men. Several grabbed the white-faced Englishman, who struggled violently. They dragged him to a nearby cottonwood tree. Someone fashioned a noose and slipped it over the victim's head. Solemnly they went through all the preparations for a hanging.

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"You realize a horse thief is lower than a snake's belly, don't you?" Flopping Bill asked the quavering Webb; "that a man might die of thirst, or cold, or git killed by a varmint 'cause he didn't have a horse?"

Webb nodded vigorously and protested that he never would do such a thing. But they perched him on the back of a wagon, then with a signal, whipped the horses.

Webb dropped unhurt to the ground. They hadn't secured the rope and he had simply dropped a couple of feet, unharmed. But he lay there uttering no sound. The riders looked at him.

Webb was glad to be simply banished from the area, never to return under penalty of a hanging that would really take place. Flopping Bill and the others decided that Webb would act like the belled cat in convincing others that the Vigilance Committee meant business. To make sure the owners were convinced, however, a crude drawing of skull and crossbones decorated a scrawled note demanding that the owners immediately vacate the premises. There was an ominous promise that the Vigilance Committee would return within 30 days to see that the order had been obeyed.

Flopping Bill led his men to other ranches, mostly those of people who were seemingly permanent settlers. In most instances they didn't actually contact anyone but they left the ominous skull-and-crossbones warnings, expecting that to be sufficient to run the settlers out of Billings and McKenzie where they considered the worst troublemakers were located. Though some people later had second thoughts about who were to be considered troublemakers.

The Eaton Brothers' ranch was deserted, it seemed, though they did spot "Two Shields," a Hidatsa Indian, who just returned from hunting and was now trying to get away.

"Let's hang that Injun," one of Bill's gang yelled. "He'd look good at the end of a rope."

Even the most calloused of the men knew that the withered Indian, probably living off scraps, hadn't done much harm and they voted against hanging. But they felt something had to be done to set an example, indicating that Flopping Bill's Vigilance Committee meant business. No matter what that business was.

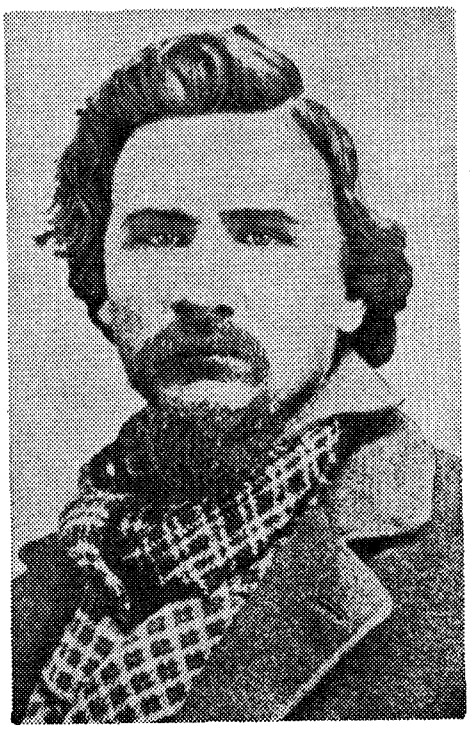
Just for laughs and wanting to see the Indian bleed, they rope-whipped Two Shields until his back was a mass of cuts and welts. With that done, they stripped Two Shields and left him naked. "You stay here three days, then you disappear. You unnerstand?" Bill asked. Two Shields nodded and walked to the cabin. There, to atone for this shame, the Indian mounted the roof and began to wail and cry. He stayed there for three days and nights, wailing and crying. Then he climbed down and disappeared. No one in the area ever saw him again. But the men made sure it was known that they had been there by leaving another skull-and-crossbones warning.

Flopping Bill and his men were feeling their strength and power now. They set out with something less than completely honest motives and now they believed themselves a law in themselves. It was a dangerous mob of thugs that Flopping Bill was leading now.

With that attitude, the Vigilance Committee rode onto Hall & Braden's spread, which operated under the Long X brand. The men didn't find anyone home but they found a large store of whisky. And these men knew what to do with that.

It was a real hurrah. The men got drunk, fought, kicked down doors, and taunted the one hired man, Charlie Nacy, as they did so. Nacy couldn't do a thing to prevent the looting and destruction the vigilantes caused. He shuddered hopelessly as they set the torch to the 500 tons of hay, the barn, all of the other buildings, burning machinery and animals, and wound up by allowing the fire to run out on the prairie. The ranch was a smoking ruin when the men sobered up. Flopping Bill decided to take Nacy along as sort of a hostage and guide as they left. Even these thugs realized they had gone too far. There was no reason to believe the Long X owners were doing any horse stealing or rustling. Theirs had been just wanton destruction.

Right: Capt. Williams, Vigilantes chief executioner. Below: the hanging scaffold from which Plummer and others swung. Note graves at right.



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It was a sad group of riders that wended out of the Long X spread. Their heads ached and their bodies thirsted, mostly for more Old Overshoes which they had drunk the days before. Nacy headed them eastwardly toward Spring Creek, then slipped away without further harm. The vigilantes made for a small cowtown in the area to rest and reorganize their efforts. It was there some trouble erupted within the ranks of the committee members.

Jed Morgan was a mean, furious-tempered man who made life hell for meek-appearing Tom Cameron. None of the vigilantes gave much mind to the plaguing so long as Cameron took and didn't complain overly much.

Morgan was down in the village playing poker one night when Tom made an interesting discovery. He had carelessly spilled Morgan's ruck sack, and while picking up the things he found a poster offering $2,000 reward for information leading to Morgan's apprehension.

Tom got to thinking about that.

Jed Morgan was just as tough as he was rough and Tom didn't have a show of gettin' him to the town marshal or any other law officer, for that matter. Besides, Morgan might escape and that would be the end for little Tom Cameron.

By the time Jed had staggered in that night, Tom has completed a plan which seemed to be foolproof. Jed hung up his jacket, just as he always did, and slumped into the sack and immediately went to sleep. Tom took out a small pouch which contained his savings. In the sack too he had placed a signet ring which everyone knew was his. He slipped the pouch into Jed's pocket, then lay down to sleep.

Next morning he made a big fuss about the loss of his savings and his ring. Theft among brother riders was something worse than horse stealing—almost. And there was a general search. Of course the pouch was found in Jed's pocket. Jed sputtered and fumed about the pouch, saying that he knew nothing about it. But the fact that Jed had lost heavily at poker the night before went against him, and a vigilante court was convened at once.

It didn't take long to hear the evidence. It was as clear as gin that Jed had the poke. The poke that belonged to Tom Cameron. And vigilantes just didn't steal from each other. Tom Cameron said that he hadn't given Jed the pouch. So Jed Morgan was guilty.

But what could they do to him? There was no jail. It didn't seem right just to banish him where he might do other damage. So's the only thing left to do: hang him.

Jed Morgan cussed some and struggled when the sentence was passed, but strong hands held him tight.

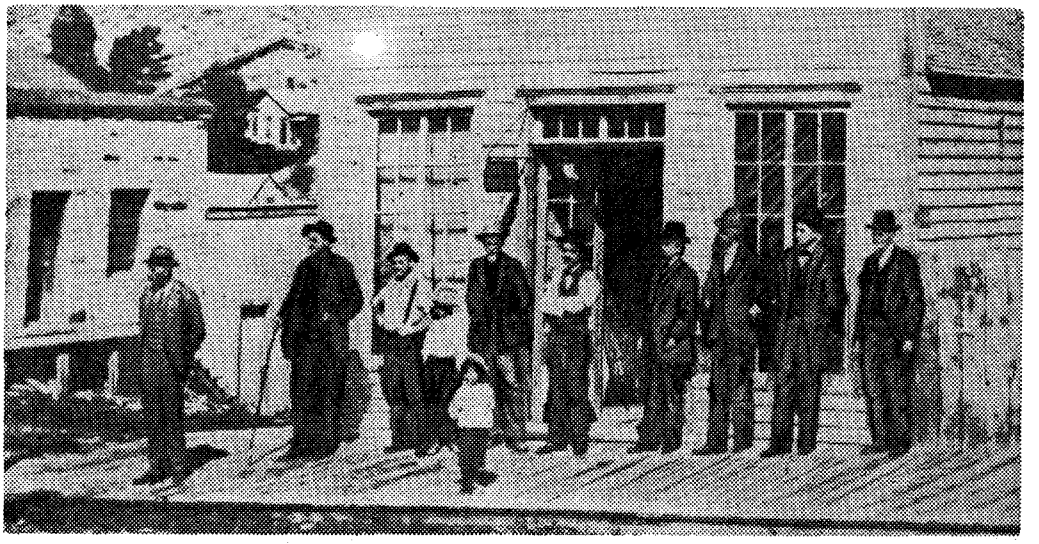
Jed was still struggling and threatening dire consequences to all concerned if he wasn't let loose. But they took him to a tree which stood behind the prophetically named Trail's End Saloon. There the court's decree was enacted and Jed Morgan came to the end of his bullying life.

Tom Cameron watched the hanging with grim satisfaction, then trotted back to Jed's gear for the piece of paper which would enable him to collect the $2,000.

Before making the claim, Tom again read the poster. His eyes grew wide. And he read the circular again. There in small type he had overlooked before was the stipulation that it was a live Jed Morgan that was wanted and no reward would be paid for him in any other condition.

Sadly, Tom burned the poster and thought longingly how he would like to see that big ugly face of Jed Morgan's again.

After that episode, the men decided to ride out towards the Schafer ranch. There they found three cowboys: Jasper Holt, Kid Edgar and Frank Chase, all of them hard cases. For some reason they hadn't received word of the wandering vigilance committee and they invited the entire crew in for food and drink.



Harmless enough, this shed held grim secrets. Here the vigilantes swore their oath and decided on the fate of many a wrongdoer. From here justice, or injustice, moved quickly, with a rope.

Flopping Bill whispered instructions to the others, then they walked in to eat. They ate and drank while kidding their hosts. When the meal was over Flopping Bill announced that the hosts were prisoners of the Vigilance Committee.

Frank Chase was a talker who could charm a bird out of a tree and was equal to the occasion. "You must be kidding, Bill," Frank begun. "You can't threaten to hang us. We got no reason to steal any hosses or any stock either."

Frank laid it on. He took Bill and the others outside, showing the herd of fat cattle and horses grazing in the fields. "Does that look like we need to steal anything?" Chase asked with some logic.

"Why, we'd be proud to ride out with you men to round up some of them horse-stealing skunks," Chase offered. "We gotta lot to do here but we'd be glad to help in any way we could."

Chase carefully steered the men back to the cabin, avoiding the side where the cottonwood trees stood so as

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not to remind anyone of the previous ideas. Flopping Bill seemed convinced and he talked the matter over with the others. They decided that Chase and the other men were all right, then told them so. They might not have ridden away convinced that Chase was okay if they could have heard the conversation which took place later.

Chase, Holt and Edgar had all been convinced that they would swing. They would have if Bill and the others had taken the trouble to inspect the brands on some of the stock. It was stock which had been stolen and run in from Canada. The trio had gone there driving stock which had been stolen in the Dakotas and Montana. After that stock had been sold, they stole the Canadian stock and brought it back to sell near their home base. It made a fine arrangement.

"I was never so dead sure of anything in my life as that we would be hanged to that cottonwood tree," Kid Edgar observed later. "But Chase lied us out of it."

With a startling lack of perception, Flopping Bill took his entourage on eastward until it reached the Missouri near the mouth of the Little Missouri. At that point they signalled a steamboat and went up river toward Fort Buford.

Bill seemed bent on doing something along the lines of what the committee had been organized for, even though they hadn't so far. At Nerson Flat, Flopping Bill spotted two suspicious characters who proved to be hunters, Eve Bronson and "Red" Mike. Bill's hunch may have been right. Bronson broke away and tried to escape. The men opened fire and killed him. But they hung on to "Red" Mike. Bill questioned him at some length but "Red" Mike didn't tell him a thing about horse stealing in the area.

"Bring that there chair," Bill ordered, "and tie this skunk into it. Then build a fire underneath the seat."

"Red" Mike turned white as he heard the orders but he didn't offer any information in exchange for his escape from torture. "Red" Mike was secured in the chair and a fire started. It burned higher as the men poked at it. Mike squirmed and twisted as the heat became more intense. Bill had his ugly face stuck near Mike's trying to pry some information. The fire got hotter and finally burned through Mike's bonds. He still hadn't said anything, probably because he didn't know anything to tell. He was taken with the committee to Fort Buford and later released without further punishment.

It was about at this time the ranchers in the various areas took stock of what the so-called Vigilance Committee had done. Or not done. To the aroused ranchmen and cowboys, these things seemed apparent:

Not one horse thief had been captured, exposed, or killed.

One Indian had been scared back to the reservation after being cruelly mistreated.

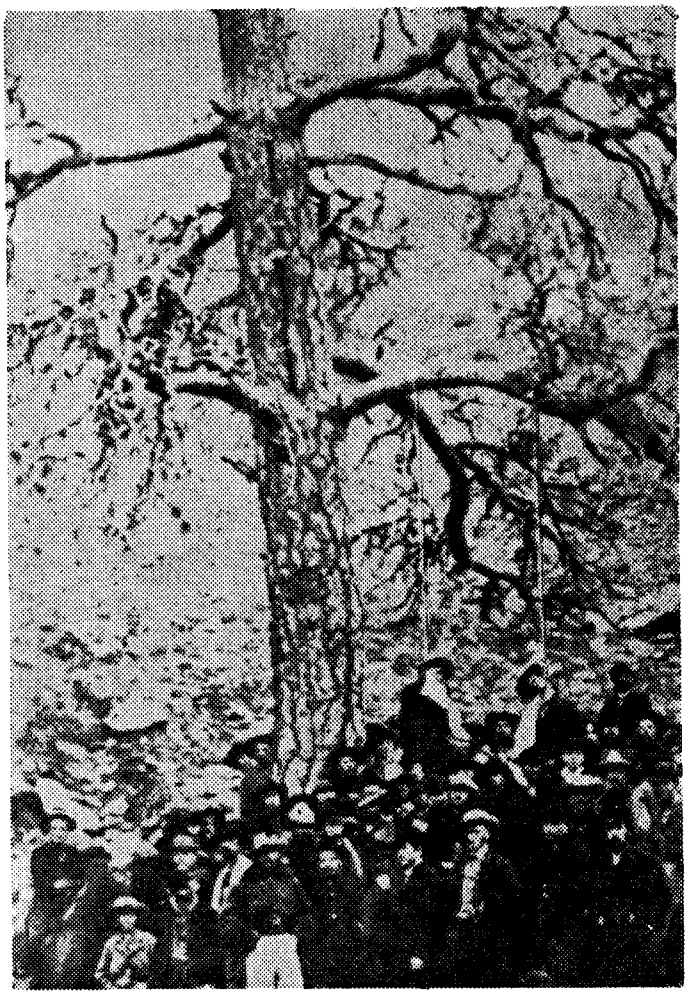
One Englishman Webb had been banished for no apparent reason.

One man had been scorched without results.

An enormous amout of property had been burned or destroyed.

An untold acreage of good prairie land had been burned over.

But it was apparent also that the Vigilance Committee had not been that at all. Instead it had been a guise of the big stockmen to drive the little ranchers out of the West. This was a move to discourage small settlers who might offer competition for the diminishing range lands.



Two victims swing into eternity from the Hanging Tree.

The Committee's activity had been against the permanent settlers, and it had been one of devastation rather than pursuit or investigation; one of attack against honest ranchers instead of the fleeting horse and stock stealers who would be moving most of the time.

In fact, most of the ranchers and cowboys now ready with a proper defense considered the expedition as a notorious example of vandalism and lawlessness hidden under the cloak of responsibility which usually rested on citizen groups and courts.

The Vigilance Committee headed back, knowing that they were targets for every rancher and cowboy in the area. No one had much use for any of them.

It was the derisive laughter that Flopping Bill hated worst of all. Before, he was treated with a respect of sorts, now no one wanted much to do with him. Bill was meaner than a bear with a stick in its eye and he wore a perpetual scowl. As the Committee moved along, the various members dropped off here and there. Bill was alone when he rode into a town on the way back to Miles and proceeded to get horribly drunk. A huge hangover didn't improve his disposition at all. Bill made himself so disagreeable that most people moved out of his way, though there were always a few hangers-on that toadied to a brutal bully like Bill. Then one day he disappeared; what happened to him is a mystery. Perhaps there was someone who didn't take to his abuse and gave Bill a taste of the justice he had flaunted.

RW

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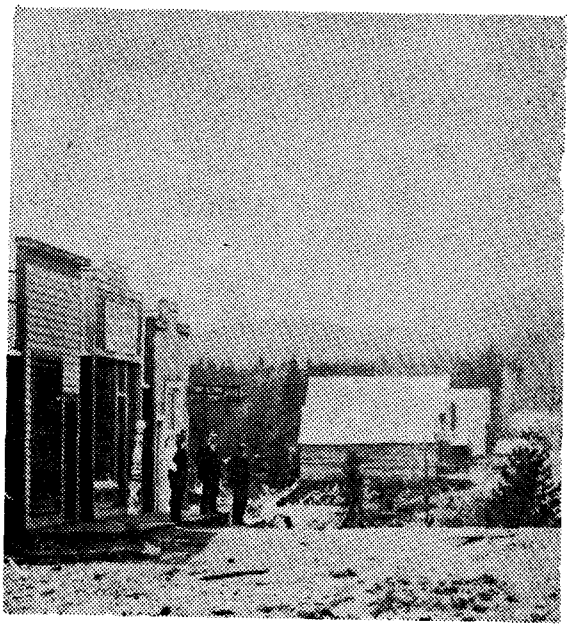
LOST GOLD AT CAMP McKINNEY



A fortune in hidden gold, guarded by the ghost of the man who stole it, awaits some lucky adventurer; maybe you.

by T. W. Paterson

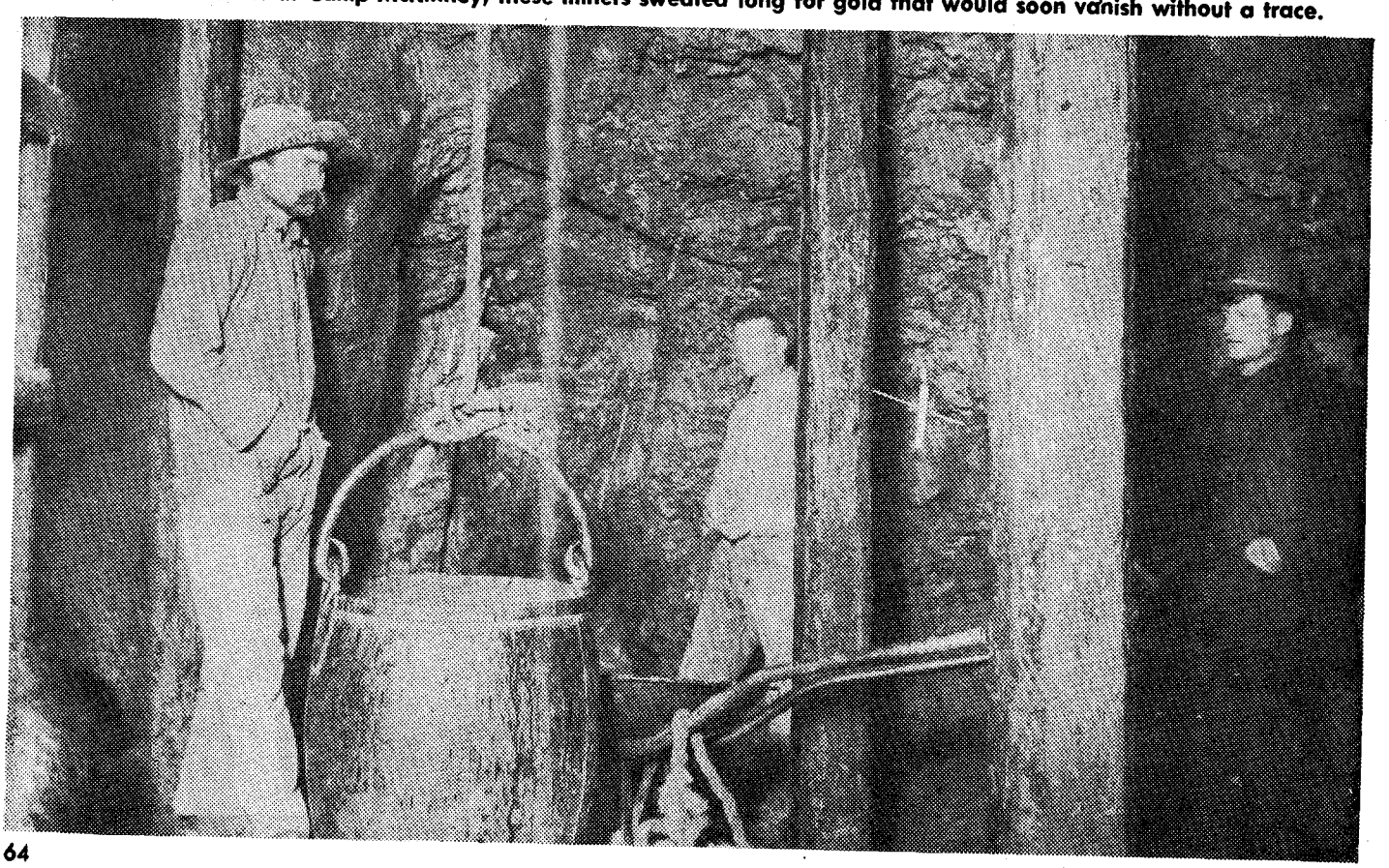
Twenty miles northwest of the U.S.-Canadian border town of Midway lies the key to almost $25,000 in stolen gold bullion.

Here, high in the hills above Rock Creek between the Kettle and Okanagan Rivers, British Columbia, is the site of former boom town Camp McKinney. Its exciting tale of an American robber's buried treasure began 68 years ago, in August 1896.

Camp McKinney, consisting of one main street lined with saloons, one hotel and more saloons, was bustling in hectic goldrush days. B.C.'s fabulously rich gold fields had drawn hardy prospectors from all over the North American continent. The main reason for all the town's activity—and very existence—was the nearby Cariboo Mine, richest lode in the region.

Every few months the mine's output was melted down to small gold bars for easier handling and taken by buckboard to the railway head, situated at Midway, where it was shipped to company headquarters at Spokane, Washington. As only two Provincial Police officers, Chief Constable W. G. McMynn and Constable Ike C. Dins-

In Waterloo shaft at Camp McKinney, these miners sweated long for gold that would soon vanish without a trace.



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more, were responsible for the entire Boundary District, a mounted guard of trusted miners usually escorted the bullion to the train depot. A great deal of secrecy surrounded the gold's departure, as it was a great temptation to Camp McKinney's rougher citizens.

Occasionally a company official would take the gold himself, at which time a number of armed miners would be sworn in at the last possible moment to act as escort.

On the day of the robbery, August 18, 1896, A. D. Keane was mine superintendent. General Manager James Monoghan usually took out the gold but Keane, having some business in Midway, volunteered. Having received instructions on shipping procedure at Midway and precautions against being held up, Keane departed alone. In the back of his buckboard was a large canvas bag containing three gold bars, one large, two small, and weighing approximately six hundred and fifty-six ounces —valued today at $25,000.

Three miles east of Camp McKinney, around a sharp curve, a masked man with a Winchester rifle lay in wait for the approaching superintendent. Minutes later he had disappeared into the dense foliage beside the road with the precious metal.

Hurrying back to town, shame-faced Keane notified mine officials and a full investigation was begun, as word was sent to police.

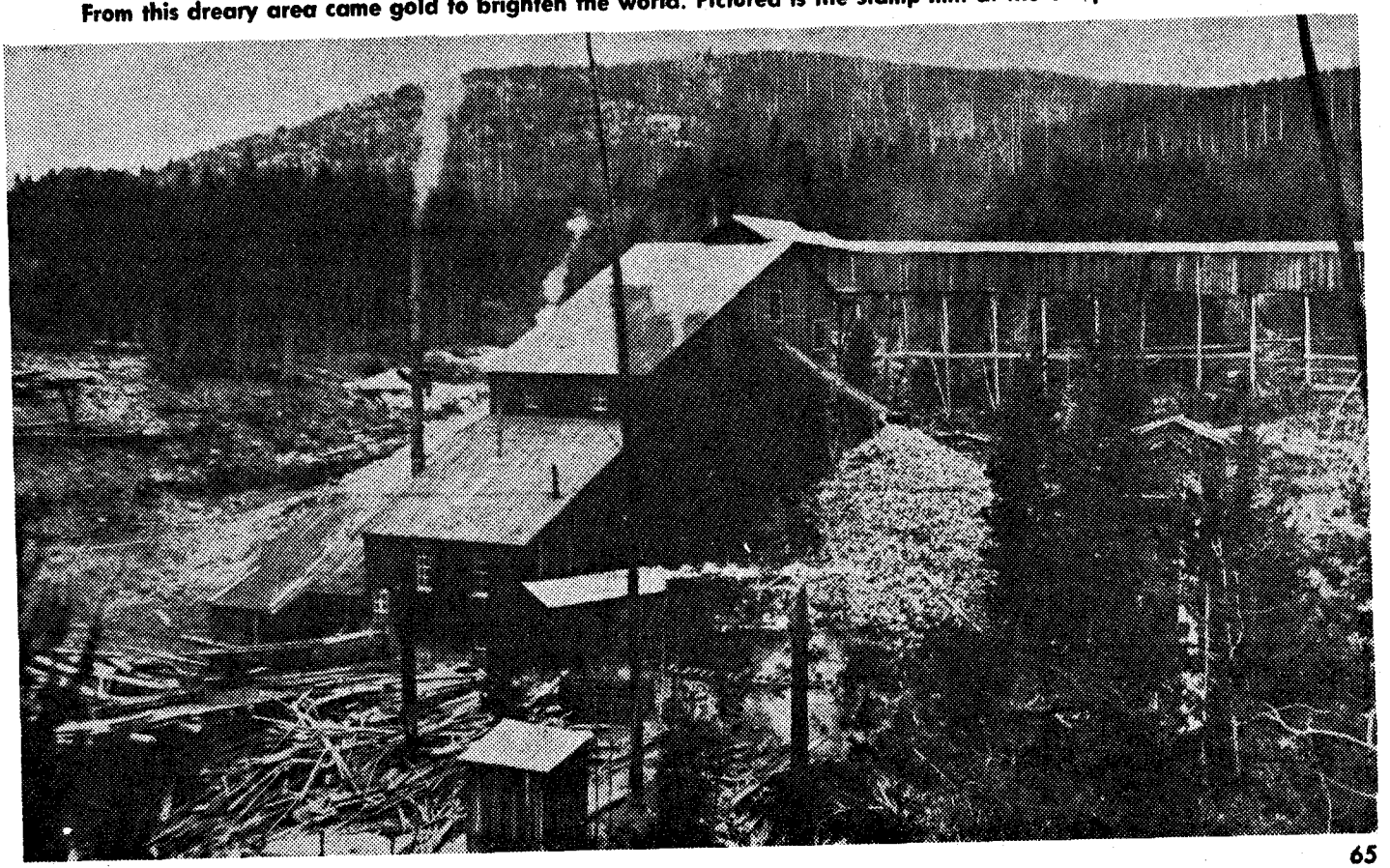
In charge of the search until police could arrive, Manager Monoghan ordered the town checked to see if any of the miners were missing. One could not be accounted for. Matthew Roderick, a Seattle miner who had been laid up because of a back injury and was due to leave for Seattle, could not be found.

Monoghan then hurried to the vicinity of the robbery. Inspecting the brush at the scene of the crime, his men found the remains of a fire and many footprints—but no bandit.

That afternoon officers McMynn and Dinsmore arrived and took command. Soon they too were at the site of the hold-up and began examining the area again. It was they who found a patch of recently disturbed soil. Scratching away the dirt, they found the remains of some apples, egg shells and a whisky bottle—all pointing to the missing Roderick.

Eggs were a rare and expensive commodity in isolated Camp McKinney, and the only eggs around had been brought in for ailing Roderick, as had been the apples. The whisky was a brand rare to the area, and bottles

From this dreary area came gold to brighten the world. Pictured is the stamp mill at the camp's Cariboo Mine.



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bearing the same label were found only in the rubbish pile behind Roderick's shack.

Now sure of their man, and that he had escaped across the border into Washington state, the investigation ground to a halt. Circulars with full details were sent out, mostly to the U. S. Rewards totalling $3,500 were posted.

Months later, with the aid of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, Roderick was found living comfortably with his wife in Seattle. However, through secret surveillance, which included a woman detective becoming friendly with Roderick's wife, they could detect no obvious signs that he had or was spending beyond his means.

Finally Seattle authorities tipped Midway police that they were sure Roderick was preparing a trip east. Was this the chance officials had been waiting for? If Roderick did not have the gold in Seattle, it meant that he had probably cached it in the B. C. Interior and was now returning for it.

A Pinkerton detective at his heels, Roderick left the train at Loomis, Wash., rented a horse from the sheriff and struck out for the Canadian border.

Through the co-operation of miners, mine officials, Indian guides and police, his progress toward Kettle Valley was easily noted, although the watchers were careful not to alarm the suspect.

Swearing in the mine officials as special constables, Chief Const. McMynn and his small posse galloped in pursuit of the suspected bandit.

It was late in the afternoon of October 26, 1896, three months after the robbery, that preparations of staking out every trail to Bald Mountain were completed, the area for which Roderick was headed. Far down the main trail were Thomas Graham and an Indian guide on one side, Supt. Keane on the other. Const. McMynn was stationed nearby.

Soon Graham sent Keane word via the Indian that he had spotted a lone horseman ascending the narrow trail.

Dusk fell, then it was nine o'clock, before Keane heard someone approaching. But in the darkness he could see nothing. Tensely, in vain, he tried to pierce the enveloping gloom, as the sounds grew louder. Finally the outline of a horse and rider loomed up within a few feet of him, and he hoarsely whispered, "Is that you, Matt?"

The rider stopped abruptly and jumped from the saddle. Then frightened Keane heard the lethal double click of a Winchester being cocked, and his own Colt barked once. As the pistol's report echoed through the valley, Keane lit a match and peered into the face of Matthew Roderick. The man was dead.

Arriving on the scene, Const. McMynn and the others searched the bloody body. With the Winchester was a revolver, both badly rusted and covered with pine needles, indicating they had been cached for some time. Strapped about Roderick's middle was a sturdy moneybelt. In his pockets were a Southern Pacific timetable, a piece of candle, some small change and a pair of goggles.

Of the missing gold there was not a trace. Keane's shot had not only ended Roderick's life but further investigation as well, for now no one alive knew the missing bullion's location.

When the local mines petered out, Camp McKinney died, as had so many boom towns before her. For many years she decayed in the wilderness until, in August, 1931, a forest fire scythed across the area and she was totally destroyed. But the site can still be easily located.

The stub of candle and goggles in Matthew Roderick's pockets would indicate that the gold is hidden deep in one of the many deserted mine shafts. Even then some were abandoned and flooded.

During the 1930s, and recently, modern mining companies searched most of these tunnels in search of overlooked ore, but discovered no trace of the Cariboo Mine's stolen bullion. And, although it is rumored that a map exists showing the gold's location, it remains unclaimed.

Author may be contacted for reference sources. **RW**

ASK YOUR QUESTIONS
(Continued from Page 6)

Q. On a trip West I was told a strange story about a gun battle between Rattlesnake Jake Fallen and Liver Eatin' Johnson and the townspeople of Lewiston. Calamity Jane is supposed to have ended the battle by plugging Liver Eatin' Johnson. Is this true? Fred Jessye, 161 North Halsted, Chicago 6, Ill.

A. Liver Eatin' Johnson was in many fights, but always against the Crow Indians who had killed his wife. While it is not possible to trace every action of a character like Liver Eatin' Johnson, it is obvious this story about a battle with the townspeople of Lewiston is fiction. Certainly the part credited to Calamity Jane is pure fiction.

Q. How many men did Bat Masterson kill? R. N. Cash, 3736 Ingold, Houston, Texas.

A. This is difficult to answer about any of the gun marshals of the old West. It is known that Bat did kill Sergeant King in Mobeetie in the Panhandle. He was at the battle of Adobe Walls and probably killed some Indians. There is a dispute over the claim that he killed one of the killers of his brother Ed. Bat always claimed that in his lifetime he only killed three men.

Q. I would like to know something about the ancestry of William Quantrill. John Mayer, Superior, Nebraska.

A. William Clarke Quantrill's father was Thomas Henry Quantrill. His mother was Cornelie Clarke prior to her marriage. The family home was Hagerstown and it is believed the family was of English origin. William Quantrill, the famous guerrilla fighter was born in 1837 in Hagerstown. As a child he showed certain sadistic tendencies, such as torturing dogs and cats. He was a loner, having little to do with the other boys.

Q. Were there any records kept, showing marriage between Indians and whites? Paul L. Hoosier, R.F.D. #3, Windsor, New York.

A. You would have to check the records department of the different counties and states and also with the Indian Department in Washington. While it is probable the nationality of the parties was not mentioned, the names of the Indians should give the nationality.

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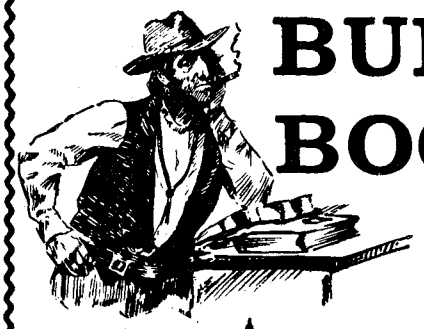

BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

THE SHOSHONIS
BY Virginia Cole and
Maurine Carley
University of Oklahoma Press,
Norman, Okla.
367 pages - $5.95

Thundering hoofs, battle dust and flaming arrows do not confront the reader on these pages of The Shoshonis. But he does meet with the unconquerable courage and manhood of a people who suffered prolonged hardship and yet remained strong and principled. This book presents a new outlook on Indian culture which is even more interesting because it develops into a moving and necessary biography of a little publicized nation - The Shoshonis. The book has depth but is in no way related to a textbook, even though the reader will learn from it and be better informed. Follow an interesting transition of a people and their culture and be fascinated by it. Thrill to the character of a people who believed only - "once a friend, always a friend".

SCALPS AND TOMAHAWKS
Edited by Frederick Driminer
Coward-Mc Cann Inc., New York
378 pages - $6.00

Scalping, cannibalism, torture! Here is a book of the most hair-raising (literally) tales on record of Indian fury. These reports, compiled and edited by Frederick Driminer, contain first person accounts by the victims and witnesses of Indian anger and custom. There are also details of Indian ceremonies and a look into their lives, their reasons for some of their actions which sometimes appeared cruel and meaningless to the whites. This book, while truthfully gory, is remarkable for its first hand, scorching narratives and should have unique appeal to historians, anthropologists and anyone interested in Indian practices, especially torture. However, other aspects of Indian life are explained in graphic accounts of adoption and life among a hostile tribe where each day was a journey into a world of terror and fear.

THE DALTON GANG
by Harold Preece
Hastings House Publishers, New York
320 pages - $5.95

Drawing on a life-long interest and research on the Daltons, author Harold Preece gives us an exciting history of the Daltons from their boyhood, sons of a wandering horse trader, until their fateful day at Coffeyville, Kansas. You'll gallop with them on their adventurous careers through the Oklahoma Territory, New Mexico, California, Kansas. If you are unfamiliar with the Boys, it may interest you to read of their careers as deputy marshals and their transition into outlaws and finally the formation of the notorious Dalton gang. Each page holds new facts, a fresh glimpse into the lives and personalities of the men who contributed to the Outlaw Era, who galloped into history in a cloud of notoriety and swept along with them the legend of western badmen.

A quick paced saga of men both good and bad, The Dalton Gang combines fact and entertaining reading for anyone interested in the Old West.

A CAVALIER IN TEXAS
by Julia Virran
The Naylor Comp., San Antonio, Texas
114 pages - $2.50

Texas history is rich in the names of men who hailed from foreign soil to contribute their knowledge and manhood to make Texas great. One of the earliest of these was Athannase de Mezieres, a French aristocrat who came to this country in 1733 as a boy and eventually achieved his goal by becoming Governor of Texas. Readers will enjoy the facts and adventures in the fighting man's life. The author, a true daughter of Texas, spent considerable time in research for her fine book and uses quotes from letters and records written in the late 1700's. Here is an account of Southwest history in the making. It differs from the glorified tales of the desperadoes, Indian fighters and pioneers as described in movie scripts and stories but it relates adventure in itself because of the people involved and their part in the wild territories of Louisiana and Texas in the eighteenth century.

Q. Did anyone claim the reward for the shooting of Belle Starr, and where is she buried? J. D. Caldwell, 3436 Sanguinetti Lane, Stockton 5, California.

A. There is no record of any reward having been placed on the head of Belle Starr. The only offense for which she was arrested and convicted was stealing a milk cow from a neighbor. She was buried in the yard of her cabin at Younger's Bend. Some years later some unknown person had a tombstone placed at her grave and this touching verse engraved on it:

Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
Tis but the casket that lies here
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

Q. I have run across the expression "Bible Two" by the Texas Rangers. What did it mean? Fred L. King, Whittier, California.

A. This expression came from the list of criminals published in the old days by the state's attorney general. The Ranger called this list his second bible, or "Bible Two." Reading the list kept the Ranger busy as one year it had the names of 10,000 known criminals, wanted for murder, rustling, and about every other crime.

Q. What information do you have about the Caddo Indians? Mrs. John Mayfield, Butte, Montana.

A. The Caddos were a confederacy of Indian tribes belonging to the Caddoan family. These Indians at the time La Salle visited America were living along the Red River and its branches. These branches covered the states of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas along the Brazos and Sabine Rivers.

Q. Was Johnny Baker, the "Cowboy Kid," a son of Buffalo Bill? Spike Moran, Medford, Oklahoma.

A. Johnny Baker was Buffalo Bill's adopted son. Buffalo Bill first saw Johnny Baker when he was nine years old at Platte, Nebraska. Buffalo Bill took the nine-year-old under his wing, taught him all the tricks of a showman, and in a short time Johnny Baker, "The Cowboy Kid," was a great actor and one of the shining acts of the Wild West show. When Buffalo Bill's son died, he assuaged his grief by adopting Johnny Baker as a son. When Buffalo Bill died, Baker tried to reorganize the Wild West show, but the day for that type of show had passed.

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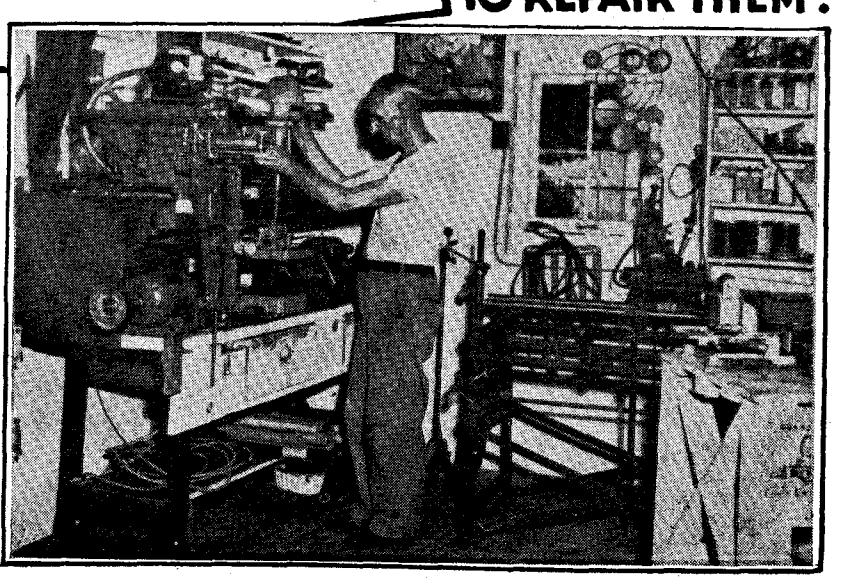

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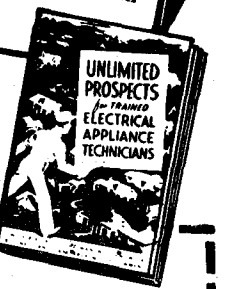

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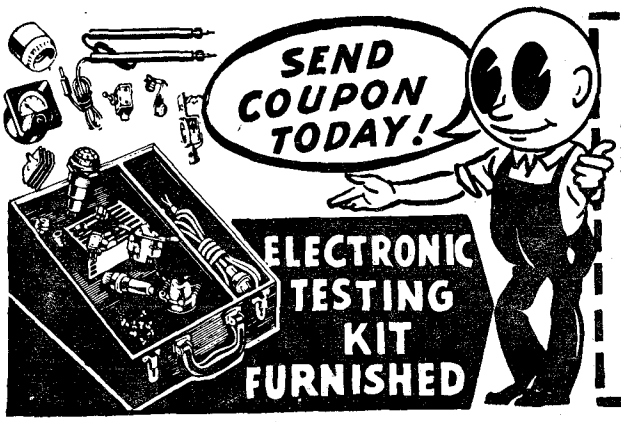

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life
By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History

Magic and the Indian

The Indian of North America practised so-called magical arts, or sorcery. Earlier writers of Indian history marveled at these arts, and often attributed the power of the Indians to Satan. In the first decade of the 19th century the Rev. Peter Jones wrote: "I have sometimes been inclined to think that, if witchcraft still exists in the world, it is to be found among the aborigines of America." He was basing his idea on his experiences among the Chippewa.

Slight-of-hand was not only used in other occasions, but often used in the treatment of disease. A common trick among the Indian charlatans was to pretend to suck foreign objects, such as stones, from the body of their patient. A Hidatsa living in Dakota in 1865 was called by the name "Cherry-In-the-Mouth" because of his trick of producing what seemed to be fresh wild cherries from his mouth at any season of the year. Somehow he had found a way of preserving the wild cherries, perhaps in whisky, and when he wished to play the trick he would hide the cherries in his mouth. Many Indians considered this wonderful magic. Perhaps the most astonishing trick of the Indians was displayed in their fire ceremonies and the handling of hot substances. It is reported that the Chippewa sorcerers could handle without harm red-hot stones and burning bands, and they could bathe their hands in boiling water or syrup; these magicians were called "fire handlers" or "fire-dealers." They hold in their hands great fagots of flaming cedar bark which they will apply to the bare backs of those in front of them and also to their own persons. This wild race around the fire will continue until the fagots are almost consumed, but the Navaho never seem to be harmed by the flame. The immunity to the fire may be accounted for by supposing the cedar bark does not make a very hot fire, and the coating of clay protects the body. The shamans among the Menominee are said to also be able to handle fire without harm.

In the Mountain chant, it is a trick of the Navaho dancer to pretend to thrust an arrow far down the throat. In this feat an arrow with a telescopic shaft is used; the point of the arrow is held between the teeth; the hollow part of the handle covered with plumes, is forced down toward the lips, thus the arrow appears to be swallowed. The Navaho also pretend to swallow sticks, which the Zuni actually do in some sacred rites, this occasionally ruptures the esophagus in forcing a stick into the stomach.

Another trick by Indians of many tribes of the North is to let themselves be bound hand and foot, then without visible assistance or effort on their part, release themselves from the bonds. It is a common trick of the Indians to pretend they could bring rain. This trick consisted of simply keeping up the ceremonies until rain fell, the last ceremony being credited with success.

The Pawnee were remarkable for their slight of hand skill. They seemed to thrust spears through the body, seeds were sown, plants grew, blossomed and yielded fruit.

Other feats, such as the Shaking Tents, are still unexplainable. Even without modern science and know-how, the Indian produced some fascinating and fearsome spectacles.

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MAIL ROUNDUP
(Continued from Page 8)

truding front teeth, "buck teeth." He had ice blue eyes with which he gave you a cold and calculating stare. He cared very little about his personal appearance and was always unkempt and slouchy. All of these characteristics have been brought out in retouching the picture and it is probably more realistic and lifelike than the original tintype.

I have read that this only known authentic picture is a tintype. If this is so, then it is opaque and light will not shine through it. So if a duplicate was taken from it on film which is transparent it can be manipulated so that it will show Billy in reverse with the left hand as his gun hand.

For example, if you will take the small picture on page 4 of the January issue and hold it up close to a light of about 75 w. and then look through it from the back on page 3 you will see Billy in reverse and lefthanded. Therefore the original tintype, if still in existence, would be the true one as it is opaque.

In closing I want to say that it has been my observation through the years that the folklore, the legends and purely manufactured drama will increase instead of diminish in regard to these legendary characters which will make it still more difficult to try to uncover the true facts as REAL WEST is now doing.

Respectfully,
R.P. Palmer
P.O. Box 4407
San Diego, Calif. 92104

OLD BILL MINER

Dear Sir:

Reading your last issue of REAL West you said in March issue you had a story of Old Bill Miner of which I must of missed that number.

After Bill Miner held up the C.R.R. train and took a large number of bank drafts and notes he hid them. After his arrest he was taken to the B.C. jail at New Westminster. The Rail Road company he would not tell where he hid the loot as he made a bargain with them once he got out of Jail he would tell where he hid them. So one night a horse and two wheel cart stopped outside of the Jail and threw a rope over the wall. Bill climbed over the wall of the jail and carried away the loot.

I was fishing in a river near Blain, Washington when a man stopped me to ask me if I saw a lot of men on horseback. I did not. The old man thanked me, and after seeing his photo in the new Westminster paper, I saw it was poor old Bill Miner. He was trying to get back to the states so the mounties could not get him and was planning how to get across the border. I think he jumped a freight train as he was found a long time later in the Middle West.

C.E. Fowler
2008 35 Avenue
Oakland 1, Cal.

CUSTER'S LOVE AFFAIR

Dear Mr. Rand:

I just discovered your REAL WEST magazine and think it is very interesting reading. Since visiting Custer Battlefield in Montana I have been reading many books on General Custer. In a recently published Book (CHEYENNE AUTUMN) I read that after the Battle of the Washita in 1868 Custer kept with him a young captive girl called "Monahsetah" all winter and spring, and that she bore him a light haired son in the Fall, called Yellow Swallow.

I have never read before of Custer having children either by his wife or anyone else.

Do you have any information you can give me on this subject?

Sincerely,
Mrs. Art Grabeklis
1312 13th Avenue
Sterling, Illinois

This story is pure army gossip and can't be proved either way.

WRIGHT'S FAMOUS BOOK

Gentlemen:

I enjoy your question and mail section of your magazine as much as the magazine itself, not that I don't think it is good, but often I find the answers to questions by other people. This is the first thing I read and I doubt

(continued on next page)

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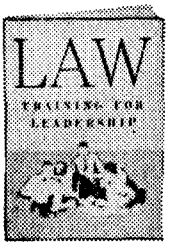

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that I am the only one that follows this practice.

Regarding Mrs. R.K. Montgomery's letter about the book titled DODGE CITY, THE COWBOY CAPITAL. Apparently Mrs. Montgomery is a little off on her dates. Robert M. Wright died January 4, 1915. My second edition of the book does not show date published or the publisher. It is possible that it is a "bootleg copy" which reads same as the first edition. It is my understanding that the first printing was in 1913 by the Wichita Eagle. Mr. Wright had intended to have it published by the Crane publishing company of Topeka but Mr. Crane died prior to the manuscript being finished and Mr. R.M. Wright had to look for another publisher. It is my understanding that Mr. Frank Hobble assisted Mr. Wright in editing the book. At the time of Mr. Wright's death all his children were dead by his first two wives except his oldest son Henry Wright and he died in June of 1915. Most died tragic deaths and none of the children of old age. His first wife is buried in St. Louis, the second in Kentucky and the third is still living at 90 years of age and one son survives by his third wife. Find enclosed photo of the family plot where all are resting peacefully except his first two wives and one son buried at Silverton Colorado.

Yours Truly,
Robert E. Eagan
Box 856
Dodge City, Kansas

SKUNK ROCK

Dear Sirs:

We were reading your March, 1964 issue of REAL WEST and on page 55 there is a picture at the bottom of the page with the caption "Skunk Rock was a dangerous landmark." We are of the opinion that this is El Capitan in Yosemite Valley. In fact, we have three different pictures of El Capitan, and everything in the pictures matches the picture that you have listed on page 55. This sounds like an error on someone's part.

Are we correct?

Thank you,
Lt. Milford I. Gooden USN
5524B Bittern Ave.
Ewa Beach, Hawaii 96706

The picture service that supplied picture says it is Skunk Rock.

BEN HUR AND BILLY THE KID

Gentlemen:

I have just finished reading BEN HUR AND BILLY THE KID by Kit Carson. As I am a writer and more than familiar with Billy, and also familiar with Mr. Carson's writings, I know that he has done a good job on Governor Wallace, with some exceptions.

On page 18 Mr. Carson states that amnesty was granted to all people involved in the Lincoln County War except the Kid, J.J. Dolan, and Colonel Nathan Dudley. ALL persons, save Colonel Dudley, were granted amnesty for ALL crimes committed during the war except Dudley whose crimes were of a military nature and tried by the army. Dudley was found guilty of taking a squad of 60 soldiers without legal authorization, a gatling gun and a cannon, to Lincoln, and the soldiers, assisted by a gang of armed outlaws, killed A.A. McSween and set fire to his house. He also had his soldiers loot the McSween store (Tunstall store

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really) afterward. (See the retired military records on the trail in the National Archives in Washington.) For burning of the McSween home cause number 298 was filed in the April 1879 term of District Court in Lincoln against John Kinney, sheriff George Peppin, and N.A. McDudley (Col. Nathan Dudley) - this is the criminal docket book of Lincoln County.

On page 19 Carson states that "Wallace brought charges against Dudley and arrested J.J. Dolan and his men and called Billy the Kid upon the carpet." This is misleading for charges by the Army were filed against Dudley but Kid was not called upon the carpet. Billy wrote a letter to Gov. Wallace and told him he would tell on the Chapman murder in return for a full pardon, which Wallace accepted - hence the meeting, so Billy was not called by Wallace, Billy called Wallace. Carson then states that Wallace had the 3 outlaws arrested for the murder of Chapman, and then Dolan.

The murder charge was filed April 18, 1879, in cause number 280 against William Campbell and James J. Dolan for Chapman's murder. Dolan was free (he had temporarily skipped town) but Campbell was jailed in Fort Stanton before Billy allowed his arrest but not for the charge of murdering Brady. Kid did not stay in jail but at Juan B. Patron's house and store and there is an entry in the Lincoln County Commissioner's Record Book of Meetings for an entry by Patron to collect the money owed him by the county for the keep and board of Billy while there. I won't bother to give you the date and amount. Anyway, when Campbell was helped out of jail by the military and the Murphy bunch so he would not have to stand trial Billy became afraid that his life was endangered and simply walked out of Patron's store one day. He did testify against Dudley at Ft. Stanton but never against the murderers of Chapman.

As for the pardon for Billy, Governor Wallace gave an interview with the New York TIMES in 1892 concerning Billy and related that he had offered Billy a full pardon for ALL crimes if he would testify against the others and that Billy was afraid for his life but mainly of his loss of reputation therefore the arrest terms were tailored to Billy's own specifications.

Carson also bluntly states that Kid did not stand trial on his old charges (actually he was not to be tried for anything) and that he "seems to have lost faith in Wallace's previous assurances to him." Again, Wallace himself stated that once Campbell had been released from Ft. Stanton jail and with Dolan still loose, Billy told him that he now feared for his own life and that he could not testify against them for they would now kill him and then he left of his own accord. Quite a bit of difference there, wouldn't you say?

On page 47 he mentions the boast that Billy had killed a man for every year of his life. Actually Billy never said this, this was dreamed up by the local newspapers and Billy had only killed 8 men in his life.

I also have located and researched the original Billy the Kid-the outlaw known as Billy LeRoy which Captain Jack Crawford and others confused with the New Mexico Kid. I also have the newspaper clippings on LeRoy, plus the photo taken after his and his brother's lynching May 23, 1881, a month and a half before Kid's death at Sumner. Sister Blandina wrote a book called, AT THE END OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL, where she claimed she met a Billy the Kid in Trinidad in 1876. She did-it was LeRoy who operated out of Trinidad. She claimed she talked to the Kid April 24, 1881, in the Santa Fe jail while visiting a man named Kelly who had killed a member of her parish. The court records show that LeRoy (whose real name is Arthur Pond) was not in jail here for he was standing trial in Colorado then a month before his lynching and Bonney had been taken out of Santa Fe jail the last week of March to stand trial April 2nd in Mesilla court and on the 24th was in Lincoln County jail just 4 days prior to his escape! On May 28th she claimed she again visited Kelly and talked to the Kid again when LeRoy was 5 days dead and Bonney was around Fort Sumner after his escape. The records and old newspapers show that the man named Kelly was Edward N. Kelly and he was in jail for killing one of her church members. He later got a change of venue to Las Vegas, San Miguel

(continued on next page)

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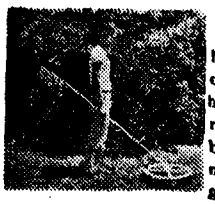

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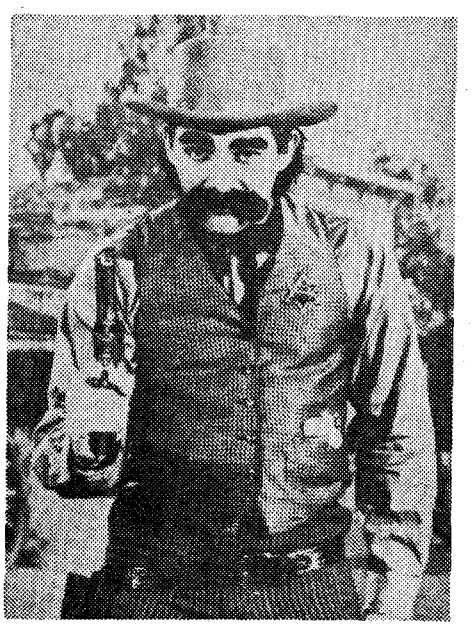
285 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

County, and broke out of jail with the notorious Dave Rudabaugh. But neither LeRoy nor Bonney were in Santa Fe during the periods she mentioned. He (LeRoy) was known as Billy the Kid as early as 1876. Another William McCarthy, alias Billy the Kid, operated in the Stoneville, Montana robbery in 1883 and I have a photostat of a warrant issued in Trinidad, Colorado, in 1888 for the arrest of one William Cornelius, alias Billy the Kid, for horse theft, so there were at least 4 Billy the Kids and LeRoy was the first.

Sincerely,
Donald Clive

"PINTO BEAN"

Enclosed is a mailing piece on my show. Your magazine has been the most useful source of information for my program.



From out of the wild and wooly West, every week day afternoon, and into the hearts of North Texas-Southern Oklahoma's young viewing audience, come the thundering hoofbeats of the plug horse, "Swayback". The Old Marshal, PINTO BEAN rides Monday-Friday on KFDX-TV-3's "STAGECOACH THREE". This brand new kids' time program, starring irrepressible, downright funny PINTO BEAN, has achieved "overnight" success. PINTO claims great grand nephew kinship to Judge Roy Bean who won fame as the "Law West of the Pecos", and bills himself as the "Law Southeast of the Red River". His scrapes with his arch enemy, the villainous Fester Fatbracket and Fester's girlfriend Femur Fernwilter, make for amusing anecdotes. Pinto dips into the "Bean Bag" occassionally for letters from various relations to include a Peruvian cousin Lima Bean, his skinny brother String Bean, an obese uncle Butter Bean, his dudish Eastern nephew Boston Bean, and his oil-rich uncle Castor Bean. The skeleton in the closet, the blighted branch on the family tree, is none other than the infamous scamp, Billy the Kidney Bean. We could go on and on, for the list of relations (and, thus, new material) grows with the program's popularity. But perhaps it will suffice to say that Pinto has made it big in the KFDX-TV market area.

Don Alexander
alias "Pinto Bean"
KFDX-TV
Wichita Falls, Texas

HARRY TRACY

Dear Sir:

In the January '65 issue of REAL West you published a letter in Mail Roundup from Mr. Stacy W. Osgood of Chicago, Illinois. I wish to state that Mr. Osgood was right in his corrections of the story on Harry Tracy in your May '64 issue by Gary Williams. Pat Johnson and Jack Bennett did not escape from the Utah penitentiary nor did Bennett kill Willie Strang. Johnson shot the boy. However, there is one point that needs some clarification.

Mr. Osgood states that there is no evidence that Harry Tracy either knew Butch Cassidy or was ever a member of the Wild Bunch. That is not entirely true although I do not blame Mr. Osgood for not knowing this. You see, as far as I know, I am the only person who has evidence that Tracy was indeed a member of the Bunch and that he did indeed also know Butch Cassidy.

My grandfather, Willard Schofield Sr., a pioneer of Daggett County, knew Butch personally and was, it is believed, a distant cousin of Cassidy. In a talk with Butch in 1901, Cassidy told my grandfather the following, in the words of Butch himself as far as grandfather could remember:

"When I heard that Tracy was involved with Pat Johnson in the shoot-

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- "The Babb Family": A story of sudden Comanche attack
- "Bloody Vengeance" of the normally friendly Pueblos
- "Jeff Turner, Indian Fighter": A study in vengeance
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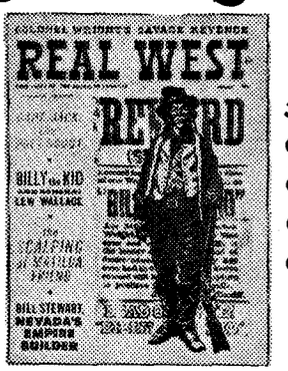

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ing of the boy, I went to him to tell him to leave the Park (Brown's Hole). I expected him to cause real trouble for he was always a rough sort and had a mean temper even when he rode with me a few years before. I didn't know him too well but I expected him to raise hell. But he surprised me by saying he would leave as soon as possible."

This may or may not be conclusive proof to some, but to me it means one thing: Harry Tracy did know Butch Cassidy and he rode with the Bunch at one time in his career. Butch did not like killing and trouble within his domain and insisted that Tracy leave. It appears to me that even the hard-boiled Tracy did not want to incur the wrath of Cassidy.

I commend Mr. Osgood on his knowledge of the incident and am glad that he set the facts straight. Hope I have helped do the same for the interests of history.

Very truly yours,
Kerry Boren
Box 292
Manila, Utah

COLONEL STEPTOE'S RETREAT

Sir:

I purchased the new January 1965 issue for the specific reason that in it was the story of the Battle of Spokane.

This story is very good, well written and quite authentic except for one point. Colonel Steptoe's retreat took place at Rosalia which is true but the author says that it took place on Steptoe Hill and again later on "On this Butte, over 3,600 ft. above sea level," this would have to be Steptoe Butte which is 14 miles to the south east of Rosalia. Steptoe's Battle was not on Steptoe Butte and I wish writers would set the record straight. It is misleading to tourists and those interested in knowing where these things took place. It is one thing to read of a place but entirely another to be there. We in Spokane have another problem in which some people get turned around and that was the location of Spokane (at nine mile falls) and Fort Spokane at the confluence of the Spokane and Columbia Rivers.

Good luck for better reading and I will still remain an avid fan.

John C. Lilly
3517 W. Wellesley
Spokane, Wash. 99205

The number of letters we are getting from readers wanting back numbers shows that back numbers of REAL WEST now have value. As a matter of fact, we have requests from many collectors wanting to pay a good price for the first, second, and third issues of REAL WEST, but any supply we might have had of these issues was sent out long ago. So, better keep a good file of REAL WEST because in time each copy will be in demand. A number of the requests we have received have come from colleges and high schools.

GENERAL SIBLEY'S ARMY

Dear Sir:

I have just finished the second installment of Sibley's Army of the Dead

(continued on next page)

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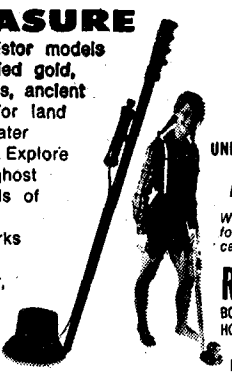

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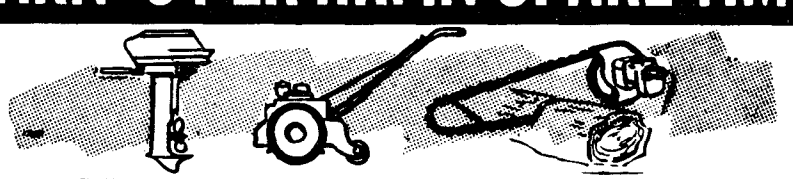

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and enjoyed it very much as we at our house are ardent fans of REAL WEST.

For years I have been interested in Ft. Union. My Dad had an Uncle John Carr who was a Pvt. in Co. M 11th Regt. of Illinois Cavalry Volunteers from Aug. 25, 1864 to Sept. 30, 1865 in Civil War. John Carr talked of a "Forced March to Santa Fe from Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas", where his Company suffered hardships and were forced to eat some of their horses.

Do you recall reading of such a march while doing research for your story? I haven't been able to find much on Ft. Union nor have I been able to find any data on an Army maneuver at the time listed above. I am searching for records for the genealogy of my family. I would sincerely appreciate anything you might know concerning such a march. When I quote Santa Fe I would believe it meant Ft. Union.

Yours Respt.,
Mrs. Don Conner
Grainola, Okla.

THE FAMOUS LOTTIE DENO

Gentlemen:

In your September issue of REAL WEST you published a letter on bottom left of page 70 from Jim C. Conrad, RFD 2, Springfield, Ill. Mr. Conrad desired information on Lottie Deno, mystery woman of Fort Griffin. I have the only documentary information that I know of on Lottie Deno. Not trying to bore you with the four pages of details, I will mention that from the District Court Indictment records, Lottie Deno paid several fines for op-

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erating a brothel during the "red hot" times in Jacksboro. She also paid Occupation Taxes to sell liquor by the drink and paid a fine for gambling. I sort of intend to make Lottie Deno a feature in the chapter of Garrison Duty in my forthcoming booklet, "Part Two, Fort Richardson, Texas."

Now, my complaint! In your May issue (1964) of REAL WEST, page 34, "Paulo Duro, canyon of the dead, I think it was an excellent story but I can't keep from laughing at Orlan Jones when on page 35, he states, "...The spectacle of a man spreadeagled on a wagon wheel with the embers of a fire still glowing on the ground underneath him." The references that Jones stated he used plainly state that the troops of the 4th U.S. Cav. arrived on the scene of the massacre over twenty-four hours later in a deluge of rain that was the heaviest known for that area.

This raid occurred about 17 miles west of here (Jacksboro) and I have researched this several years and have walked out the massacre site several times and have made many trips to Anadarko, Okla., to visit with the Indians who have first hand information about this raid and also the 1874 Campaign of General MacKenzie's.

Many of these Indians lived to be over a 100 years old. The last Kiowa Indian of the "old ways" died this spring in Anadarko at the age of 106 or 107. None of the Indians seem to know MacKenzie as "Bad Hand." And nowhere can I find that, "(page 35) MacKenzie drew himself to attention, removed his hat and stood in silent tribute to the victim." And MacKenzie snapped, "The hurting has just begun."

Jones seems to also overlooked in his stated reference that even after being more victorious than any other army officer for that period (1866-1895), (Indian Wars) MacKenzie demanded in letter after letter for more food for the Indians at Fort Sill (1875-76); and after having chased them out of Texas and into the reservations around Fort Sill, Okla., MacKenzie waged a personal war with Washington seeing that the Indians received food, clothing, and shelter.

I ought to pick that story to pieces since he didn't mention Jacksboro and Fort Richardson. There are still seven buildings here at Fort Richardson and in excellent condition (after 97 years).

Sincerely,
W.W. Bill Dennis
P.O. Box 384
Jacksboro, Texas

MONTANA HISTORY

Editor:

A copy of your magazine was given to me and I've really enjoyed it. I thought I'd write to you a little history of Montana. Yes, I was born there on the line of the Belnap Indian Reservation in Blain Co., near Harlem. My parents, Katherine J.C. Moon and Lyman C. Moon homsteaded near Snake Butte in 1907 or 1908, snaked poplar logs from Milk River to where our log house was built.

Our ranch was halfway for many cowboys and my mother taught school at the Fort Belnap Indian Agency where I first went to school, she also taught at Snake Butte school. We were friends with the Hoye's ranch. Some of our neighbors were Seamans, Brickmere, Phores and Joe Bull's, famous Indian scout, widow stayed with my mother when I was born.

Mother also taught at Wickes, Montana and Turner, Mont. and several other places I've forgotten. I know one winter she taught in a Norwegian community. My father laid his guns aside when I was about to be born and I can remember many a maverik calf and driving in a sled with dad on the back with a 22 rifle kneeling and shooting prairie wolves as mother drove on into the farm which was 4 miles from Snake Butte.

There is a creek named for my parents, Moon Creek, which is still on the map and our ranch was on the rim above this. I have pictures of the wild hay my father cut and stacked to feed out. Our brand was AP and the Lazy half moon.

I saw many an Indian dance when I was small. I met my husband and came to W. Va., in 1944, never have been back home. My father used to say you could take the girl out of the West but never the West out of the girl. I so long to visit I could cry at times.

(continued on page 79)

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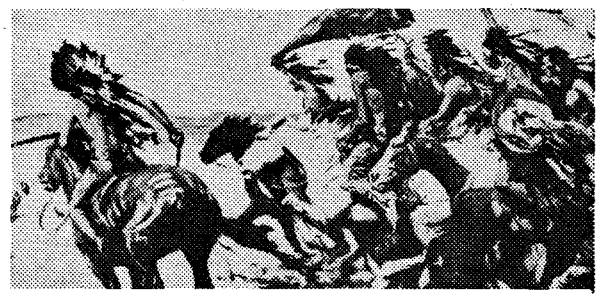

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I was born Katherine Frances Moon. I hope some of what I have written will benefit your magazine. Keep up the good work and God bless you. My home before I left was 2028 Hauser Blvd., Helena, Mont. I went to 6th, 7th and 8th grades at the old Montana Deaconess School in the valley, was there in the earthquake . My father helped in the oil fields at Shelby and Oilmont, saw the Dempsey fight in Shelby, Mont. I don't want any money for what I've written but if there is any value here I'd like some copies of your magazine.

Thank you.

Sincerely,
Katherine Brown
Box 420 Irish St.
Summersville, W. Va.

ED MASTERSON'S SKELETON

Dear Sir:

First, I want to say, it's about time someone came out with a magazine about the true west. I am very interested in the old west and the Indian tribes.

Your magazine is tops, keep it coming.

I recently visited Dodge City, Kansas and Boot Hill. There was an open grave and said to be the skeleton of Ed Masterson. How can they say or even be sure that the remains in the grave is that of Ed Masterson?

I also would like to know if I could get back issue's of REAL WEST?

Sincerely,
Barbara Dye
1212 Tremont Ave. S.E.
Massillon, Ohio

Ed Masterson was not buried in Boothill cemetery in Dodge. He was buried in the regular cemetery and who ever said this was Ed Masterson's skeleton was trying for some local publicity.

THE PUEBLO ARTICLE

Dear Mr. Rand:

In the November, 1964 issue of REAL WEST a considerable number of discrepancies occur in "Bloody Vengeance of the Pueblos" by J.P. Dunn, Jr.

First of all there are Zunis in New Mexico, as well as the other pueblos such as Cochiti, Jemez, Acoma, Taos, San Iedefonso, etc., but there have never been Hopis in New Mexico, unless it be some rare stray who deserted his people and went off and married someone else, but there never was any Hopis as a people. Also the Hopis never wreaked bloody vengeance on anyone, as should be well known by their name: "Hopitu Shinumu," which means people of peace, which they have been for hundreds of years in North Central Arizona -- nowhere else.

Further more, there are no such Indians as Moquis, and never have been. The term Moqui is a Hopi word relating to death, by which term the Hopis were occasionally called in derision by some of their enemies, but it has been accepted as a tribal name by no tribe.

Therefore there were neither Hopis nor Moquis in the group mentioned in paragraph three of the article, thereby leaving only the Zunis as possible culprits, and I wonder now about the authenticity of this tribe's part in all this since the rest were false.

Also, the origin of the pueblos is no mystery except to some. It is no mystery to me. As far as there being no relationship to the Aztecs, this is untrue. The Hopis preceded the Aztecs, and the Aztecs were offshoots of the Hopis, not vice versa. I have spent many years diligently studying and living among Indians and know whereof I speak.

Sincerely,
Raymond Ridgell
707 Louisiana
Midland, Texas

Mr. Dunn lived back in the days of the Indian wars and is today considered one of the greatest authorities on the Indian wars by the Smithsonian Institution, and all other historical organizations.

(continued on next page)

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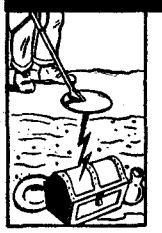

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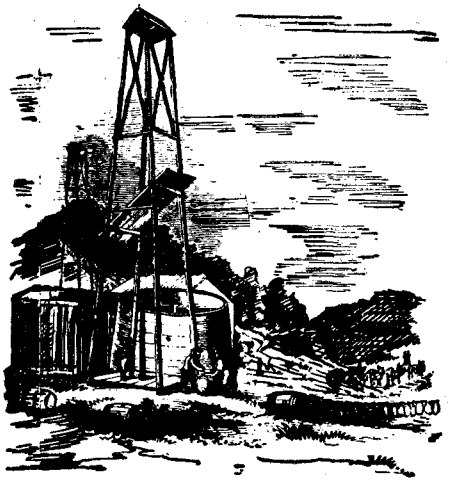

CALIFORNIA OIL WELLS

Gentlemen:

Why do history books credit Titusville, Penn. with having the first drilled and producing oil well in the United States? The town of Petrolia in Humbolt County, California had a well drilled and was sending out oil by mule in the year 1852.

I might add that at the present time there is a drilling company at work around Petrolia and they have brought in another well which has been described as "oil of a very high grade." I understand they plan to do some more drilling.

Would you or any of your readers care to comment?

John A. Krause
2002 California St.
Eureka, California

RODEO RIDERS

Dear Sirs:

I have been reading your stories about the early Western Rodeo. Came across one that I liked very much. Having lived in the days when it was being done and rode in many Rodeos.

I would like to explain that Old Steamboat was killed in 1914. He was rode in Evanston by Lewis Byrne before going to Salt Lake. Mr. Irwin had the horses here in Evanston and I saw them all. Teddy Roosevelt was a strawberry roan. He threw Bish Coggins that day and Mr. Irwin won about $500 from the gamblers on the ride.

I didn't know Jimmy Daubs but I know his brother Clayton. He was champion of the world, and later sheriff of Fremont County, Lauder, Wyo. I knew Harry Brennan when he was champion, also Therd Soulder and many more.

We used to ride with double rein until the horses and professional riders made all these new rules that you have to keep your spurs on shoulders and one rein and one hand in the air keep spurring all the time.

In the old days there wasn't any 10 second ride and no flank straps to keep you in the air. No leather. One time we had to cover our spurs rowells so not to draw blood or we were disqualified by the Humane Society. And no topideros on your stirrups. Some riders liked to slap a horse with them.

There are very few men living now that used to Rodeo before the first World War. I saw the lol outfit from Oklahoma also Buffalo Bill's show.

Mr. Farlow, or Colonel as he was known took his Wild West show to London, Indians and all. I knew him and Stub Farlow in Lauder many years ago.

My father helped trail the Carter cattle from Ft. Bridger to the Bighorn Country in 1879 later ran a cow outfit of our own in Mtn. View, Wyo. He rode out in 1916 and that was the end of our cattle ranch. I after rode in the Lauder country for a while also Big Piney.

Yours respt.
Ralph A. Harvey
609 Main
Evanston, Wyoming

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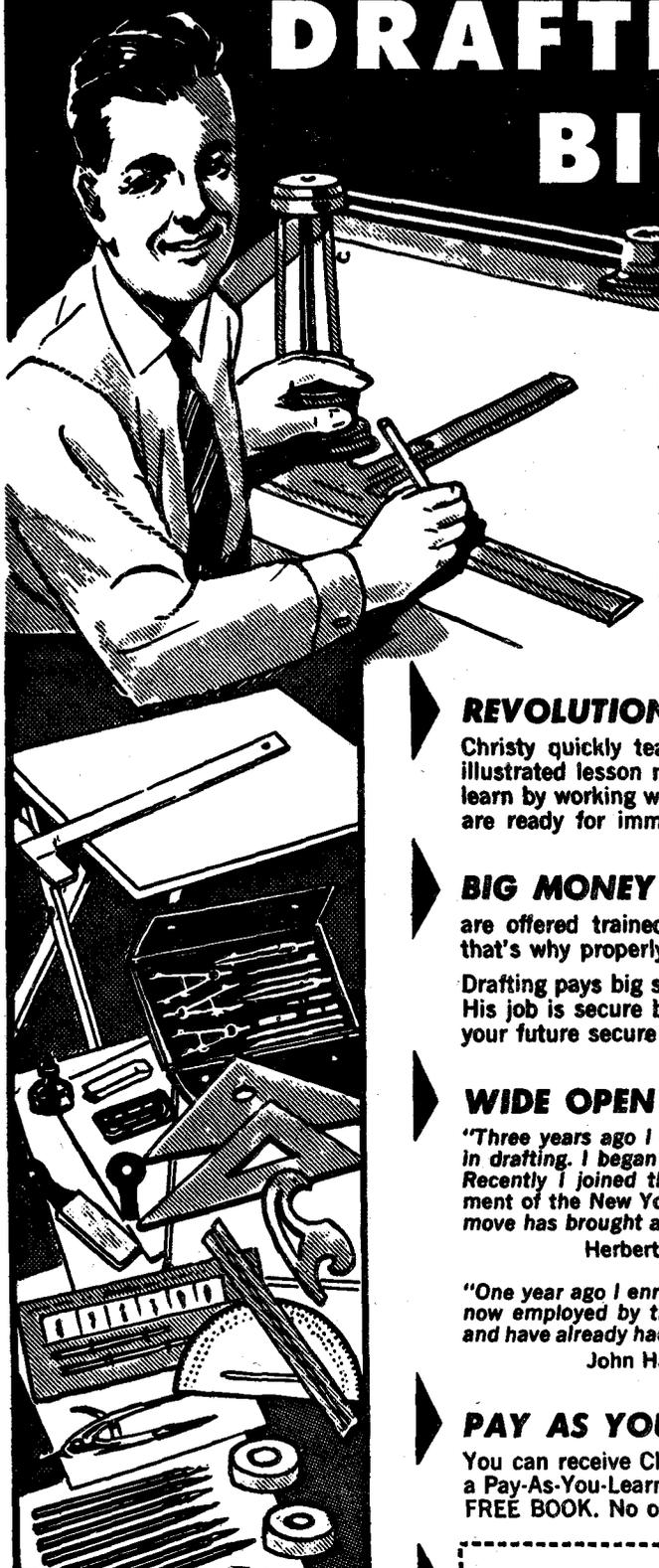

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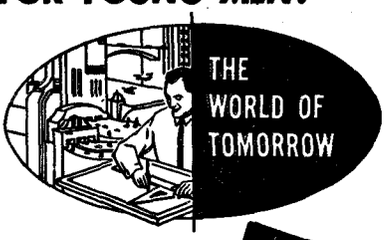

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. says Yoshie Imanami — Pretty Japanese wife of N.J. Fleming — Yubiwaza Master

I'M A 3rd-DEGREE HOLDER OF THE BLACK BELT—SYMBOL OF HIGH PROFICIENCY IN THE JAPANESE SYSTEM OF SELF-DEFENSE THAT USES NO WEAPONS BUT BARE HANDS. I spent many years in Japan learning these little-known SECRETS. The most amazingly effective of all Self-Defense techniques that stood out in ALL my Japanese Training is contained in my AMAZING new Yubiwaza book - all yours to have if you ACT NOW. YUBIWAZA is the name of a fantastic system of Self-Defense that makes use of an EASY-to-Learn knowledge of vital body areas and the tecnniques of the use of just ONE Finger or the entire hand to counteract & overcome ANY violent attack. It is commonly known that with the aid of Yubiwaza, young men - and girls, too!-- with only a few hours of training, turn back 2, 3 and even 4 attackers - temporarily DISABLING ONE, putting another to flight, making a third howl with pain, while the fourth begged his opponent to stop!

NOW YOU TOO CAN LEARN YUBIWAZA!

The experts in Japan, who know and teach these ONE-finger techniques, have now explained that YUBIWAZA is a centuries-old system of Self-Defense which is so simple and so effective that outsiders were never instructed in its use. The system was restricted to Japanese who SWORE to apply these methods only in time of danger and attack by an aggressor. Many of the very techniques in my Yubiwaza book, once highly guarded secrets of the ancient Samurai warriors never shown to outsiders are now shown to you - FIRST time!

EASY --And I am now ready to show you, too, through clear, easy-to-understand photos, every secret. I guarantee to make you a YUBIWAZA specialist in hours—or every cent you paid will be refunded. You don't have to attend my school where I train beginners like you and turn them into experts. Now I can show you how to practice YUBIWAZA in the privacy of your own home with only a few minutes of practice a day. I'll show you how to defend yourself against hoodlums, bullies, "wise guys" and juvenile delinquents who respect neither lives nor property.

When you apply YUBIWAZA methods, you can cut an aggressor down with JUST ONE FINGER! You can disarm an opponent rushing you with his fists, a broken bottle, a revolver or any kind of bludgeon. You can turn an aggressor's attack into your advantage with only one finger or your bare hands. No matter how "hot" the action gets, YUBIWAZA keeps you "on top." You can apply simple pressure of your finger against any one of a dozen or more vital nerve centers of your opponent and watch his gun or knife fall from his limp hand while he himself sinks to the ground completely helpless and faint. If the neighborhood bully pushes you, you can make him say "uncle" quickly —with the help of YUBIWAZA!

MASTER EVERY SITUATION!

Make no mistake! The world is crowded with anti-social enemies who think nothing of sticking a knife into the ribs . . . or attacking peace-loving citizens just for the fun of it . . . or molesting boys and girls shamelessly. There is a crying need for a system of self-defense that relies on KNOWLEDGE, not big muscles or strength . . . that depends on TECHNIQUE — not on weight or size of body . . . that is based on simple TRAINING—not on illegal possession of weapons.

When you know YUBIWAZA you can disarm and disable your opponent in seconds. You can repel a mugger who grabs you from behind—no matter how big he is or how much he weighs. Instantly you know WHERE to attack, and how. You learn the body's major vulnerable regions, the defense or on-guard position to take, and your body's personal weapons which you can apply to maximum advantage.

I have jam-packed all I know about YUBIWAZA into my Guide, which I have profusely illustrated and clearly explained. I take you step by step through the fundamentals of this amazing system so that you understand clearly and immediately how these effective principles work. You learn those tricks used by marines, police and G-men . . . how to floor any bully. . . . how to touch vital spots that will make any attacker helpless. No matter whether you are big or small, strong or weak, you can overpower practically any opponent with lightning speed!

BECOME A NEW MAN!

Knowledge of YUBIWAZA will turn you into a NEW MAN even if you never actually have to use it! For you will become SELF-ASSURED through your ability to handle yourself. You will walk with a determined and confident air secure with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation—and that you can do all this with NO bodily contact! And you will win respect and admiration from everyone.

Thousands of men of all ages have won confidence and respect by learning YUBIWAZA. YOU can do the same! You owe it to your own peace of mind . . . to your friends and loved ones—to be able to defend yourself in these days when attack may come at any time and place from hoodlums, criminals and delinquents. So mail Coupon NOW for my COMPLETE Instruction on YUBIWAZA. If you and your friends don't say that YUBIWAZA has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent will be refunded!

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